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INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

OR

MIRTH AND MARVELS

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

ESQUIRE

WITH SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH, AND JOHN TENNIEL



LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY

PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY

1864



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition of the Ingoldsby Legends contains all those rhythmical Poems on which the fame of this inimitable humourist rests. Although he has had imitators, THOMAS INGOLDSBY remains unapproached, and, like Hogarth, his genius is peculiarly English.

This Volume is enriched with rare felicity by George Cruikshank, John Tenniel, and John Leech, whose productions, executed *con amore*, will henceforth be associated with the now famous THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE PUBLISHER.

LONDON, *October 24*, 1863.

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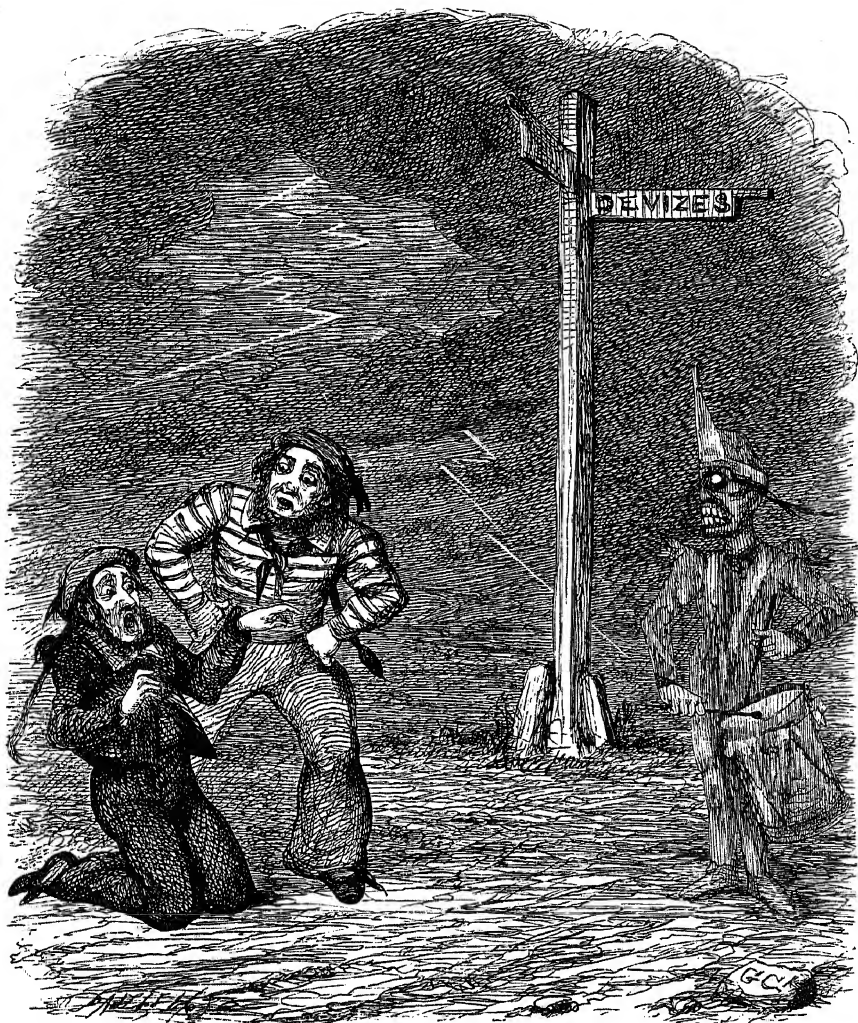
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THE DEAD DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

OH, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—
At least so I've heard many people declare,
For I fairly confess I never was there ;—
Not a shrub nor a tree, Nor a bush can you see ;
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house, or a cottage for miles :—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

—It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know That a great while ago,—
The best part of a century, may be, or so,
Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,
A couple of Travellers, way-worn and weary,
Were making their way; Their profession, you'd say
At a single glance did not admit of a query;
The pump-handled pig tail, and whiskers worn then,
With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,
The jacket,—the loose trousers 'bows'd up together'—all
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,—
The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,
And show'd in a moment their real charâcters,
(The accent so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
With arms uncommonly bony and long,

And his Guernsey shirt Was all pitch and dirt,
Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.

He was very broad-breasted, And very deep-chested;
His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,
Except as to height, for he could not be more
At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,
And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.
Dame Nature in fact,—whom some person or other,
—A Poet,—has call'd a 'capricious step-mother,'—

You saw when beside him Had somehow denied him
In longitude what she had granted in latitude.

A trifling defect You'd the sooner detect
From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.
Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humour'd and gay,
With his collar and countenance open, as day,
The latter—'twas marked with small-pox, by the way,—
Had a sort of expression good-will to bespeak;
He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek!
And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,
You would much rather dine or shake hands with, than fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller
By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller;—

From his air and his mien It was plain to be seen,
That he was, or had been, A something between
The real 'Jack Tar' and the 'Jolly Marine.'
For, though he would give an occasional hitch,
Sailor-like, to his 'slops,' there was something, the which,
On the whole savour'd more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—
Such were now the two men who appear'd on the hill,
Harry Waters the tall one, the short 'Spanking Bill.'

To be caught in the rain, I repeat it again,
Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain;
And when with a good soaking shower there are blended
Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended;

Such was the case In this wild dreary place,
On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace
Of travellers alluded to quicken'd their pace,
Till a good steady walk became more like a race
To get quit of the tempest which held them in chase.

Louder, and louder Than mortal gunpowder,
The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,
The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,

While they, helter-skelter, In vain sought for shelter
From what I've heard term'd, 'a regular pelter;'

But the deuce of a screen Could be anywhere seen,
Or an object except that on one of the rises,

An old way-post show'd Where the Lavington road
Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes;
And thither the footsteps of Waters seemed tending,
Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,
To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,
Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose;—

While Harry kept 'backing And filling'—and 'tacking,'—
Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are
Meant to imply What you, Reader, and I
Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But here, once for all, let me beg you'll excuse
All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use
'Mongst themselves, on a cruise, Or ashore with the Jews,
Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,
Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women
Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.
The fact is, I can't say I'm versed in the school
So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;
See the last-mention'd gentleman's 'Admiral's Daughter')
The grand *vade mecum* For all who to sea come,
And get, the first time in their lives, in blue water;
Of course in the use of sea terms you'll not wonder
If I now and then should fall into some blunder,
For which Captain Chamier, or Mr. T. P. Cooke,
Would call me 'a Lubber,' and 'Son of a Sea-cook.'

To return to our muttons—This mode of progression
At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression,
—'Hillo, messmate, what cheer? How queer you *do* steer!'
Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.
'Why, what's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?'
For he saw in a moment that something was frightening
His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—'Fear?' stammered out Waters, 'why, HIM!—don't you see
What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me!

—How he dodges me so Wherever I go?—
What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?'
—'What Drummer-boy, Harry?' cries Bill in surprise,
(With a brief explanation, that ended in 'eyes,')
'What Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,
We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!'

—'Why, there!—don't you see How he's following me!
Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be!

Keep him off, Bill—look here—

Don't let him come near!

Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!
What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh dear!'

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

Bill remark'd in reply, 'This is all very queer—
What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh!—well, I never—
I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!'
'Not see him!—why there;—look!—he's close by the post—
Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he's a Ghost!'

'A what?' returned Bill,—at that moment a flash
More than commonly awful preceded a crash
Like what's called in Kentucky 'an Almighty Smash.'—
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,
While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;
In its last sinking echoes, however, were some
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum!

'Hollo! Waters!—I says,' Quoth he in amaze,
'Why, I never see'd *nuffin* in all my born days
Half so queer As this here, And I'm not very clear
But that one of us two has good reason for fear—
You to jaw about drummers with nobody near us!—
I must say as how that I thinks it's mysterus.'

'Oh, mercy!' roar'd Waters, 'do keep him off, Bill,
And, Andrew, forgive!—I'll confess all!—I will!
I'll make a clean breast, And as for the rest,
You may do with me just what the lawyers think best;
But haunt me not thus!—let these visitings cease,
And your vengeance accomplish'd, Boy, leave me in peace!
—Harry paused for a moment,—then turning to Bill,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,
Began 'spinning' what nauticals term a 'tough yarn,'
Viz.: his tale of what Bill call'd 'this precious *consarn*.'

* * * * *

'It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seem'd to hiss,
As now, athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried—
Yon livid form was by my side!—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

'Not livid then—the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine—
—Those eyes which now are blasting mine!!

'They beam'd with confidence and love
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner fear'd yon frighten'd dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham's hand!
—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

'And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From heaven, whose virgin whiteness came
Upon the newly-frozen lake;
Commander, comrade, all began
To laud the Soldier,—like the Man.

'Nay, muse not, William,—I have said
I was a soldier—staunch and true
As any he above whose head
Old England's lion banner flew;
And, duty done,—her claims apart,—
'Twas said I had a kindly heart.

'And years roll'd on, and with them came
Promotion—Corporal—Serjeant—all
In turn—I kept mine honest fame—
Our Colonel's self—whom men did call
The veriest Martinet—ev'n he,
Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

'One morn—oh! may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time!—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away,—
—It was their regimental pay!—

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

‘ And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurn’d the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide ?—
On Matcham fell their choice—and HE,—
“ Young Drum,”—should bear him company !

‘ And grateful was that sound to hear,
For he was full of life and joy,
The mess-room pet—to each one dear
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy
—The veriest churl in all our band
Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—

‘ —Nay, glare not as I name thy name !
That threatening hand, that fearful brow
Relax—avert that glance of flame !
Thou seest I do thy bidding now !
Vex’d Spirit, rest !—’twill soon be o’er,—
Thy blood shall cry to Heav’n no more !

‘ Enough—we journey’d on—the walk
Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—
And still young Andrew’s cheerful talk
And merry laugh beguiled the way ;
Noon came, a sheltering bank was there,—
We paused our frugal meal to share.

‘ Then ’twas, with cautious hand, I sought
To prove my charge secure,—and drew
The packet from my vest, and brought
The glittering mischief forth to view,
And Andrew cried,—No !—’twas not He !—
It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me !

‘ But it was Andrew’s laughing voice
That sounded in my tingling ear,
—“ Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,”
It seem’d to say, “are gauds and gear,
And all that wealth can buy or bring,
Ease,—wassail,—worship,—every thing !

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

“No tedious drill, no long parade,
No bugle call at early dawn ;
For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,
The downy couch, the sheets of lawn ;
And I thy Page,—thy steps to tend,
Thy sworn companion,—servant,—friend !”

—‘ He ceased—that is, I heard no more,
Though other words pass’d idly by,
And Andrew chatter’d as before,
And laugh’d—I mark’d him not—not I.
“’Tis at thy choice !” that sound alone
Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.

‘ I could not eat,—the untasted flask
Mock’d my parch’d lip,—I pass’d it by.
“What ails the man ?” he seem’d to ask.
I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye.—
“’Tis at thy choice !”—it sounded yet,—
A sound I never may forget.

—“ ‘Haste ! haste ! the day draws on,” I cried,
“And, Andrew, thou hast far to go !”—
“*Hast far to go !*” the Fiend replied
Within me,—’twas *not* Andrew—no !
’Twas Andrew’s voice no more—’twas *He*
Whose then I was, and aye must be !

—‘ On, on we went ;—the dreary plain
Was all around us—we were *Here* !
Then came the storm,—the lightning,—rain,—
No earthly living thing was near,
Save one wild Raven on the wing,
—If that, indeed, were earthly thing !

‘ I heard its hoarse and screaming voice
High hovering o’er my frenzied head,
“’Tis, *Gervase Matcham, at thy choice* !
But he—the Boy !” methought it said.
—Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,—
I loved thee when I struck thee down !

*

*

*

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

'Twas done! the deed that damns me—done
I know not how—I never knew;—
And *Here* I stood—but not alone,—
The prostrate Boy my madness slew,
Was by my side—limb, feature, name,
'Twas HE!!—another—yet the same!

* * * *

' Away! away! in frantic haste
Throughout that live-long night I flew—
Away! away!—across the waste,—
I know not how—I never knew.—
My mind was one wild blank—and I
Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly!

' And still the lightning plough'd the ground,
The thunder roar'd—and there would come
Amidst its loudest bursts a sound
Familiar once—it was—A DRUM!—
Then came the morn,—and light,—and then
Streets,—houses,—spires,—the hum of men.

' And Ocean roll'd before me—fain
Would I have whelm'd me in its tide,
At once beneath the billowy main
My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide;
But HE was there!—HE cross'd my track,—
I dared not pass—HE waved me back!

' And then rude hands detain'd me—sure
Justice had grasp'd her victim—no!
Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,
A captive thrall, it was not so;
They cry "The Frenchman's on the wave!"
The press was hot—and I a slave.

' They dragg'd me o'er the vessel's side;
The world of waters roll'd below;
The gallant ship in all her pride
Of dreadful beauty sought her foe:
—Thou saw'st me, William, in the strife—
Alack I bore a charmèd life:

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

In vain the bullets round me fly,
In vain mine eager breast I bare ;
Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,
And every sword falls edgeless there !
Still HE is near ;—and seems to cry,
“ Not *here*, nor *thus*, may Matcham die ! ”—

‘ Thou saw’st me on that fearful day,
When, fruitless all attempts to save,
Our pinnacle foundering in the bay,
The boat’s-crew met a watery grave,—
All, all—save ONE—the ravenous sea
That swallow’d all—rejected ME !

‘ And now, when fifteen suns have each
Fulfill’d in turn its circling year,
Thrown back again on England’s beach,
Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here* !
I could not die in flood or fight—
HE drives me *HERE* ! !’——

‘ And sarve you right !

What ! bilk your Commander !—desart—and then rob !
And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob ;
Why, my precious eyes ! what a bloodthirsty swab !
There’s old Davy Jones, Who cracks Sailor’s bones
For his jaw-work would never, I’m sure, s’elp me Bob,
Have come for to go for to do sich a job !
Hark ye, Waters—or Matcham—whichever’s your purser-name,
—T’other, your own, is, I’m sartain, the worser name,—
Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother !—
Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another !’—

‘ No, William, it may not be so ;
Blood calls for blood !—’tis Heaven’s decree !
And thou with me this night must go,
And give me to the gallows-tree !
Ha !—see—HE smiles—HE points the way !
On, William, on !—no more delay !’

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,
And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,
Was a 'regular trump,'—did not like to 'turn Nose ;'
But then came a thunder-clap louder than any
Of those that preceded, though they were so many :
And hark !—as its rumblings subside in a hum,
What sound mingles too ?—By the hokey—A DRUM !!'

* * *

I remember I once heard my grandfather say,
That some sixty years since he was going that way,
When they show'd him the spot Where the gibbet—was not—
On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot ;
It had fall'n down—but how long before, he'd forgot ;
And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes,
The town where the Sessions are held,—or the 'Sizes,
That Matcham confess'd, And made a clean breast
To the May'r ; but that after he'd had a night's rest,
And the storm had subsided, he 'pooh-pooh'd' his friend,
Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end ;
Said 'he'd only been drunk— That his spirits had sunk
At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,'
And found out, in short, he'd been talking great nonsense.—

But now one Mr. Jones Comes forth and depones
That, fifteen years since, he had heard certain groans
On his way to Stone Henge (to examine the stones
Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane's),
That he'd follow'd the moans, And, led by their tones,
Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones !—
—Then the Colonel wrote word From the King's Forty-third,
That the story was certainly true which they'd heard ;
For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,
Had 'brush'd with the dibs,' and they never could catch 'em.
So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagg'd,
And the Sergeant, in spite of his 'Gammon,' got 'scragg'd ;'
And people averr'd That an ugly black bird,
The Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,
Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd),
To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet ;
An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it
However's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.
—Next morning, they add, that 'black gentleman' flies out,
Having pick'd Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out.

MORAL.—*Avis au Voyageur.*

IMPRIMIS.

If you contemplate walking o'er Salisbury Plain,
Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain
From selecting a day when it's likely to rain !

2°.

When trav'ling, don't 'flash' Your notes or your cash
Before other people—it's foolish and rash !

3°.

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party ;—
There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,—
But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle
When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle !

4°.

If you chance to be needy, Your coat and hat seedy,
In war-time especially never go out
When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about !

5°.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,
Nor blab secrets,—especially when you're in drink,—
But, keep your own counsel in all that you do !
—Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you.

6°.

Discard superstition !—and don't take a post,
If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost !
—Last of all, if by choice or convenience, you're led,
To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,
Don't do 't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer !
And mind, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A DRUMMER !



THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

A LEGEND OF PALESTINE AND—WEST KENT.

OUT and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
 A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
 'Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,
 Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best
 Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!'

Oh! they came west, and they came east,
 Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
 And they hammer'd away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;
Twenty and three, Of high degree,
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!
'Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!'
'Twenty and three! Twenty and three!—
All of them Nobles of high degree;
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!'

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
'What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news, thou little Foot-page?—
I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come tell me now, thou Page so small!'

'Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound,
Beast in byre and Steed in stall;
And the Watch-dog's bark, As soon as it's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!'

—'I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,
For Steed in stall, or for Watch-dog's bay:
Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?'
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
'What news? what news? thou naughty Foot-page!—'

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he,
And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee,
'Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall:
She sits alone, And she makes her moan;
Dance and song She considers quite wrong;
Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil;
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth "Alack!
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?"'

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!—

There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?'



Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,
That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear;

'Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!'

'Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,

But well, I ween, May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;
Although no clerk, Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!'

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page;
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,
And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's-heads.
When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew His mailed shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither—I never knew.

'Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain,—
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again?'

'Twenty and three! There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea!—
Twenty and three?— —Stay—let me see!
Stretched in his gore There lieth one more!
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four*!
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where!
Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away and ran up a tree

'Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire!—
'One is the corse of a bare-footed Friar!!'

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
'A boon, a boon, King Richard,' quoth he,
 'Now Heav'n thee save, A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;
A year and a day Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth "Alack!
Oh! when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?"
A boon, a boon, my Liege,' quoth he,
'Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!'

'Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,'
King Richard said right graciously,
 'Of all in my host That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;
But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!'

FYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he;
And a belted Knight, In armour dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee;
With signs of grief and sounds of woe
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

'Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage A little Foot-page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:
A scroll of shame From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear:
I gave him a "lick"
With a stick, And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs !'

'Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee ;
A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou ;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee !
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of holy Church should vainly sue :—
—Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare A Page—or a pair,
For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;
But stout and true Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day !
Be prayers for the dead Duly read,
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said ;
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace !'

Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave.

O Holy Father, pardon and grace !

Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case !
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore ;
'Twere bootless to tell how I storm'd and swore ;
Alack ! alack ! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew !

Dame Alice I found,— She sank on the ground,—
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round !
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
I twisted it on—till I twisted it off !—
All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men
Can't put fair Alice's head on agen !'

'Well-a-day ! well-a-day ! Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Why really I hardly know what to say :—

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay.—
—Monk must chant and Nun must pray
For each mass they sing, and each pray'r they say,
For a year, and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!'

'Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
No power could save That paramour knave;
I left him, I wot, in evil case!
There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where.

'Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
To hack and to hew A champion true
Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!
Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day:—
—A chauntry fair, And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul for ever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights—
None of your rascally "*dips*"—but sound,
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;—
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!

'Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
Less penance may serve!' quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray
'No champion free of the Cross was he;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

No belted Baron of high degree ;
No Knight nor Squire Did there expire ;
He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar !
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
With his monks around him, and early and late
May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate ;
He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate !

‘Now Thunder and turf!’ Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—
‘Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass!
What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was “*only* (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!”—

“What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire
Is half so good as a holy Friar?”

O turpissime! Vir nequissime! .
Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!

Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*

Had before 'em Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum!*—

Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,
My bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.

Doctors and Proctors of every degree.

Go fetch me a book!—go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's!—and a candle as well—
I'll send him—*where* good manners won't let me tell !

—‘Pardon and grace!—now pardon and grace!’

—Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—

‘*Mea culpa!*—in sooth I'm in pitiful case—

Peccavi! peccavi!—I've done very wrong!

But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,

And I'll fight for holy Church all the day long ;

And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,

And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,
And holy Church shall come in for her share !’

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.



'Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart it is stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long ;
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And holy Church shall come in for her share,—
 Why, my Cardinals three,
 You'll agree With me,
That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the Penitent need not despair !
—If it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray !

‘An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground ;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,
A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot cross-buns.
 And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,
 Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain :
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,
In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair ;
 And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights ;
None of your rascally “*dips*,” but sound,
Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound ;
 And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon !
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,
 Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin-toddy,
 Nor indulge in a pipe,— But shall dine upon tripe,
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur* !
 (Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O, mea culpa* !)

‘Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a bare-footed Friar,
With a stout cat-o'-ninetails of whipcord and wire ;
And nor he, nor his heir⁽¹⁾ Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day, The surname of Bray,
As being dishonour'd ; but all issue male he has
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias* !
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace !'

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
Over the brine To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

'Look out, my Squire, Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar !
And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head !'

FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free-warren (whatever that be) ;
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year ;
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear :
But it's really delightful in spring-time,—and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.
Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more ;
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.⁽²⁾

So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

(1) (2) See Notes at the end.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two, in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
Come marching in pairs, a holy band !
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight ;

Next high in air, Twelve yeomen bear
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus firmly rear'd,
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),
And behind walks a knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied
With a stout cat-o'-ninetails of tough cow-hide,
While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear—Men-
-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell, What you'll guess very well,
How some sang the *requiem*, some toll'd the bell ;
Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas-day
The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum* ;
And in lieu of a supper, The Knight on his crupper
Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum* ;—

That, as chronicles tell, He continued to dwell
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns ;
—That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he
Died, as all thought in the odour of sanctity,

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

When,—strange to relate! and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarm'd by the bawls, And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls!



Looking out, soon By the light of the moon
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

As black as if steep'd in that 'Matchless!' of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz ;
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes ;
While more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,

But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
With the aid of a small 'bull's-eye lantern,'—as placed
By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.

All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
'Running after him,'— so said the Abbot,—'Like Bricks!'

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—
Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still !

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,

And at this time of day One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey
With age, and fast mouldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,

Accoutred and dight In his armour bright,
With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood ;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy,

And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,
Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd
That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest
Caulk'd and made water-tight,
By command of the Knight,
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they pick'd up instead,
And popp'd on the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,
And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now though this might be,
It don't seem to agree
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call '*genu-inc.*'
'Tis a very nice question—but be't as it may,
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),
It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small
About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,
And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.
So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,
Viz.: that, spite of the hope
Held out by the Pope,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me !
See what comes of lying !—don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue !
Ladies !—married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand !
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you
 've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue !

Reverend gentlemen !—you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home !
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives ;
Love your neighbours, and welcome,—but don't love their wives
And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads
When they're shovelling the snow off, ' TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS !

Knights !—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong
Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong !
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs !
To ' Poor Richard's ' homely old proverb attend,
' If you want matters well managed, *Go !*—if not, *Send !* '
A servant's too often a negligent elf ;
—If it's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF !

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life ;
Now—don't do that by proxy !—but choose your own wife !
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,
 To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD !

PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY.

‘LOOK AT THE CLOCK!’

FYTTE I.

‘**L**OOK at the Clock!’ quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she open’d the door to her husband’s knock,
Then paus’d to give him a piece of advice,
‘You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you Wretch, every day you
Treat her who vow’d to love and obey you?—
Out all night! Me in a fright;
Staggering home as it’s just getting light!
You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!’

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a flower’d one, her petticoat green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man’s;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turn’d up, and tuck’d through the pocket-holes;

A face like a ferret Betoken’d her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce Had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to any thing nice,
Nought that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!

Especially ale— If it was not too stale
I really believe he’d have emptied a pail;

Not that in Wales They talk of their Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

That particular day, As I've heard people say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,
The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots,
With a couple more soakers, Thoroughbred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And, long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,
They were roaring out 'Shenkin!' and 'Ar hydd y nos!'
While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, 'We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down
the Moon!

What have we with day to do?

Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!—

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,
Old 'Goat-in-Boots' showed them the door:

And then came that knock, And the sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, 'Look at the Clock!'
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan;
And often, among their pother and rout,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,

Pryce would drop a cool hint, With an ominous squint
At its case, of an 'Uncle' of his, who'd a 'Spout'

That horrid word 'Spout' No sooner came out
Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,

And with scorn on her lip, And a hand on each hip,
'Spout' herself till her nose grew red at the tip,

'You thundering Willin, I know you'd be killing
Your wife,—ay, a dozen wives,—for a shilling!

You may do what you please, You may sell my chemise,
(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her stock,)
But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,

And David Pryce in temper was quick,
 So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick ;
 Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,
 But walking just then wasn't very convenient,
 So he threw it, instead, Direct at her head ;
 It knock'd off her hat ; Down she fell flat ;
 Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that :
 But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
 Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,
 Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,
 I can't say for certain,—but *this* I can,
 When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
 Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne !

The fearful catastrophe Named in my last strophe
 As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,
 Made a great noise ; and the shocking fatality,
 Ran over, like wild-fire, the whole Principality.
 And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
 With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce to commence His 'ingenious defence,'
 Made a 'powerful appeal' to the jury's 'good sense,'
 'The world he must defy Ever to justify
 Any presumption of "Malice Prepense ;"—
 The unlucky lick From the end of his stick
 He 'deplored,'—he was 'apt to be rather too quick ;'—
 But, really, her prating Was so aggravating :
 Some trifling correction was just what he meant ;—all
 The rest, he assured them, was 'quite accidental !'

Then he calls Mr. Jones, Who depones to her tones,
 And her gestures, and hints about 'breaking his bones,'
 While Mr. Ap Morgan, and Mr. Ap Rhys
 Declared the Deceased Had styled him 'a Beast,'
 And swear they had witness'd, with grief and surprise,
 The allusion she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
 The whole day, discussing the case, and gin toddy,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Return'd about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict, 'We find, *Sarve her right!*'

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped; and one evening he said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling, From the vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me from telling,
For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far,
On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.

Its first syllable 'PEN, Is pronounceable; then
Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N;
About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to 'PEN.'

Well—the moon shone bright Upon 'PEN' that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,
Was scaling its side With that sort of stride
A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.

Mounting higher and higher, He began to perspire,
Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling oppress'd By a pain in his chest,
He paus'd, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest.
A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
To make one, however robust, puff and blow,
So he stopp'd and look'd down on the valley below.

O'er fell and o'er fen, Over mountain and glen,
All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved, and then
All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd been taught
Of her Heroes of old, So brave and so bold,—
Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold;

Of King Edward the First, Of memory accurst ;
 And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,
 Killing Poets by dozens, With their uncles and cousins,
 Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved—
 Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,
 Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap,
 And how Mr. Tudor Successfully woo'd her,
 Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
 And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,
 On Gryffith ap Conan, and Owen Glendour ;
 On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.
 He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
 And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce ;
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,

Which went pit-a-pat As he cried out, 'What's that?'—
 That very queer sound?— Does it come from the ground?
 Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or around?—
 It is not like Talking, It is not like Walking,
 It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
 Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—
 Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—
 It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise !
 Not unlike a cart's,—but that can't be ; for when
 Could 'all the King's horses, and all the King's men,'
 With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up 'PEN?'

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,
 Now experienced what schoolboys denominate 'funk.'
 In vain he look'd back On the whole of the track
 He had traversed ; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,
 At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,
 And did not seem likely to pass away soon ;

While clearer and clearer, 'Twas plain to the hearer,
 Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer.
 And sounded, as Price to this moment declares,
 Very much 'like a Coffin a-walking up stairs.'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Mr. Price had begun To 'make up' for a run,
As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray Shone out on the way
He had passed, and he saw, with no slight dismay,
Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,
The deceased Mrs. Winifred's 'Grandmother's Clock!!'
'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,
And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;
'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,
And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,
The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
Blazing with ire, Like two coals of fire;
And the 'Name of the Maker' was changed to a Lip,
And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life!
The identical face of his poor defunct Wife!

One glance was enough Completely '*Quant. suff.*'
As the doctors write down when they send you their 'stuff,'—
Like a Weather-cock whirl'd by a vehement puff,
David turn'd himself round; Ten feet of ground
He clear'd, in his start, at the very first bound!

I've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses—
I've seen Ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—
At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,
And one from a Bailiff much faster than that—
At foot-ball I've seen lads run after the bladder—
I've seen Irish Bricklayers run up a ladder—
I've seen little boys run away from a cane—
And I've seen (that is, *read of*) good running in Spain; (3)
But I never did read Of, or witness, such speed
As David exerted that evening.—Indeed
All I have ever heard of boys, women, or men,
Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over 'PEN!'

He reaches its brow,— He has past it,—and now
Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it, he

PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY.

Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity ;
But, run as he will, Or roll down the hill,
That bugbear behind him is after him still !



And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,
Till, exhausted and sore, He can't run any more,
But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,
'Oh! look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!!'

Miss Davis look'd up, Miss Davis look'd down,
She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a frown
Came o'er her white forehead, She said, 'It was horrid
A man should come knocking at that time of night,
And give her Mamma and herself such a fright;—
To squall and to bawl About nothing at all!'
She begg'd 'he'd not think of repeating his call,
His late wife's disaster By no means had past her,'
She'd 'have him to know she was meat for his Master!'
Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turn'd on her heel and she turn'd up her nose.

Poor David in vain Implored to remain,
He 'dared not,' he said, 'cross the mountain again.'
Why the fair was obdurate None knows,—to be sure, it
Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate;—
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the Coal-hole!
In that shady retreat With nothing to eat,
And with very bruised limbs, and with very sore feet,
All night close he kept; I can't say he slept;
But he sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept;
Lamenting his sins, And his two broken shins,
Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
And her he once thought a complete *Rara Avis*,
Consigning to Satan,—viz. cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a 'serious call,'
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall
To make a grand speech, And to preach, and to teach
People that 'they can't brew their malt liquor too small,'
That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,
Was right in proclaiming 'ARISTON MEN UDOR!'
Which means 'The pure Element
Is for Man's belly meant!'

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder!
And 'still on each evening when pleasure fills up,'
At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each cup,

Mr. Pryce, if he's there, Will get into 'The Chair,'
And make all his *quondam* associates stare
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,
'Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water!'
The dial he constantly watches; and when
The long hand's at the 'XII.,' and the short at the 'X.,'

He gets on his legs, Drains his glass to the dregs,
Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,
With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,
And says solemnly—'Gentlemen!

'LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!'



THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

[MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE has laid claim to St. Odille as a countrywoman; and 'Why wouldn't he?' when all the world knows the O'Dell's were a fine ould ancient family, sated in Tipperary

'Ere the Lord Mayor stole his collar of gowld,
And sould it away to a trader?' (4)

He is manifestly wrong; but, as he very rationally observes, 'No matter for that—she's a Saint any way!']

O DILLE was a maid of a dignified race;
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace;
Such an air, such a grace, Such a form, such a face,
All agreed, 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,
Had 'experienced a call' she consider'd divine,
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.—
Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Came to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine ;
But vain their design, They are all left to pine,
Their oglings and smiles are all useless ; in fine



Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
Can draw, 'Ask my papa' from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,
A highly respectable man as a German,

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a Merman,
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman
Would soon make her bend, And induce her to lend,
An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.
He gain'd the old Count, who said, 'Come, Mynheer, fill!—
Here's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille!'



The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
When a little bird whisper'd that toast in her ear ;
She murmur'd 'Oh, dear ! My Papa has got queer
I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer !
He's so very austere, and severe, that it's clear
If he gets in his "tantrums," I can't remain here ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near ;

It were folly to stay *Pour prendre congé*,
I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away !'
—She unlock'd the back door and descended the hill,
On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

—When he found she'd levanted, the Count of Alsace
At first turn'd remarkably red in the face ;
He anathematised, with much unction and grace,
Every soul who came near, and consign'd the whole race
Of runaway girls to a very warm place ;

With a frightful grimace He gave orders for chase ;
His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,
And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,
Ask'd, 'Pray have you seen anything of Odille ?'—

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—
That the 'knowing-ones' call this by far the best plan,
'Take the lead and then keep it !'—that is, if you can.—
Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran,

Put her best leg before, Starting at score,
As I said some lines since, from that little back door.
And not being miss'd until half after four,
Had what hunters call 'law' for a good hour and more ;

Doing her best, Without stopping to rest,
Like 'young Lochinvar who came out of the West.'
'Tis done !—I am gone !—over briar, brook, and rill !
They'll be sharp lads who catch me !' said young Miss Odille.

But you've all read in Æsop, or Phædrus, or Gay,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day ;

How the hare, making play, 'Progress'd right slick away,
As 'them tarnation chaps' the Americans say ;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawl'd straight on, without let or stay,
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,

Till, ere noon's ruddy ray Changed to eve's sober grey,
Though her form and obesity caused some delay,
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

And she chased her fleet-footed 'praycursor' until
She o'ertook her at last ;—so it fared with Odille !

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
And show'd no inclination to pause, if she durst ;
She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst,
Its usual attendant ; nor was that the worst,
Her shoes went down at heel ; at last one of them burst.

Now a gentleman smiles At a trot of ten miles ;
But not so the Fair ; then consider the stiles,
And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill
Round the ankle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack
In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,
Till she reach'd the Swartz Forest (in English the Black) ;

I cannot divine How the boundary line
Was pass'd which is somewhere there form'd by the Rhine—

Perhaps she'd the knack To float o'er on her back—
Or, perhaps, cross'd the old bridge of boats at Brisach,
(Which Vauban, some years after, secured from attack
By a bastion of stone which the Germans call 'Wacke,')
All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,
Till, hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on its 'brow,' but I should have said 'crown,'
For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown,
And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down
Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,
That lay at its foot ; but imagine the frown
That contracted her brow, when full many a clown
She perceived coming up from that horrid post-town.

They had follow'd her trail, And now thought without fail,
As little boys say, to 'lay salt on her tail ;'
While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,
Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she do?
Her father's retainers now had her in view,
As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;
While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,
In their snuff-colour'd doublets and breeches of blue,
Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue.—

What, indeed, *could* she do? She very well knew
If they caught her how much she should have to go through;
But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!
And to go further on was impossible;—true
She might jump o'er the precipice;—still there are few
In her place, who could manage their courage to screw
Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu:—
Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;
No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,
Came to bear her from him she loath'd worse than a Jew;
So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,

Crying, 'Holy St. Ermengarde! Oh, from these vermin guard
Her whose last hope rests entirely on you;—
Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint!—rather kill
At once, *sur-le-champ*, your devoted Odille!'

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress
Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.
The Saint came to the rescue!—I fairly confess
I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less
Than to get such a votary out of her mess.
Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address
When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,
Closed again, and secured her within its recess.

In a natural grotto, Which puzzled Count Otto,
Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.
Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et praterrea Nil*!
Nor could any one guess what was gone of Odille!

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite
Eclipsed, in its brilliance, the finest Bude light,
And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in white,
A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;



While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,
A great many little boys' heads took their flight
Above and around to a very great height,
And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,

Since every one saw, With amazement and awe,
They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*.—

All at the sight, From the knave to the knight,
Felt a very unpleasant sensation, call'd fright ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

While the Saint, looking down, With a terrible frown,
Said, 'My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown!—
I am really ashamed of you both;—my nerves thrill
At your scandalous conduct to poor, dear Odille!

'Come, make yourselves scarce!—it is useless to stay,
You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.
"Quick! Presto! Begone!" as the conjurors say;
For as to the Lady, I've stow'd her away
In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;
And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day
Till you faithfully promise no more to say "Nay,"
But declare, "If she will be a nun, why she may."
For this you've my word, and I never yet broke it,
So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it!—
One hint to your vassals,—a month at "the Mill"
Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry Odille!

The Saint disappear'd as she ended, and so
Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,
As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
Had been flying about her, and jumping Jim Crow;
Though, without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,
How they managed such antics, I really don't know;
Be that as it may, they all 'melted like snow
Off a dyke,' as the Scotch say in Sweet Edinbro'.

And there stood the Count, With his men, on the mount,
Just like 'twenty-four jackasses all on a row.'
What was best to be done—'twas a sad bitter pill—
But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.
The lord of Alsace therefore alter'd his plan,
And said to himself, like a sensible man,
'I can't do as I would,—I must do as I can
It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,
For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan;
So Count Herman must pick up some Betsey or Nan,
Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan;—
If he can't get the corn he must do with the bran,
And make shift with the pot if he can't have the pan.

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

With such proverbs as these He went down on his knees,
And said, 'Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—
They shall build a new convent,—I'll pay the whole bill,
(Taking discount,)—its Abbess shall be my Odille !'

There are some of my readers, I'll venture to say,
Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,
And others, 'tis likely may go there some day.
Now, if ever you happen to travel that way,
I do beg and pray, 'twill your pains well repay,—
That you'll take what the Cockney folks calls a 'po-shay,'
(Though in Germany these things are more like a dray,)
You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—

And do look how the rock, Through the whole of its block,
Is split open, as though by some violent shock
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock
From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock
Of a Germanised giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok ;

And see how it rears Its two monstrous great ears,
For when once you're between them such each side appears ;
And list to the sound of the water one hears
Drip, drip, from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears,
—Odille's, I believe,—which have flowed all these years ;
—I think they account for them so ;—but the rill
I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL.

Now then, for a moral, which always arrives
At the end, like the honey bees take to their hives,
And the more one observes it the better one thrives,—
We have all heard it said in the course of our lives
'Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives,'
'Tis the same with a lady,—if once she contrives
To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives
To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves !

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one survives,
Succumb to *our* She-Saints—videlicet wives!

(*Aside.*)

That is if one has not a 'good bunch of fives.'—
(I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,
For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)

Now young ladies, to you!— Don't put on the shrew!—
And don't be surprised if your father looks blue
When you're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do!
Be sure that you never elope;—there are few,—
Believe me, you'll find what I say to be true,—
Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,
And come off at last with 'a hole in their shoe;'
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
Can produce enough saints to save *every* Odille.



THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

[Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of "The Smuggler's Leap." The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since.—See '*Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet*, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M. Vicar of Gomersham.'—*W. Bristow, Canterbury*, 1796, p. 127.]

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

'Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!

The cargo's lowered from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam, But your real Schiedam.
'Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!'
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace, In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The 'prime of the swag,' is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now in a goodly row,
Away and away those smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!
—They were call'd Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as 'Preventive men.'

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two;—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich level—o'er Sandwich flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,
These in their hurry Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping, But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap
And the gin spirits out And squirts all about,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue and he has a smile
Trained the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas quite To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the grocer and make *him* her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
'Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
—Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! ho!—ho! ho!' says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask and he sips his fill,
And he laughs 'Ho! ho!' at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chislett Lane, so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won— Bill thinks it fun;

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

'Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!'

Away, away Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
'*I would give my soul,*' quoth Exciseman Gill,
'For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown or roan,
So I had but one!' A voice cried 'Done!'
'Ay dun,' said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A Custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-coloured hide.—
'*Devil take me,*' again quoth Exciseman Gill,
'If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!'

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true, As bad as a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
—He'd just uttered the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
Yet he screamed with passion, 'I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!'
—'Mount! Mount!' quoth the Custom-house officer, 'get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
"Done and Done" between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,
He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go!*'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Exciseman Gill Dash'd up the hill,
And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's-queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—"Tis the Gauger again!"

Smuggler Bill Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
'Now speed,—now speed, My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!

For Manston Cave, away! away!
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey:
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!

Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,
(Of late they say It's been taken away,
That is, levell'd, and fill'd up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day,)
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;

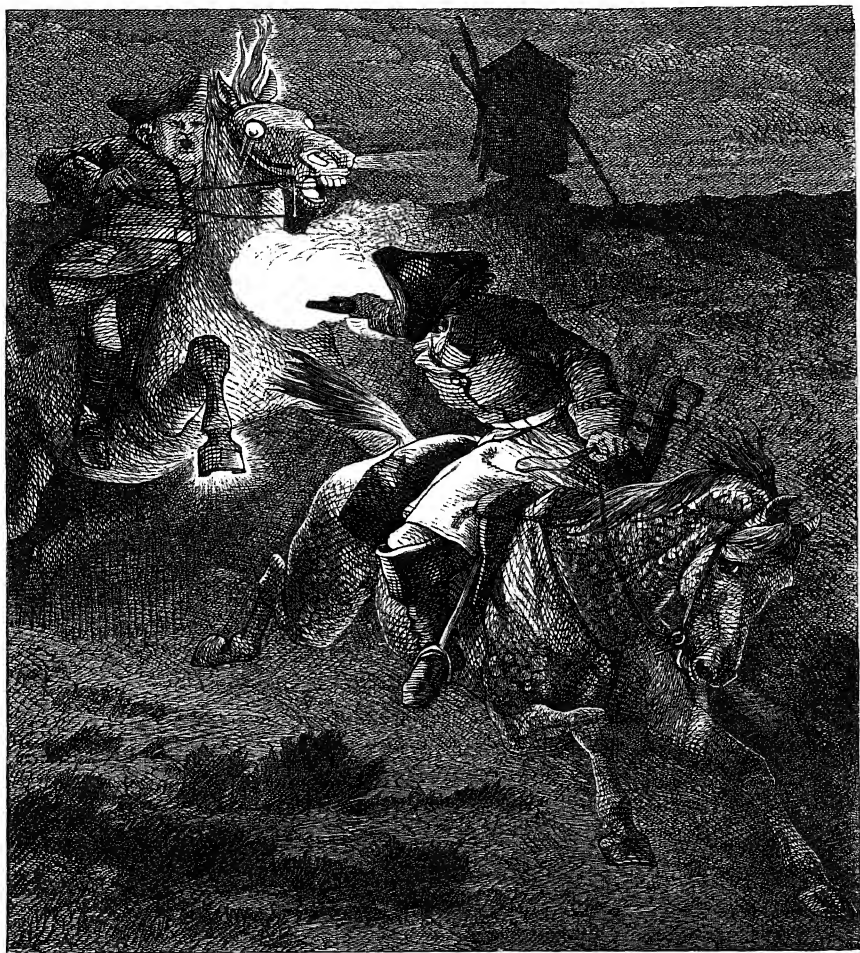
And the dapple-grey steed, Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries 'Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!'

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!

Every shoe he has got Appears red-hot!
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying 'Yield thee! now-yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!'



Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two!
Made by Nock; He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang ;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd,—not blood,—but flame
—He changed his plan, And fired at the man ;
But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan !
And Exciseman Gill with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack ! and alas ! on what dangerous ground !
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap !
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all ! !

Below were found Next day on the ground
By an elderly gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corpses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's—
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill !
But where was the Dun ? that terrible Dun ?
From that terrible night he was seen by none !—
There are, some people think, though I'm not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,

But the country-folks there, One and all declare,
When the 'Crownner's 'Quest' came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air !—

—If in one of the trips Of the steam-boat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

Or to take what the bathing-room people call 'Dips,'
You may hear old folks talk Of that quarry of chalk ;
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,



Which is call'd to this moment 'The Smuggler's Leap!'
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're 'plucky,' and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will, The Ghost of Old Gill

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.—
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em !

MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle !—if, bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace,—purchase what has paid duty.
Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing !

Never say 'Devil take me!' Or 'shake me!'—or 'bake me,'
Or such-like expressions—Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, 'Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap !'

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND !!



SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY.

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, LIEUT. SEAFORTH, H P.
LATE OF THE HON. E.I.C.'S 2ND REGIMENT OF BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter, and Fanny's
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn't dead,—though Queen Anne is,
'Twas a 'plot' and a 'farce'—you hate farces, you say—
Take another 'plot' then, viz. the Plot of the Play.

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,
As a lady possess'd of an earldom in fee,

Was imprudent enough, at fifteen years of age,
—A period of life when we're not over sage,—
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage
Her hand to a hop-o'-my-thumb of a Page.

This put her Papa— She had no Mamma—
As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was wont to repeat,
In his budget of proverbs, 'Stol'n kisses are sweet!'

But they have their alloy— Fate assumed, to annoy
Miss Arundel's peace, and embitter her joy,
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through 'the young stranger,' her secret took wind,
The Old Lord was neither 'to haud nor to bind.'

He bounced up and down, And so fearful a frown
Contracted his brow, you'd have thought he'd been blind.

The young lady, they say, Having fainted away,
Was confined to her room for the whole of that day;
While her beau—no rare thing in the old feudal system—
Disappear'd the next morning, and nobody miss'd him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn't, it seems,
Form'd the slightest idea, not ev'n in his dreams,
That the pair had been wedded according to law,
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas*;

So he bribed at a high rate A sort of a Pirate
To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman's brains,
And gave him a handsome *douceur* for his pains.
The page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns
His attention at once to the Lady's concerns;

And, alarm'd for the future, Looks out for a suitor,
One not fond of raking, nor giv'n to 'the pewter,'
But adapted to act both the husband and tutor—
Finds a highly respectable, middle-aged widower,
Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid of her.

Relieved from his cares, The old Peer now prepares
To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,
Sickens,—takes to his bed,—and sets out on his journey.

Which way he travell'd, Has not been unravell'd :
To speculate much on the point were too curious,
If the climate he reach'd were serene or sulphureous.
To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare
One item—the Page—was an awkward affair ;
But *per contra*, he'd lately endow'd a new Chantry
For Priests, with ten marks, and the run of the pantry.

Be that as it may, It's sufficient to say
That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,
Built of Bethersden marble—a dark bluish grey.
The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,
Some cleanly churchwarden has cover'd with plaster ;

While some Vandal or Jew, With a taste for *virtu*,
Has knock'd off his toes, to place, I suppose,
In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose ;

From his belt and his sword And his *misericorde*
The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored ;
His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,
And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound,
The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,
Are joined and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay !
I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play !

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,
Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,
But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,
Another remarkably 'fine little boy.'

As novel connections Oft change the affections,
And turn all one's love into different directions,
Now to young 'Johnny Newcome' she seems to confine hers,
Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse ;

Nay, far worse than that, She considers 'the brat'
As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.

For her legal adviser She takes an old Miser,
A sort of 'poor cousin.' She might have been wiser ;

For this arrant deceiver, By name Maurice Beavor,

A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,
 By the law of the land stands the next in entail;
 So, as soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan
 To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran
 To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man;
 In his ear whisper'd low * * *—'Bully Gaussen' said 'Done!—
 I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!'

'Twas agreed; and, with speed To accomplish the deed
 He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.

By long cock-and-bull stories, Of Candish and Noreys.
 Of Drake, and bold Raleigh, (then fresh in his glories,
 Acquired 'mongst the Indians, and Rapparee Tories,)

He so work'd on the lad, That he left, which was bad,
 The only true friend in the world that he had,
 Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,
 Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,
 At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp, Took the foolish young imp,
 On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,
 Then, seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp,
 Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,
 And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean;

This was off Plymouth Sound, And he must have been drown'd,
 For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,
 If 'A very great Warman, Call'd Billy the Norman,'
 Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.

A shark of great size, With his great glassy eyes,
 Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize:
 So he pick'd up the lad,^s swabb'd, and dry-rubb'd, and mopp'd him,
 And, having no children, resolv'd to adopt him.

Full many a year Did he hand, reef, and steer,
 And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,
 When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate
 With lots of pistoles in his coffer to rig it.

A sailor ne'er moans; So, consigning the bones
 Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,
 For England he steers.— On the voyage it appears

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers ;
And at length reach'd the Sussex coast, where, in a bay
Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay
His vessel at anchor, the very same day
That the Poet begins,—thus commencing his play :

ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,
And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,
By saying the boy, whom he took out to please him,
Is come back a Captain on purpose to tease him.—
Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen
Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,
Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,—
And hints he may find some more work for him yet ;
Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.
That the boy they had ten years ago sent away
Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,
Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint ;
But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,
If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.
'O ! take it,' she cries ; 'but secure every document.'—
'A bargain,' says Maurice,—'including the stock you meant !'—

The Captain, meanwhile, With a lover-like smile,
And a fine cambric handkerchief, wipes off the tears
From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears.
(That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)
Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—
The young Lady herself is but down on a visit.

She's perplex'd ; and, in fact, Does not know how to act.
It's her very first visit—and then to begin
By asking a stranger—a gentleman, in—
One with moustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—

She 'really don't know— He had much better go,'—
Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says 'No !—
Fair, sir you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine—

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY.

You will take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine.'
He bows, looks at Miss,—and he does not decline.

ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts, with much glee,
All he's heard, seen, and done since he first went to sea,
All his perils and scrapes, And his hair-breadth escapes,
Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,
And fierce 'Bengal tigers,' like that which you know,
If you've ever seen any respectable 'Show,'
'Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro.'

Then, diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery
Which hangs, like a cloud, o'er his own private history—
How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat,
(Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole—*See Note*)⁽⁵⁾

—How he happen'd to meet With the Algerine fleet,
And forced them by sheer dint of arms to retreat,
Thus saving his Violet—(One of his feet
Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat,)—

How his vessel was batter'd— In short, he so chatter'd,
Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,
That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able
To 'make himself,' both said, 'so very agreeable.'

Captain Norman's adventures were scarcely half done,
When Percy Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,

In a terrible fume, Bounces into the room,
And talks to his guest as you'd talk to your groom,
Claps his hand on his rapier, and swears he'll be through him—
The Captain does nothing at all but 'pooh! pooh!' him—

Unable to smother His hate of his brother,
He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother.—
'Fie! fie!' says the first.—Says the latter, 'In sooth,
This is sharper by far than a keen serpent's tooth!'

(A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,
When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughter said, 'Here's a go!')—

This made Ashdale ashamed; But he must not be blamed

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Too much for his warmth, for like many young fellows he
Was apt to lose temper when tortur'd by jealousy.

Still speaking quite gruff, He goes off in a huff;
Lady A., who is now what some call 'up to snuff,'

Straight determines to patch Up a clandestine match
Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,
And Miss,—whom she does not think any great catch
For Ashdale;—besides, he won't kick up such shindies
Were she once fairly married and off to the Indies.

ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone;
She agrees to meet Norman 'by moonlight alone,'

And slip off to his bark, 'The night being dark,'
Though 'the moon,' the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven
'One hour before midnight,' *i. e.* at eleven.

From which speech I infer, —Though perhaps I may err—
That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf, he
When 'capering on shore' was by no means a Murphy.

He starts off, however, at sunset, to reach
An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,
Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a
Paper to prove his name, 'birthright,' &c.

Being rather too late, Gaussen, lying in wait,
Gives poor Father Onslow a knock on the pate,
But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested
From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,
The marriage certificate duly attested.—

Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,
And begs he won't die till he's told him his story;

The Father complies, Re-opens his eyes,
And tells him all how and about it—and dies!

ACT IV.

Norman, now call'd Le Mesnil, instructed of all,
Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY.

Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,
And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother
The fact any longer—he knows she's his Mother!

His Pa's wedded Spouse,— She questions his *vows*,
And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.—

He still perseveres, Till, in spite of her fears,
She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,
And he gives her the papers 'all blister'd with tears,'
When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,

Takes his hat and his cloak, Just as if in a joke,
Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,
And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it
's time for the rendezvous fixed with Miss Violet.—
—Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore
At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,
Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,
And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.

ACT V.

Now comes the catastrophe!—Ashdale, who's wrapt in
The cloak, with the hat and the plume of the Captain,
Leads Violet down through the grounds to the chapel
Where Gaussen's conceal'd—he springs forward to grapple
The man he's erroneously led to suppose
Captain Norman himself by the cut of his clothes.

In the midst of their strife, And just as the knife
Of the Pirate is raised to deprive him of life,
The Captain comes forward, drawn there by the squeals
Of the Lady, and, knocking Giles head over heels,

Fractures his 'nob,' Saves the hangman a job,
And executes justice most strictly, the rather,
'Twas the spot where that rascal had murder'd his father.

Then in comes the mother, Who, finding one brother
Had the instant before saved the life of the other,

Explains the whole case. Ashdale puts a good face
On the matter; and, since he's obliged to give place,
Yields his coronet up with a pretty good grace;
Norman vows he won't have it—the kinsmen embrace,—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And the Captain, the first in this generous race,
To remove every handle For gossip and scandal,
Sets the whole of the papers alight with the candle ;
An arrangement takes place—on the very same night, all
Is settled and done, and the points the most vital
Are, N. takes the personals ;—A., in requital,
Keeps the whole real property, Mansion, and Title.—
V. falls to the share of the Captain, and tries a
Sea-voyage, as a Bride, in the ‘Royal Eliza.’—
Both are pleased with the part they acquire as joint heirs,
And old Maurice Beevor is bundled down stairs !

MORAL.

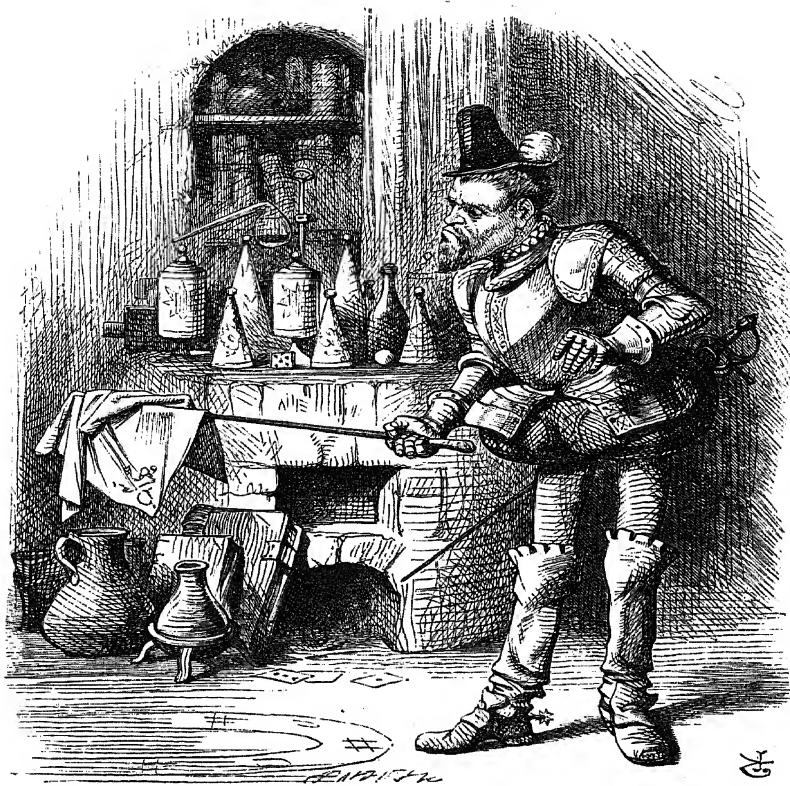
The public, perhaps, with the drama might quarrel
If deprived of all epilogue, prologue, and moral ;
This may serve for all three then :—

‘Young Ladies of property,
Let Lady A.’s history serve as a stopper t’ye ;
Don’t wed with low people beneath your degree,
And if you’ve a baby, don’t send it to sea !

‘Young Noblemen ! shun everything like a brawl ;
And be sure when you dine out, or go to a ball,
Don’t take the best hat that you find in the hall,
And leave one in its stead that’s worth nothing at all !

‘Old Knights, don’t give bribes !—aboye all, never urge a man
To steal people’s things, or to stick an old Clergyman !

‘And you, ye Sea-Captains ! who’ve nothing to do
But to run round the world, fight, and drink till all’s blue,
And tell us tough yarns, and then swear they are true,
Reflect, notwithstanding your sea-faring life,
That you can’t get on well long, without you’ve a wife ;
So get one at once, treat her kindly and gently,
Write a nautical novel,—and send it to Bentley !’



THE TRAGEDY.

CATHERINE of Cleves was a Lady of rank
 She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the Bank ;
 She had jewels and rings, And a thousand smart things ;
 Was lovely and young, With a *rather* sharp tongue,
 And she wedded a noble of high degree
 With the star of the order of *St. Esprit* ;

But the Duke de Guise Was, by many degrees,
 Her senior, and not very easy to please ;
 He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,
 And a frown on his brow,—and he look'd like a Guy,—

So she took to intriguing With Monsieur St. Megrin,
 A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,
 But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth ;

He would sing, fence, and dance
 With the best man in France,
 And took his rappee with genteel *nouçhalance* ;
 He smiled, and he flatter'd, and flirted with ease,
 And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.

Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know
 If the Lady approved of his passion or no ;

So without more ado, He put on his *surtout*,
 And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,

One Signor Ruggieri, A cunning-man near, he
 Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
 Perform tricks on the cards, and Heaven knows what besides,
 Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,
 And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon.

'The Sage took his stand With his wand in his hand.
 Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,
 Saying solemnly—' *Presto !—Hey, quick !—Cock-a-lorum ! !*'

When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.
 Just then a Conjunction of Venus and Mars,

Or something peculiar above in the stars,
 Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
 Who 'bolted,' and left him alone with his deary.—

Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
 And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,

When,—fancy the shock,— A loud double knock,
 Made the Lady cry 'Get up, you fool !—there's De Guise !'

'Twas his Grace, sure enough ; So Monsieur, looking bluff,
 Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff,
 While, unseen by either, away flew the Dame
 Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came ;

But, alack ! and alas ! A mishap came to pass,
 In her hurry she, some how or other, let fall
 A new silk *Bandana* she'd worn as a shawl ;

She had used it for drying Her bright eyes while crying,
 And blowing her nose, as her Beau talk'd of dying !
 Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,
 And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner,
 The instant he spied it, smoked something amiss,



And said, with some energy, 'D—— it! what's this?

He went home in a fume, And bounced into her room,
Crying, 'So, Ma'am, I find I've some cause to be jealous!
Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows!
—Now take up that pen,—if it's bad choose a better,—
And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter

To Monsieur—you know who!' The Lady look'd blue;
But replied with much firmness—'Hang me if I do!'

De Guise grasped her wrist With his great bony fist,
And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist,

That his hard, iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in,—
 She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching ;
 So she sat down and wrote This polite little note :—

‘ Dear Mister St. Megrin, The chiefs of the League in
 Our house mean to dine This evening at nine ;
 I shall, soon after ten, Slip away from the men,
 And you’ll find me upstairs in the drawing-room then ;
 Come up the back way or those impudent thieves
 Of Servants will see you ; Yours

CATHERINE OF CLEVES.’

She directed and sealed it, all pale as a ghost,
 And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.

St. Megrin had almost jump’d out of his skin
 For joy that day when the post came in ;

He read the note through, Then began it anew,
 And thought it almost too good news to be true.—

He clapp’d on his hat, And a hood over that,
 With a cloak to disguise him, and make him look fat ;
 So great his impatience, from half after Four
 He was waiting till Ten at De Guise’s back-door.
 When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime
 He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time.

He had scarce made his bow, He hardly knew how,
 When alas ! and alack ! There was no getting back,
 For the drawing-room door was bang’d to with a whack ;—

In vain he applied To the handle and tried,
 Somebody or other had lock’d it outside !
 And the Duchess in agony mourn’d her mishap,
 ‘ We are caught like a couple of rats in a trap.’

Now the Duchess’s Page, About twelve years of age,
 For so little a boy was remarkably sage ;
 And just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
 Popp’d the Gas-lighter’s ladder close under the casement.

But all would not do,— Though St. Megrin got through
 The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew.

THE TRAGEDY.

And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,
Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing ;

He thrust *carte* and *tierce* Uncommonly fierce,
But not Beëlzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce :

While his doublet and hose, Being holiday clothes,
Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his nose,



Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him
From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him,

But when beat on his knees, That confounded De Guise
Came behind with the 'fogle' that caused all this breeze,
Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and, when backward he'd jerk'd him,
The rest of the rascals jump'd on him and Burk'd him.
The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Was served the same way, And was found the next day
With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt ;
Catherine of Cleves Roar'd 'Murder !' and 'Thieves !'
From the window above While they murder'd her love ;
Till, finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,
She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter !

MORAL.

Take warning, ye Fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards,
But steer clear of Conjurors,—never put query
To 'Wise Mrs. Williams,' or folks like Ruggieri.
When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it :
Above all,—KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET !
Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he
Be call'd on,—sad poet !—to tell your sad story !



MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

AIR.—*'The Groves of Blarney.'*

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a scrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, the self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright,
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing made them kape the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jool's from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame:
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave ;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more,
Och ! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
'I'd be prôud to see the likes among the Turks !'

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! Och ! they did dress her
In her purple garaments and her goulden Crown ;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown,
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart ! Oh ! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, 'Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory !
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health !'
Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating ;
'Boys ! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man !'

THE CORONATION.

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
 'Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!'
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speaking,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, 'Ah! then thank ye all for me!'
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
 And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
 And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was cakes and apples, in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
 The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
 Crying, 'God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!'
—Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

THE NURSE'S STORY.

THE HAND OF GLORY.

'Malefica quædam auguriatrix in Angliâ fuit, quam demones horribiliter extraxerunt, et imponentes super equum terribilem, per aera rapuerunt; Clamoresque terribiles (ut ferunt) per quatuor fermè miliaria audiebantur.'

Nuremb. Chron.

ON the lone bleak moor, At the midnight hour,
Beneath the Gallows Tree,
Hand in hand The Murderers stand
By one, by two, by three !
And the Moon that night With a grey, cold light
Each baleful object tips ;
One half of her form Is seen through the storm,
The other half's hid in Eclipse !
And the cold Wind howls, And the Thunder growls,
And the Light'ning is broad and bright ;
And altogether It's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night !
'Now mount who list, And close by the wrist
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist !—
Now climb who dare Where he swings in air,
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair !'

There's an old woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,
And some people fancy a great many more ;
Her nose it is hook'd, Her back it is crook'd,
Her eyes blear and red : On the top of her head
Is a mutch, and on that A shocking bad hat,
Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat !
Then,—My Gracious !—her beard !—it would sadly perplex
A spectator at first to distinguish her sex ;
Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny could he
Pronounce her, off-handed, a Punch or a Judy.
Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,



With her knees to her nose, and her nose to her chin,
 Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,
 You'd lift up your hands in amazement, and cry,
 '—Well!—I never *did* see such a regular Guy!'

And now before That Old Woman's door,
 Where nought that's good may be,
 Hand in hand The Murderers stand
 By one, by two, by three!
 Oh! 'tis a horrible sight to view,
 In that horrible hovel, that horrible crew,
 By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,
 Doing the deed that hath never a name!
 'Tis awful to hear Those words of fear!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The prayer mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer !
(Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when
A witch says her prayers, she begins with 'Amen.')

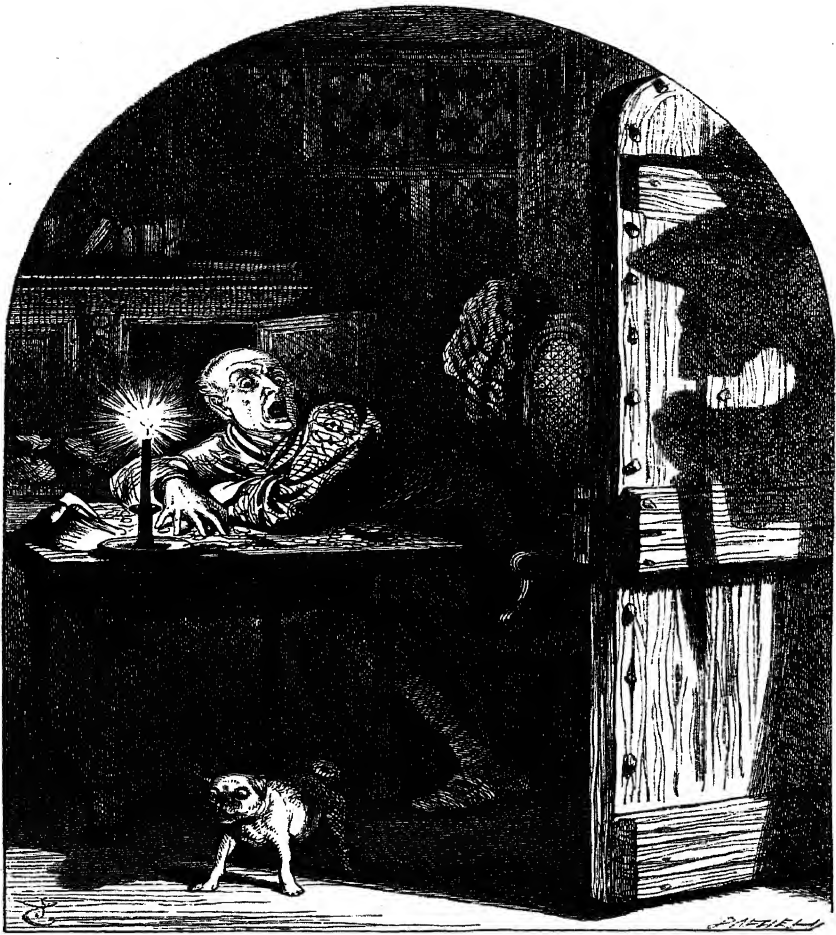
—'Tis awful to see On that Old Woman's knee
The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee !—
And now, with care, The five locks of hair
From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,
With the grease and the fat Of a black Tom Cat
She hastens to mix, And to twist into wicks,
And one on the thumb, and each finger to fix.—
(For another receipt the same charm to prepare,
Consult Mr. Ainsworth and *Petit Albert*.)

'Now open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly bolt, and bar, and band !—
Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake !!'

All is silent ! all is still,
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill ;
And in Tappington Hall Great and Small,
Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,
Each one hath sought his separate room,
And sleep her dark mantle hath o'er them cast,
For the midnight hour hath long been past !

All is darksome in earth and sky,
Save, from yon casement, narrow and high,
A quivering beam On the tiny stream
Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam
By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement, narrow and high,
In his secret lair, where none may spy,
Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,
And the thin grey locks of his failing hair



Have left his little bald pate all bare ;
 For his full-bottom'd wig Hangs, bushy and big,
 On the top of his old-fashion'd, high-back'd chair.
 Unbraced are his clothes, Ungarter'd his hose,
 His gown is bedizen'd with tulip and rose,
 Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
 Flowers such as Eden never knew ;
 —And there, by many a sparkling heap
 Of the good red gold, The tale is told
 What powerful spell avails to keep
 That careworn man from his needful sleep !

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Haply, he deems, no eye can see
As he gloats on his treasure greedily,—
The shining store Of glittering ore,
The fair rose-Noble, the bright moidore,
And the broad double-joe from ayont the sea,—
But there's one that watches as well as he ;
For, wakeful and sly, In a closet hard by,
On his truckle bed lieth a little Foot-page,
A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,
Like young Master Horner, Who erst in a corner
Sat eating a Christmas pie :
And, while that Old Gentleman's counting his hoards,
Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards!

There's a voice in the air, There's a step on the stair,
The old man starts in his cane-back'd chair,
At the first faint sound He gazes around,
And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.
Then half arose From beside his toes
His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,
But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,
'That little pug-dog stands stark and stiff,
For low, yet clear, Now fall on the ear,
—Where once pronounced for ever they dwell,—
The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell!

'Open lock To the Dead Man's knock !
Fly bolt, and bar, and band !—
Nor move, nor swerve, Joint, muscle, or nerve,
At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !
Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—
But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake !'

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,
Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.
Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,
Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week ;
The door opens wide as wide may be,
And there they stand, That murderous band,

THE HAND OF GLORY.

Lit by the light of the GLORIOUS HAND,
By one!—by two!—by three!

They have pass'd thro' the porch, they have pass'd thro' the hall,
Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall;

The very snore froze In his very snub nose,
You'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last
When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him pass'd!
E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat
At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,

Though half dead with affright, Paused in its flight;
And the cat that was chasing that little wee thing
Lay crouch'd as a statue in act to spring!

And now they are there, On the head of the stair,
And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare!
—I really don't think any money would bribe
Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,
Or the wild, wild glare Of that old man's eye,
His dumb despair, And deep agony.

The kid from the pen, and the lamb from the fold,
Unmoved may the blade of the butcher behold;
They dream not—ah, happier they!—that the knife,
Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life;
It falls;—the frail thread of their being is riven,
They dread not, suspect not, the blow till 'tis given.—
But, oh! what a thing 'tis to see and to know
That the bare knife is raised in the hand of the foe,
Without hope to repel, or to ward off the blow!—
—Enough!—let's pass over as fast as we can
The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man!

But fancy poor Hugh, Aghast at the view,
Powerless alike to speak or to do!

In vain doth he try To open the eye
That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,
Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink!—
No!—for all that this world can give or refuse,
I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's!
—'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall
He has peep'd through so long, is so narrow and small!

Wailing voices, sounds of woe
Such as follow departing friends,
That fatal night round Tappington go,
Its long-drawn roofs and its gable ends:
Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,
Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood.

'Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,
And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,
And all things betoken a very fine day;
But, while the lark her carol is singing,
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing!

Upstarting all, Great and small,
Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,
Gentle and Simple, Squire or Groom,
All seek at once that Old Gentleman's room;
And there, on the floor, Drench'd in its gore,
A ghastly corpse lies exposed to the view,
Carotid and jugular both cut through!

And there, by its side, 'Mid the crimson tide,
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years;
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears
Are coursing each other round and big,
And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd wig.
Alas! and alack for his staunching!—'tis plain,
As anatomists tell us, that never again
Shall life revisit the foully slain,
When once they've been cut through the jugular vein.

There's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,
But no one can tell the man which way they went:
There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nosé.

THE HAND OF GLORY.

In Rochester town, At the sign of the Crown,
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down
To a fat stubble-goose, with potatoes done brown ;

When a little Foot-page Rushes in, in a rage,
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage.
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,
And a Constable seizes the one more remote ;
And fair rose-nobles and broad moidores,
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare ;
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,
'You're *wanted*, Gen'llemen, one and all,
For that 'ere precious lark at Tappington Hall !'

There's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,
Where a former black gibbet has frown'd before :

It is as black as black may be,
And murderers there Are dangling in air,
By one !—by two !—by three !

There's a horrid old hag in a steeple-crown'd hat,
Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat
A Dead Man's hand, and a dead Tom Cat !
They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,
They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs,
Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,

With a whoop and a halloo !—'She swims !—She swims !'

They have dragg'd her to land, And every one's hand
Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,
When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,
Snatches up that old harridan just like a sack
To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,
Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack !

No one can tell, Though they guess pretty well,
Which way that grim rider and old woman go,
For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow ;

And she scream'd so, and cried, We may fairly decide
That the Old Woman did not much relish her ride !



MORAL.

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt
That truest of adages—'Murder will out !'
In vain may the blood-spiller 'double' and fly,
In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try :
Although for a time he may 'scape, by-and-by
He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry !

THE GHOST.⁽⁶⁾

THERE stands a City,—neither large nor small,
Its air and situation sweet and pretty;
It matters very little—if at all—

Whether its denizens are dull or witty,
Whether the ladies there are short or tall,
Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a city!—
Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute
That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it,

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,
And kings and heroes lie entomb'd within her;
There pious Saints, in marble pomp repose,
Whose shrines are worn by knees of many a Sinner;
There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose
Roll'd its loud diapason after dinner;
And there stood high the holy sconce of Becket,
—Till four assassins came from France to crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
Ere those abominable guns were found,
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's liver.
It stands upon a gently rising ground,
Sloping down gradually to the river,
Resembling (to compare great things with smaller)
A well-scooped, mouldy Stilton cheese,—but taller.

The Keep, I find, 's been sadly alter'd lately,
And, 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honour jealous,
In martial panoply so grand and stately,
Its walls are fill'd with money-making fellows,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And stuff'd, unless I'm misinformèd greatly,
With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals, and bellows ;
In short, so great a change has come to pass,
'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
And ere its ancient glories were cut short all,
A poor hard-working Cobbler took his station
In a small house, just opposite the portal ;
His birth, his parentage, and education,
I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal ;
His aspect, air, and gait, were all ridiculous ;
His name was Mason—he'd been christened Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possessed of many a charm,
And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion ;
But, spite of all her piety, her arm
She'd sometimes exercise when in a passion ;
And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
Would now and then seize, upon small occasion,
A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly.

No matter !—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
'Tis what we all have heard, and most have read of,—
I mean, a bruising, pugilistic woman,
Such as I own I entertain a dread of,
—And so did Nick, whom sometimes there would come on
A sort of fear his Spouse might knock his head off,
Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in,
She shone so much in 'facers' and in 'fibbing.'

'There's time and place for all things,' said a sage,
(King Solomon, I think,) and this I can say,
Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
When Messrs. Burke or Bendigo engage ;
—'Tis not so well in Susan, Jane, or Nancy :—
To get well mill'd by any one's an evil,
But by a lady—'tis the very Devil.

THE GHOST.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble,
(At least his worst,) was this his rib's propensity,
For sometimes from the alehouse he would hobble,
His senses lost in a sublime immensity
Of cogitation—then he couldn't cobble—
And then his wife would often try the density
Of his poor skull, and strike with all her might,
As fast as kitchen-wenches strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,
Of this same striking had a morbid dread,
He hated it like poison—or his wife—
A vast antipathy!—but so he said—
And very often, for a quiet life,
On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,
Grope darkling in, and, soon as at the door
He heard his lady—he'd pretend to snore.

One night, then, ever partial to society,
Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),
Went to a Club—I should have said Society—
At the 'City Arms,' once call'd the Porto Bello;
A Spouting party, which, though some decry it, I
Consider no bad lounge when one is mellow;
There they discuss the tax on salt, and leather,
And change of ministers and change of weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,
Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly,
Only they managed things with more decorum,
And the Orations were not *quite* so silly;
Far different questions, too, would come before 'em,
Not always Politics, which, will ye nill ye,
Their London prototypes were always willing,
To give one *quantum suff.* of—for a shilling.

It more resembled one of later date,
And tenfold talent, as I'm told, in Bow Street,
Where kindlier natured souls do congregate,
And, though there are who deem that same a low street,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Yet, I'm assured, for frolicsome debate

And genuine humour it's surpassed by no street,
When the 'Chief Baron' enters, and assumes
To 'rule' o'er mimic 'Thesigers' and 'Broughams.'

Here they would oft forget their Rulers' faults,

And waste in ancient lore the midnight taper;
Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,

How Gas-lights differ from the Delphic Vapour,
Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber's Salts,

And what the Romans wrote on ere they'd paper;—
This night the subject of their disquisitions
Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites, and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, 'a sage, grave man,'

Talk'd of the Ghost in Hamlet, 'sheath'd in steel;—
His well-read friend, who next to speak began,

Said, 'That was Poetry, and nothing real;'

A third, of more extensive learning, ran

To Sir George Villiers' Ghost, and Mrs. Veal;
Of sheeted Spectres spoke with shorten'd breath,
And thrice he quoted 'Drelincourt on Death.'

Nick smoked, and smoked, and trembled as he heard

The point discuss'd, and all they said upon it,
How, frequently, some murder'd man appear'd,

To tell his wife and children who had done it;
Or how a Miser's ghost, with grisly beard,

And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
Wander'd about, to watch his buried money!

When all at once Nick heard the clock strike One,—he

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a lecture

Impended from his fond and faithful She;
Nor could he well to pardon him expect her,

For he had promised to 'be home to tea;'
But having luckily the key o' the back door,

He fondly hoped that, unperceivèd, he
Might creep upstairs again, pretend to doze,
And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.

THE GHOST.

Vain, fruitless hope!—The wearied sentinel
At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
Till, ere his hand can sound the alarum-bell,
He sinks beneath the unexpected blow;
Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
When slumb'ring on her post, the mouse may go;—
But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary.

Soon Mrs. Mason heard the well-known tread;
She heard the key slow creaking in the door,
Spied, through the gloom obscure, towards the bed
Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before;
When, bang, she threw a something at his head,
And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor;
While she exclaimed, with her indignant face on,—
'How dare you use your wife so, Mr. Mason?'

Spare we to tell how fiercely she debated,
Especially the length of her oration,—
Spare we to tell how Nick expostulated,
Roused by the bump into a good set passion,
So great, that more than once he execrated,
Ere he crawl'd into bed in his usual fashion;
—The Muses hate brawls; suffice it then to say,
He duck'd below the clothes—and there he lay!

'Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards groan, and graves give up their dead,
And many a mischievous, enfranchised Sprite
Had long since burst his bonds of stone or lead,
And hurried off, with schoolboy-like delight,
To play his pranks near some poor wretch's bed,
Sleeping perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
Nor dreaming of this fiendish Habeas Corpus.

Not so our Nicholas: his meditations
Still to the same tremendous theme recurr'd,
The same dread subject of the dark narrations,
Which, back'd with such authority, he'd heard:

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
He ponder'd o'er each well-remember'd word ;
When at the bed's foot, close beside the post,
He verily believed he saw—a Ghost !

Plain, and more plain, the unsubstantial Sprite
To his astonish'd gaze each moment grew ;
Ghastly and gaunt, it rear'd its shadowy height,
Of more than mortal seeming to the view,
And round its long, thin, bony fingers drew
A tatter'd winding-sheet, of course *all white* ;—
The moon that moment peeping through a cloud,
Nick very plainly saw it *through the shroud* !

And now those matted locks, which never yet
Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
Their long-contracted amity forget,
And spring asunder with elastic force ;
Nay, e'en the very cap, of texture coarse,
Whose ruby cincture crown'd that brow of jet,
Uprose in agony—the Gorgon's head
Was but a type of Nick's up-squatting in the bed.

From every pore distill'd a clammy dew,
Quaked every limb,—the candle, too, no doubt,
En regle, would have burnt extremely blue,
But Nick unluckily had put it out ;
And he, though naturally bold and stout,
In short, was in a most tremendous stew ;—
The room was fill'd with a sulphureous smell,
But where that came from Mason could not tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood,—and now
Its rev'rend form more clearly shone confest ;
From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
Descended o'er its venerable breast ;
The thin grey hairs, that crown'd its furrow'd brow,
Told of years long gone by.—An awful guest
It stood, and with an action of command,
Beckon'd the Cobbler with its wan right hand.

THE GHOST.

'Whence, and what art thou, Execrable Shape?'

Nick *might* have cried, could he have found a tongue,
But his distended jaws could only gape,

And not a sound upon the welkin rung:

His gooseberry orbs seemed as they would have sprung

Forth from their sockets,—like a frighten'd Ape

He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,

And shook, and grinn'd, and chatter'd with affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,

Now beckon'd Nick, now pointed to the door;

And many an ireful glance, and frown, between,

The angry visage of the Phantom wore,

As if quite vex'd that Nick would do no more

Than stare, without e'en asking, 'What d'ye mean?'

Because, as we are told,—a sad old joke, too,—

Ghosts, like the ladies, 'never speak till spoke to.'

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations,

Derive a sort of courage from despair,

And then perform, from downright desperation,

Much more than many a bolder man would dare.

Nick saw the Ghost was getting in a passion,

And therefore, groping till he found the chair,

Seiz'd on his awl, crept softly out of bed,

And follow'd quaking where the Spectre led.

And down the winding stair, with noiseless tread,

The tenant of the tomb pass'd slowly on,

Each mazy turning of the humble shed

Seem'd to his step at once familiar grown,

So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread

As though the domicile had been his own,

Though Nick himself, in passing through the shop,

Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound,

The door upon its hinges open flew;

And forth the Spirit issued,—yet around

It turn'd, as if its follower's fears it knew,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And, once more beckoning, pointed to the mound,
The antique Keep, on which the bright moon threw
With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam,
The visionary form seem'd melting in her beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
Where oncè the huge portcullis swung sublime,
'Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
Sole, sad memorials of the olden time,
The Phantom held its way,—and though afraid
Even of the owls that sung their vesper chime,
Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
And wondering what on earth it all would end in.

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess
At length they reach a court obscure and lone ;—
It seem'd a drear and desolate wilderness,
The blacken'd walls with ivy all o'ergrown ;
The night-bird shriek'd her note of wild distress,
Disturb'd upon her solitary throne,
As though indignant mortal step should dare,
So led, at such an hour, to venture there !

—The Apparition paused, and would have spoke,
Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,
But then a neighbouring chancicleer awoke,
And loudly 'gan his early matins sing ;
And then 'it started like a guilty thing,'
As that shrill clarion the silence broke.
—We know how much dead gentlefolks eschew
The appalling sound of 'Cock-a-doodle-do !'

The vision was no more—and Nick alone—
'His streamers waving' in the midnight wind,
Which through the ruins ceased not to groan ;
—His garment, too, was somewhat short behind,—
And, worst of all, he knew not where to find
The ring,—which made him most his fate bemoan—
The iron ring,—no doubt of some trap-door,
'Neath which the old dead Miser kept his store.

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

'What's to be done?' he cried; 'Twere vain to stay
Here in the dark without a single clue—
Oh, for a candle now, or moonlight ray!
'Fore George, I'm vastly puzzled what to do,'
(Then clapp'd his hand behind)—''Tis chilly, too—
I'll mark the spot, and come again by day.
What can I mark it by?—Oh, here's the wall—
The mortar's yielding—here I'll stick my awl!'

Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek,
A loud, a long-protracted note of woe,
Such as when tempests roar, and timbers creak,
And o'er the side the masts in thunder go;
While on the deck resistless billows break,
And drag their victims to the gulfs below;—
Such was the scream when, for the want of candle,
Nick Mason drove his awl in up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady's heart-appalling cry,
Vanish'd at once poor Mason's golden dream—
For dream it was;—and all his visions high,
Of wealth and grandeur, fled before that scream—
And still he listens with averted eye,
When gibing neighbours make 'the Ghost' their theme;
While ever from that hour they all declare
That Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her chair!



THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

A LAY OF ST. THOMAS A'BECKET.

YOU are all aware that On our throne there once sat
A very great king who'd an Angevin hat,
With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,
Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Pray don't suppose That I'm going to prose
O'er Queen Eleanor's wrongs, or Miss Rosamond's woes,
With the dagger and bowl, and all that sort of thing,
Not much to the credit of Miss, Queen, or King.

The tale may be true, But between me and you,
With the King's *escapade* I'll have nothing to do ;
But shall merely select, as a theme for my rhymes,
A fact which occur'd to some folks in his times.

If for health, or a 'lark,' You should ever embark,
In that best of improvements on boats since the Ark,
The steam-vessel call'd the 'Red Rover,' the barge
Of an excellent officer, named Captain Large,

You may see, some half way 'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay
And Margate, the place where you're going to stay,
A village called Birchington, famed for its 'Rolls,'
As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles.

Well,—there stood a fane In this Harry Broom's reign,
On the edge of the cliff, overhanging the main,
Renown'd for its sanctity all through the nation
And orthodox friars of the Austin persuasion.

Among them there was one, Whom if once I begun
To describe as I ought I should never have done,
Father Richard of Birchington, so was the Friar
Yclept, whom the rest had elected their Prior.

He was tall and upright, About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And the tonsure had left, 'mid his ringlets of brown,
A little bald patch on the top of his crown.

His bright sparkling eye Was of hazel, and nigh
Rose a finely arch'd eyebrow of similar dye,
He'd a small, well-form'd mouth, with the *Cupidon* lip,
And an aquiline nose, somewhat red at the tip.

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

In doors and out He was very devout,
With his *Aves* and *Paters*—and oh, such a knout!!
For his self flagellations! the Monks used to say
He would wear out two penn'orth of whipcord a day!



Then how his piety Shows in his diet, he
Dines upon pulse, or, by way of variety,
Sand-eels or dabs; or his appetite mocks
With those small periwinkles that crawl on the rocks.

In brief, I don't stick To declare Father Dick—
So they called him, 'for short,'—was a 'Regular Brick,'
A metaphor taken—I have not the page aright
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrte.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Now Nature, 'tis said, Is a comical jade,
And among the fantastical tricks she has play'd,
Was the making our good Father Richard a Brother,
As like him in form as one pea's like another ;

He was tall and upright, About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And, though he had not shorn his ringlets of brown,
He'd a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

He'd a bright sparkling eye Of the hazel, hard by
Rose a finely-arch'd sourcil of similar dye ;
He'd a small, well-shap'd mouth, with a *Cupidon* lip,
And a good Roman nose, rather red at the tip.

But here, it's pretended, The parallel ended ;
In fact, there's no doubt his life might have been mended,
And people who spoke of the Prior with delight,
Shook their heads if you mention'd his brother, the Knight.

If you'd credit report, There was nothing but sport,
And High Jinks going on night and day at 'the court,'
Where Sir Robert, instead of devotion and charity,
Spent all his time in unseemly hilarity.

He drinks and he eats Of choice liquors and meats,
And he goes out on We'n'sdays and Fridays to treats,
Gets tipsy whenever he dines or he sups,
And is wont to come quarrelsome home in his cups.

No *Paters*, no *Aves* ; An absolute slave he's
To tarts, pickled salmon, and sauces, and gravies ;
While as to his beads—what a shame in a Knight !—
He really don't know the wrong end from the right !

So, though 'twas own'd then, By nine people in ten,
That 'Robert and Richard were two pretty men,'
Yet there the praise ceased, or, at least the good Priest
Was consider'd the 'Beauty,' Sir Robert the 'Beast.'

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

Indeed, I'm afraid More might have been laid
To the charge of the Knight than was openly said,
For then we'd no 'Phiz's,' no 'H. B.'s,' nor 'Leeches,
To call Roberts 'Bobs,' and illustrate their speeches.



'Twas whisper'd he'd rob, Nay murder! a job
Which would stamp him no 'brick,' but a 'regular snob,'
(An obsolete term, which, at this time of day,
We should probably render by *mauvais sujet*).

Now if *here* such affairs Get wind unawares,
They are bruited about, doubtless, much more 'down stairs,'
Where Old Nick has a register-office, they say,
With commissioners quite of such matters *au fait*.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Of course, when he heard What his people averr'd
Of Sir Robert's proceedings in deed and in word,
He asked for the ledger, and hasten'd to look
At the leaves on the creditor side of this book.

'Twas with more than surprise That he now ran his eyes
O'er the numberless items, oaths, curses, and lies,
Et cætera, set down in Sir Robert's account,
He was quite 'flabbergasted' to see the amount.

'Dear me! this is wrong! It's a great deal too strong,
I'd no notion this bill had been standing so long—
Send Levybub here!' and he fill'd up a writ
Of '*Ca sa*,' duly prefaced with '*Limbo to wit*.'

'Here Levybub, quick!' To his bailiff, said Nick,
'I'm "ryled," and "my dander's up," "Go a-head slick"
Up to Kent—not Kentuck—and at once fetch away
A snob there—I guess that's a *Mauvais Sujet*.

'One De Birchington, knight— 'Tis not clear quite
What his t'other name is—they've not enter'd it right,
Ralph, Robert, or Richard? they've not gone so far,
Our critturs have put it down merely as "R."

'But he's tall and upright, About six feet in height,
His complexion, I reckon, you'd calculate light,
And he's farther "set down" having ringlets of brown,
With a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

'Then his eye and his lip, Hook-nose, red at tip,
Are marks your attention can't easily slip;
Take Slomanoch with you, he's got a good knack
Of soon grabbing his man, and be back in a crack!'

That same afternoon Father Dick, who, as soon
Would 'knock in' or 'cut chapel' as jump o'er the moon,
Was missing at vespers—at compline—all night!
And his monks were, of course, in a deuce of a fright.

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

Morning dawned—'twas broad day, Still no Prior! the tray
With his muffins and eggs went untasted away;—
He came not to luncheon—all said, 'it was rum of him!'
—None could conceive what on earth had become of him.

They examined his cell, They peep'd down the well;
They went up the tow'r, and look'd into the bell,
They dragg'd the great fish-pond, the little one tried,
But found nothing at all, save some carp—which they fried.

'Dear me! Dear me! Why where can he be?
He's fall'n over the cliff?—tumbled into the sea?'
'Stay—he talk'd,' exclaim'd one, 'if I recollect right,
Of making a call on his brother, the Knight!'

He turns as he speaks, The 'Court Lodge' he seeks
Which was known then, as now, by the queer name of Quekes,
But scarce half a mile on his way had he sped,
When he spied the good Prior in the paddock—stone dead.

Alas! 'twas too true! And I need not tell you
In the convent his news made a pretty to do;
Through all its wide precincts so roomy and spacious,
Nothing was heard but 'Bless *me!*' and 'Good Gracious!!'

They sent for the May'r And the Doctor, a pair
Of grave men, who began to discuss the affair,
When in bounced the Coroner, foaming with fury,
'Because,' as he said, 'twas pooh! pooh! ing his jury.'

Then commenced a dispute, And so hot they went to't,
That things seem'd to threaten a serious *émeute*,
When, just in the midst of the uproar and racket,
Who should walk in but St. Thomas à Becket.

Quoth his saintship, 'How now? Here's a fine coil, I trow!
I should like to know, gentlemen, what's all this row?
Mr. Wickliffe—or Wackliffe—whatever your name is—
And you, Mr. May'r, don't you know, sirs, what shame is?

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

‘Pray what’s all this clatter About?—what’s the matter!’
Here a monk, whose teeth funk and concern made to chatter,
Sobs out, as he points to the corpse on the floor,
‘Tis all dickey with poor Father Dick—he’s no more!’

‘How!—what?’ says the saint, ‘Yes he is—no he ain’t!
He can’t be deceased—pooh! it’s merely a feint,
Or some foolish mistake which may serve for our laughter,
“He *should* have died,” like the old Scotch Queen, “hereafter.”

‘His time is not out; Some blunder no doubt,
It shall go hard but what I’ll know what it’s about—
I shan’t be surprised if that scurvy Old Nick’s
Had a hand in’t; it savours of one of his tricks.’

When a crafty old hound Claps his nose to the ground,
Then throws it up boldly, and bays out, ‘I’ve found!’
And the pack catch the note, I’d as soon think to check it,
As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

Once on the scent To business he went,
You Scoundrel, come here, sir’ (’twas Nick that he meant)
‘Bring your books here this instant—bestir yourself—do,
I’ve no time to waste on such fellows as you.’

Every corner and nook In all Erebus shook,
As he struck on the pavement his pastoral crook,
All its tenements trembled from basement to roofs,
And their nigger inhabitants shook in their hoofs.

Hanging his ears, Yet dissembling his fears,
Ledger in hand, straight ‘Auld Hornie’ appears,
With that sort of half-sneaking, half-impudent look,
Bankrupts sport when cross-question’d by Cresswell or Cooke.

‘So Sir-r-r! you are here,’ Said the Saint with a sneer,
‘My summons, I trust, did not much interfere,
With your morning engagements—I merely desire;
At your leisure, to know what you’ve done with my Prior?’

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

‘Now, none of your lies, Mr. Nick! I’d advise
You to tell me the truth without any disguise,
Or-r-r!!!’ The Saint, while his rosy gills seem’d to grow rosier,
Here gave another great thump with his crosier.



Like a small boy at Eton, Who’s not quite a Crichton,
And don’t know his task but expects to be beaten,
Nick stammer’d, scarce knowing what answer to make,
‘Sir, I’m sadly afraid here has been a mistake.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

'These things will occur, We are all apt to err,
The most cautious sometimes as you know, holy sir;
For my own part—I'm sure I do all that I can—
But—the fact is—I fear—we have got the wrong man.'

'Wrong man!' roar'd the Saint— But the scene I can't paint,
The best colours I have are a vast deal too faint—
Nick afterwards own'd that he ne'er knew what fright meant,
Before he saw Saint under so much excitement.

'Wrong man! don't tell me— Pooh!—fiddle-de-dee!
What's your right, Scamp, to *any* man!—come, let me see;
I'll teach you, you thorough-paced rascal, to meddle
With Church matters; come, Sirrah, out with your schedule!'

In support of his claim The fiend turns to the name
Of 'De Birchington,' written in letters of flame,
Below which long items stand, column on column,
Enough to have eked out a decent-sized volume!

Sins of all sorts and shapes, From small practical japes,
Up to dicings and drinkings, and murders and rapes,
And then of such standing!—a merciless tick
From an Oxford tobacconist,—let alone Nick.

The Saint in surprise Scarce believed his own eyes,
Still he knew he'd to deal with the father of lies,
And 'So *this*!—you call *this*!' he exclaim'd in a searching tone,
'This!!! the account of my friend Dick de Birchington!'

'Why,' said Nick, with an air Of great candour, 'it's there
Lies the awkwardest part of this awkward affair—
I thought all was right—see the height tallies quite,
The complexion's what all must consider as light;
There's the nose, and the lip, and the ringlets of brown,
And the little bald patch on the top of the crown.

'And then the surname, So exactly the same—
I don't know—I can't tell how the accident came,
But *some* how—I own it's a very sad job,
But—my bailiff grabb'd Dick when he *should* have nabb'd Bob.

'I am vex'd beyond bounds You should have such good grounds
For complaint; I would rather have given five pounds,
And any apology, sir, you may choose,
I'll make with much pleasure, and put in the "News."

'An apology!—pooh! Much good that will do!
An "*apology*" quotha!—and that too from you!—
Before any proposal is made of the sort,
Bring back your stol'n goods, thief!—produce them in Court.'

In a moment, so small It seem'd no time at all,
Father Richard sat up on his what-do-ye-call—
Sur son séant—and, what was as wondrous as pleasing,
At once began coughing, and snifing, and sneezing.

While, strange to relate, 'The Knight, whom the fate
Of his brother had reach'd, and who knock'd at the gate,
To make further inquiries, had scarce made his bow
To the Saint, ere he vanish'd, and no one knew how!

Erupit—evasit, As Tully would phrase it,
And none could have known where to find his *Hic jacet*—
That sentence which man his mortality teaches—
Sir Robert had disappear'd, body and breeches!

'Heyday! Sir, heyday! What's the matter now—eh?'
Quoth A'Becket, observing the gen'ral dismay,
'How, again!—'pon my word this is really too bad!
It would drive *any* saint in the calendar mad.

'What, still at your tricking? You *will* have a kicking?
I see you won't rest till you've got a good licking—
Your claim, friend?—what claim?—why you show'd me before
That your *old* claim was cancell'd—you've cross'd out the score!

'Is it that way you'd Jew one? You've settled the true one?
Do you mean to tell me he has run up a new one?

Of the thousands you've cheated And scurvily treated
Name one you've dared charge with a bill once receipted!
In the Bankruptcy Court should you dare to presume

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

To attempt it, they'd soon kick you out of the room,
—Ask Commissioner Fonblanque, or ask my Lord Brougham.

‘And then to make under So barefaced a blunder,
Your caption!—why what's the world come to, I wonder!
My patience! it's just like his impudence, rat him!
—Stand out of the way there, and let me get at him!’

The Saint raised his arm, But Old Nick, in alarm,
Dash'd up through the skylight, not doing much harm,
While, *quôte pour la peur*, the Knight, sound on the whole,
Down the chimney came tumbling as black as a coal!

Spare we to tell Of what after befell!
How the Saint lectured Robert de Birchington well,
Bade him alter his life, and held out as a warning
The narrow escape he'd made on't that morning.

Nor need we declare How, then and there,
The jury and Coroner blew up the May'r
For his breach of decorum as one of the *quorum*,
In not having Levybub brought up before 'em.

Nor will you require Me to state how the Prior
Could never henceforth bear the sight of a fire,
Nor ever was heard to express a desire
In cold weather to see the thermometer higher.

Nor shall I relate The subsequent fate
Of St. Thomas à Becket, whose reverend pate
Fitzurse and De Morville, and Brito and Tracy
Shaved off, as his crown had been merely a jasey.⁽⁷⁾

Suffice it to say, From that notable day
The ‘Twin Birchington Brothers’ together grew grey:
In the same holy convent continued to dwell,
Same food and same fastings, same habit, same cell.

No more the Knight rattles In broils and in battles,
But sells, by De Robins, his goods and his chattels,

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

And counting all wealth a mere Will-o'-the-wisp,
Disposes of Quekes to Sir Nicholas Crispe.

One spot alone Of all he had known
Of his spacious domain he retain'd as his own,
In a neighbouring parish, whose name I may say
Scarce any two people pronounce the same way.

Re-cul-ver some style it, While others revile it
As bad, and say *Re-culver*—'t isn't worth while, it
Would seem, to dispute, when we know the result immat-
erial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.

Sages with brains Full of 'Saxon remains,'
May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,
Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em,
Fast by the quantity mark'd for *Regulbium*.

Call 't as you will The traveller still,
In the voyage that we talk'd about, marks on the hill
Overhanging the sea, the 'twin towers' raised then
By 'Robert and Richard, those two pretty men.'

Both tall and upright, And just equal in height ;
The Trinity House talked of painting them white,
And the thing was much spoken of some time ago,
When the Duke, I believe—but I really don't know.

Well—there the 'Twins' stand On the verge of the land,
To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,
And many a poor man have Robert and Dick
By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from Old Nick.

So, whether you're sailors Or Tooley-street tailors,
Broke loose from your masters, those sternest of jailors,
And, bent upon pleasure, are taking your trip,
In a craft which you fondly conceive is a ship,

When you've pass'd by the Nore, And you hear the winds roar
In a manner you scarce could have fancied before,

When the cordage and tackling Are flapping and crackling,
And the boy with the bell Thinks it useless to tell
You that 'dinner's on table,' because you're unwell ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

When above you all's 'scud,' And below you the flood
Looks a horrible mixture of soap-suds and mud,

When the timbers are straining, And folks are complaining,
The dead-lights are letting the spray and the rain in,

When the helm's-man looks blue, And Captain Large too,
And you really don't know what on earth you shall do :

In this hubbub and row Think where you'd be now,
Except for the Birchington boys and their vow !
And while o'er the wide wave you feel the craft pitch hard,
Prate for ye soles of Robertte and Richard !

MORAL.

It's a subject of serious complaint in some houses,
With young married men who have elderly spouses,
That persons are seen in their figures and faces,
With very queer people in very queer places,
So like them that one for the other's oft taken,
And conjugal confidence thereby much shaken :
Explanations too often are thought mere pretences,
And Richard gets scolded for Robert's offences.

In a matter so nice, If I'm ask'd my advice,
I say copy King Henry to obviate that,
And stick something remarkable up in your hat !

Next, observe, in this world where we've so many cheats,
How useful it is to preserve your receipts !
If you deal with a person whose truth you don't doubt,
Be particular, still, that your bill is cross'd out :
But, with any inducement to think him a scamp,
Have a formal receipt on a regular stamp !
Let every gay gallant my story who notes
Take warning, and not go on 'sowing wild oats !'

Nor depend that some friend Will always attend,
And by 'making all right' bring him off in the end ;
He may be mistaken, so let him beware ;
St. Thomas à Becket's are now rather rare.

AUNT FANNY.

Last of all, may'rs and magistrates, never be rude
To juries! they are people who *won't* be pooh-pooh'd!
Especially Sandwich ones—no one can say
But himself may come under their clutches one day;
They then may pay off In kind any scoff,
And, turning their late verdict quite '*wisey wersey*,'
'*Acquit* you,' and *not* 'recommend you to mercy.'⁽⁸⁾

AUNT FANNY.

A LEGEND OF A SHIRT.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto. HOR.

Old Maids, and Bachelors I chaunt to!—T. I.

I SING of a shirt that *never was* new!
In the course of the year Eighteen hundred and two,
Aunt Fanny began, Upon Grandmanma's plan,
'To make one for me, then her 'dear little man.'—
—At the epoch I speak about, I was between
A man and a boy, A hobble-de-hoy,
A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen,—
Just beginning to flirt, And ogle,—so pert,
I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,
—And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a shirt!

I've said she *began* it,— Some unlucky planet
No doubt interfered,—for, before she, and Janet
Completed the 'cutting-out,' 'hemming,' and 'stitching,'
A tall Irish footman appeared in the kitchen;—
—This took off the maid,— And, I'm sadly afraid,
My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, stray'd;
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's) Hussars,
With his fine dark eyelashes, And finer moustaches,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre-taches,
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,
Or the boots far above the Guards' vile spatterdashes,)—
So eyed, and so sigh'd, and so lovingly tried
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,
Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,

That she made up her mind She should certainly find
Cornet Jones at her feet, whispering 'Fan, be my bride!'—
—She had even resolved to say 'Yes,' should he ask it,
—And I—and my Shirt—were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay She discover'd one day
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay,
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away
In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,
She found he'd already a wife at Cambray;—
One at Paris,—a nymph of the *corps de ballet*;—
And a third down in Kent, at a place call'd Foot's Cray.—

He was 'viler than dirt!'— Fanny vowed to exert
All her powers to forget him,—and finish my Shirt.

But oh! lack-a-day! How time slips away!—
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks.
Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turn'd twenty-six?—

'I care not a whit, —He's not grown a bit,'
Says my Aunt, 'it will still be a very good fit,'

So Janet and She, Now about thirty-three,
(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee,)
Each taking one end of 'the Shirt' on her knee,
Again began working with hearty good-will,
'Felling the Seams,' and 'whipping the Frill,'—
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,
A Frill like a Fan had by no means been banish'd;
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps
Together, my 'Shirt' had been finish'd, perhaps,

But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,
Which the ladies call 'Side-bits,' that sever the 'Flaps;'

—Here unlucky Janet Took her needle, and ran it
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, 'Ads cuss it!
I've spoiled myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!'

For a month to come Poor dear Janet's thumb
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call 'Rum.'

At the end of that time, A youth, still in his prime,
The Doctor's fat Errand-boy,—just such a dolt as is
Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,
Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried her,
Sigh'd,—ogled,—proposed,—was accepted,—and married her!

Much did Aunt Fan Disapprove of the plan;
She turn'd up her dear little snub at 'the Man.'

She 'could not believe it'— 'Could scarcely conceive it
Was possible—What! *such* a place!—and then leave it!
And all for a "Shrimp" not as high as my hat—
A little contemptible "Shaver" like that!!
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!'

—For her part, 'She was sure She could never endure
A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer,—
Such a name too;—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade;
No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid!—
He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may come,
Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!'

But there! She'd 'declare It was Janet's affair—
—*Chacun à son goût*, As she baked she might brew—
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
Oh, no—she had made her own bed, and might lie in it.
They "repent at leisure who marry at random."
No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*'

Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,

And, as the Soubrette Was a very great pet
After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
Stuck in, here and there, each forming a petal.—
—On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh,— Had again gone by,
When Fan, accidentally casting her eye
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,
Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.—

Within, a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,
Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
Or a bad piece of ginger-bread spoilt in the baking.

—I still hear her cry,— 'I wish I may die
If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!

My gracious me! Well,—only to see!
I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!
Why it looks just as though't had been soak'd in green tea!
Dear me *did* you *ever*?— But come—'twill be clever
To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour.
"Better Late," says an excellent proverb, "than Never!"—
It *is* stain'd, to be sure; but "grass-bleaching" will bring it
To rights "in a jiffy."—We'll wash it and wring it;

Or, stay,—“Hudson's Liquor” Will do it still quicker,
And —' Here the new maid chimed in, 'Ma'am, Salt of Lemon
Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gemman!
So they 'set in the gathers,'—the large round the collar,
While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—
The button-holes now were at length 'overcast;'
Then a button itself was sewn on—'twas the last!

All's done! All's won! Never under the sun
Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun!—

The work would defy The most critical eye.
It was 'bleach'd,'—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—
It was mark'd on the tail with a T, and a I!

On the back of a chair it Was placed,—just to air it,
In front of the fire.—'Tom to-morrow shall wear it!'

AUNT FANNY.

—*O cæca mens hominum!*—Fanny, good soul,
Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal
Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate:—
Had the coal been a 'Lord Mayor's coal,'—viz. a slate;—
What a different tale had I had to relate!
And Aunt Fan—and my Shirt—been superior to Fate;—
One moment—no more!— —Fan open'd the door!
The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before;
And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor!

You may fancy perhaps Agrippina's amazement,
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,
She saw, while thus gazing, All Rome a-blazing,
And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or
Feelings, exclaimed, 'Hang that scamp of an Emperor,
Although he's my son!— —He thinks it prime fun,
No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome,
There's my Nero a-fiddling and singing "Sweet Home!"'
—Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—
On reflection, I rather believe *she* was dead;

But e'en when at College, I Fairly acknowledge, I
Never was very precise in Chronology;
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior, so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call BONEY,
When, engaged in what he styled 'fulfilling his destinies,'
He led his rapscallions across the Borysthenes,

And had made up his mind Snug quarters to find
In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the 'Owskis' and 'Offs.'

At a time of the year When your nose and your ear
Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Inasmuch as 'Jack Frost,' that most fearful of Bogles,
Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their 'fogles.'

You may fancy, I say, That same BONEY's dismay,
When Count Rostopchin At once made him drop chin,
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
With a sort of *mort-de-ma-vie* kind of look,

On perceiving that 'Swing,' And 'all that sort of thing,'
Was at work—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it—
That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians 'a-going it,'—
Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,
And the deuce of a Turn-cock at all to be found!

You may fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,
(The date we may fix In sixteen sixty-six,)
In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all
Who, in *his*, wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)
Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—
You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,
As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
By the light of its flames, now beginning to crawl
From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—
—You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,
And stating in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,
'Sire, from Pudding Lane's End, close by Fishmongers' Hall,
To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall
There, in market, or street,—not a house, great or small,
In which Knight wields his faulchion, or Cobbler his awl,
But's on fire!!'—You may fancy the general squall,
And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl!—
—You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert
You *can't* fancy Aunt Fan—as she looked on MY SHIRT!!!

Was't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,
That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his
Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill
These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council
Employ'd,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—
To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,

AUNT FANNY.

For adorning the wall Of some fane, or Guildhall,
And who for his subject determined to try a
Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia

At the moment her Sire, By especial desire
Of 'that Spalpeen, O'Dysseus' (see Barney Maguire),

Has resolved to devote Her beautiful throat
To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire ;
—An act which we moderns by no means admire,—
An off'ring, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost
No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—
Still, although for economy we should condemn none,
In an *αυαξ ἀνδρῶν*, like the great Agamemnon,

To give up to slaughter An elegant daughter,
After all the French, Music, and Dancing they'd taught her,
And Singing,—at Heaven knows how much a quarter,—

In lieu of a Calf!— It was too bad by half !
At a 'nigger' so pitiful who would not laugh,
And turn up their noses at one who could find
No decenter method of 'Raising the Wind?'

No doubt but he might, Without any great *Flight*,
Have obtain'd it by what we call 'flying a kite,'
Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
Must have succeeded 'by way of annuity.'

But there—it appears, His crocodile tears,
His 'Oh!s' and his 'Ah!s' his 'Oh Law!s' and 'Oh dear!s'
Were all thought sincere,—so in painting his Victim
The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*,

His features and phiz awry Shew'd so much misery,
And so like a dragon he, Look'd in his agony,
That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a
Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.

—Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt
By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—
—Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story
Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

For, if rather too gay, I can venture to say,
A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait*!—

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may,
Without inconvenience, be managed to-day!
That golden occasion we call 'Opportunity'
Rarely's neglected by man with impunity!
And the 'Future,' how brightly soe'er by Hood's dupe colour'd,
Ne'er may afford You a lost chance restored,
Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown old and pea-soup colour'd!

I would also desire You to guard your attire,
Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire!—
—Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul
Has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,—
And 'in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!'

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure!—
Let seeming success never make you 'cock-sure!'

But beware!—and take care, When all things look fair,
How you hang your Shirt over the back of your chair!—
—'There's many a slip 'Twixt the cup and the lip!'
Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,
And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!



THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. (9)

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams;
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!

With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'

And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, 'The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in 'permanent ink.'

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

From his finger he draws His costly turquoise ;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, And a déuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out,
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

—They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs :—

But, no !—no such thing ;— They can't find THE RING !
And the Abbot declared that, 'when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it !'

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;

He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !!

But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,



Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!'

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'
Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the
straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggl'd more Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great 'Caw!'
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'
He long lived the pride Of that country side,

NELL COOK.

And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow !



NELL COOK.

A LEGEND OF THE 'DARK ENTRY.'

'From the "Brick Walk" branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the "Dark Entry." Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the cathedral. On the west it opens into the "Green-court," forming a communication between it and the portion of the "Precinct" called the "Oaks."—*A Walk round Canterbury, &c.*

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire. —Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe.—Little Tom, the "King's Scholar," on a stool opposite.—Mrs. John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower?) in many-coloured worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantelpiece.—He prologizeth with vivacity.

'**H**ARK ! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine !
Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

'And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed ;
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day !'

'—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way ;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it's Friday night !—and then Nell Cook hath pow'r !'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And, who's Nell Cook, thou silly child?—and what's Nell Cook to thee,
That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark entrée?
—'Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear! such fearsome things they tell
Of Nelly Cöök, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell!

'It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars were then,
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns, no shirts, and no cravats,
And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel hats!

'It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift,
And long before he stamp'd and swore, and cut the Pope adrift;
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk;
He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark!

'The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,
And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his cheek.
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

'For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,
The Canon's house it stood without;—he kept good cheer within;
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her "Nelly Cook."

'For soups, and stews, and choice *ragouts*, Nell Cook was famous still;
She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous skill:
Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,
Her boil'd and roast, they were the boast of all the "Precinct" round;

'And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people shook:
—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

'One day, 'twas on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and four;—
It pass'd the "Green-Court" gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door;
The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

"Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,"—the Canon then did cry,
And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—

"Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth, thou'rt welcome
here,

'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear?"—

"Now, thanks, my loving Uncle," that Lady gay replied :

"Gramercy for thy benison!"—then "Out, alas!" she sighed ;

"My father dear he is not near ; he seeks the Spanish Main ;

He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!"—

"Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece ; come lay thy mantle by !"

The Canon kissed her ruby lip—he had a merry eye,—

But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind

They were a little less than "kin," and rather more than "kind."

'Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,

Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay ;

On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,

And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so dainty is their fare.

'And fine upon the virginals is that gay Lady's touch,

And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any such.

But is it "*O Sanctissima!*" she sings in dulcet tone?

Or "*Angels ever bright and fair?*"—Ah, no!—it's "*Bobbing Joan!*"

'The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view ;

The Canon's cell is ordered well—yet Nelly looks askew ;

The Lady's bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her head—

She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed !

'Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day,

Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay !

From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none ;

Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

'But where the Lady pass'd her nights, I may not well divine,
Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look'd askew.

'And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock'd in sleep,
She'd listen at the Canon's door,—she'd through the keyhole peep—
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill'd her eye—
—She bought some nasty Doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a pie!

'It was a glorious summer's-eve—with beams of rosy red
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her head!
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
—Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

'“Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!”—
The Canon sigh'd—but, rousing, cried, “I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mortify withal!”

'Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning pray'r—
And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there!
Nor in the small Refect'ry hall, nor cloister'd walk is he—
All wonder—and the Sacristan says, “Lauk-a-daisy-me!”

'They've search'd the aisles and Baptistry—they've search'd above—
around—
The “Sermon House”—the “Audit Room”—the Canon is not found.
They only find that pretty Cook concocting a *ragout*,
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew.

'They call for crow-bars—“jemmies” is the modern name they bear—
They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight is there!—
The Canon's head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

'The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back!
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black!—
The livid spot is on her cheek,—it's on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, “Well—here's a pretty Go!”

‘All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*’s sung as for a sinful soul,
And there’s a grave within the Nave ; it’s dark, and deep, and wide,
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side !

‘An Uncle—so ’tis whisper’d now throughout the sacred fane,—
And a Niece—whose father’s far away upon the Spanish Main—
The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out !

‘And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass ?
Ay, where ?—for ne’er from forth that door was Nelly known to pass,
Her coif and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mention’d Nelly’s name—the Monks all look’d askew !

‘There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon’s door,
Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moon-beam never play’d, or e’en one starry spark.

‘That heavy granite stone was moved that night, ’twas darkly said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn seem’d fresh and newly laid ;
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I !

But I’ve been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and shriek
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—
For three long days and three long nights came forth those sounds of
fear ;
Then all was o’er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

‘A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was seen,
When, worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and told the
Dean.—

—Says the Dean, says he, “My Masons three ! now haste and fix it
tight ;”

And the Masons three peep’d down to see, and they saw a fearsome
sight.

' Beneath that heavy paving stone a shocking hole they found—
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round ;
—A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !
But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could not tell.

' And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of " kissingcrust," as from a Warden-pie !
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones, and " Zooks !
I should not be surprised," said he, " if these were Nelly Cook's !"

' It was in good Dean Bargrave's days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to light ;
And you may well in the " Dean's Chapelle " Dean Bargrave's portrait
view,

" Who died one night," says old Tom Wright, " in sixteen forty-two !"

' And so two hundred years have pass'd since that these Masons three,
With curious looks, did set Nell Cook's unquiet spirit free ;
That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some suppose,—
—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto their nose.

' But one thing's clear—that all the year, on every Friday night,
Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook's unquiet Sprite :
On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried ;
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side !

' And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth still pursue
Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue ;
Her fatal breath is fell as death ! the Simoom's blast is not
More dire—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

' But all unlike the Simoom's blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old ;
And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire, untimely death !

' No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
But some " get shot," and some " get drown'd," and some " get " broken
necks ;
Some " get run over," by a coach ;—and one beyond the seas
" Got " scraped to death with oyster-shells among the Caribbees !

NELL COOK.

‘Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first!—it is averred
That two were hanged on Tyburn tree for murdering of the third:
Charles Storey,⁽²⁰⁾ too, his friend who slew, had ne’er, if truth they tell
Been gibbeted on Chatham Downs, had they not met with Nell!

‘Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh! send me not, I pray,
Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other way!
I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
For Heaven forfend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook!’

The class was call’d at morning tide, and Master Tom was there;
He look’d askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair.
He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—
He had not e’en that sad resource, to sit him down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to dine,
They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine;
For if when they’ve their great-coat on, they pause before they part
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart!

MORAL.

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town—
Don’t keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet brown!—
Don’t let your Niece sing ‘Bobbing Joan!’—don’t with a merry eye,
Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don’t eat too much pie!!

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—
And don’t go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moonlight!—
So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—and the Prince whose hand
she took,—
And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell Cook!

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

"This holy childe Dunstan was borne in ye yere of our Worde ix. hondred & xxv. that tyme regnyng in this londe Kinge Athelston. * * *

"When it so was that Saynt Dunstan was wery of praver than used he to werke in goldsmithes werke with his owne handes for to eschewe ydelnes."
—*Golden Legend*.

ST. DUNSTAN stood in his ivied tower,
Alembic, crucible, all were there ;

When in came Nick to play him a trick,
In guise of a damsel passing fair.

Every one knows How the story goes :
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.
But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose
That I mean to go through, in detail, to you
A story at least as trite as it's true ;

Nor do I intend An instant to spend
On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend,
When, bolting away to a chamber remote,
Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,

Edwy left them all joking, And drinking, and smoking,
So tipsily grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,

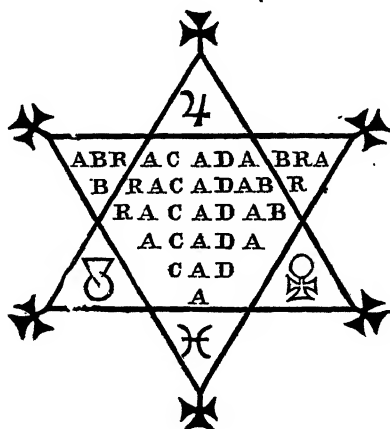
But sent the Archbishop Their Sovereign to fish up,
With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps
Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.
You must not be plagued with the same story twice,
And perhaps have seen this one, by W. DYCE,
At the Royal Academy, very well done,
And mark'd in the catalogue Four, seven, one.

You might there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,
Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies ;
His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,
His left shows the door, and he seems to say, 'Sir King,
Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking !
Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,
Or, by Jingo, ere morning, no longer alive, a
Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva !'

No farther to treat .Of this ungallant feat,
What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint
One particular fact in the life of the Saint,
Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,
In recounting a miracle, both of them men, who a
Great deal fall short of Jacques, Bishop of Genoa,
An Historian who likes deeds like these to record—
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by *Guignep de Glorde*.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,
Alembic, crucible, all complete ;
He had been standing a good half-hour,
And now he utter'd the words of power,
And call'd to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey?—
Why,—'twere uncommonly hard to say,
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,
What they may be, But I know they are three,
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them :
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical
Word, written thus, in what they call 'a Pentacle.'



However that be, You'll doubtless agree
It signifies little to you or to me,
As not being dabblers in Grammarye;
Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat
Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;
For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,
'A bird of the air may carry the matter;

And in sooth, From my youth, I remember a truth
Insisted on much in my earlier years,
To wit, 'Little Pitchers have very long ears!'
Now, just such a 'Pitcher' as those I allude to
Was outside the door, which his 'ears' appeared glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Five feet one in his sandal shoon,
While the Saint thought him sleeping,
Was listening and peeping,
And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had pick'd out from his fellows,
To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,
To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambtons whenever he
Chose to indulge in a little *orfevrerie*;

—Of course you have read, That St. Dunstan was bred
A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade!
The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—
Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head;

Nor is it so long Since a capital song
In his praise—now recorded their archives among—
Delighted the noble and dignified throng
Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,
With cheers 'pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan's renown,'
When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert, were dining
At the Hall some time since with the Prime Warden Twining.—
—I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes
One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes—
A slight deviation's forgiven! but then this is
Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,
So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or
You'll think I've forgotten the Lay-brother Peter,

Whom the Saint, as I said, Kept to turn down his bed,
Dress his palfreys and cobs, And do other odd jobs,—
As reducing to writing Whatever he might, in
The course of the day or the night, be inditing,
And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting;
Performing, in short, all those duties and offices
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here You'll perhaps think it queer
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,
When he'd only to say Those words,—be what they may,—
And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey.—

That's true—but the fact is 'Twas rarely his practice
Such aid to resort to, or such means apply
Unless he'd some 'dignified knot' to untie,
Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reverse it,
Old Horace's maxim '*nec Broomstick intersit.*'—

—Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,
Heard all the Saint was saying within;
Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,
Peep'd through the key-hole, and—what saw he there?—
Why,—A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,
Is undoubtedly right, That 'ofttimes the sight
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done.'
Here's Peter, the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,
A good sort of man, only rather too eager
To listen to what other people are saying
When he ought to be minding his business or praying,
Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one, too,—
As you'll find, if you've patience enough to go through

The whole of the story I'm laying before ye,—
Entirely from having 'the means' in his view
Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear, Distinct and clear,
Abracadabra! that word of fear!
And the two which I never yet happen'd to hear.
Still doth he spy, With Fancy's eye,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by ;
And he chuckles, and says to himself, with glee,
'Aha! that Broomstick shall work for *me!*'

Hark!—that swell O'er flood and o'er fell,
Mountain, and dingle, and moss-cover'd dell!
List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell,
And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivied cell;

Peter, I wot, Is off like a shot,
Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,
For he hears his Master approaching the spot
Where he'd listen'd so long, though he knew he ought not:
Peter remember'd his Master's frown—
He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown;

Howe'er you may laugh He'd rather, by half,
Have run up to the top of the tower and jump'd down.

The Compline hour is past and gone,
Evening service is over and done;

The monks repair To their frugal fare,
A snug little supper of something light
And digestible, ere they retire for the night.
For, in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,
St. Austin's rule was by no means severe,
But allow'd, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,
Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table-beer,
And even green peas, when they were not too dear;
Not like the rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is
Said to consist in its greater austerities;
And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,

Ne'er are suffer'd to speak, Think only in Greek,
And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.

Astonish'd I am The gay Baron Geramb,
With his head sav'ring more of the Lion than Lamb,
Could e'er be persuaded to join such a set—I
Extend the remark to Signor Ambrogetti.—
For a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,

While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat ;
 Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,
 With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,
 Was all 'caviare to the multitude,'
 Extending alone to the clergy, together in
 Hall assembled,—and not to Lay-brethren.
 St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,

On what they say is Called a Dais,
 O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,
 And eating poach'd eggs with spinach and toast ;
 Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,
 But where is the sixth ?—Where's Peter ?—Ay, WHERE ?

'Tis an evening in June, And a little half moon,
 A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on
 Gleaming and beaming, And dancing the stream in,
 Has made her appearance above the horizon ;
 Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,
 On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,
 Or the fair Turk who weds with the 'Noble Lord Bateman ;'
 —*Vide* plate in George Cruikshank's memoirs of that great man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,
 A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,
 And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone ;
 Such a tower as a poet of no mean *calibre*
 I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,
 Assigns to oblivion—a den for a She bear ;

Within it are found, Strew'd above and around,
 On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,
 All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,
 To name which, and their uses, would puzzle the Schools,
 And make very wise people look very like fools ;

Pincers and hooks, And black-letter books,
 All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,
 And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs
 To Goldsmiths' work, chemistry, alchymy,—all,

In short that a Sage, In that erudite age,
 Could require, was at hand, or at least within call

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick!—and there
A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair!

Abracadabra, that fearful word,
And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,
Are utter'd.—'Tis done! Peter, full of his fun,
Cries, 'Broomstick! you lubberly son of a gun!
Bring ale!—bring a flagon—a hogshead—a tun!
'Tis the same thing to you; I have nothing to do;
And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue

No doubt you've remark'd how uncommonly quick
A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,
Brings it back to his master, and gives it him—Well,
So potent the spell,

The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,
So ran off like that puppy; some cellar was near,
For in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer!
Peter seizes the flagon; but ere he can suck
Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,
The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck;

Continues to run At the rate it begun,
And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun!
A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,
Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother!
Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoups,
They all had been too few; for, arranging in groups
The barrels, the Broomstick next *started the hoops*:

The ale deluged the floor, But, still, through the door,
Said Broomstick kept Bolting, and bringing in more.

E'en Macbeth to Macduff *Would* have cried 'Hold! enough
If half as well drench'd with such 'perilous stuff,'
And, Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,
Cried lustily, 'Stop!—That will do, Broomstick!—*Sufficit!*'

But ah, well-a-day! The Devil, they say,
'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.
Again and again Peter roard'd out in vain
His Abracadabra, and t'other words twain:—

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

As well might one try A pack in full cry
To check, and call off from their headlong career,
By bawling out, 'Voicks!' with one's hand at one's ear.



The longer he roar'd, and the louder and quicker,
The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew Not on earth what to do—
He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two.—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Worse and worse!—Like a dart Each part made a start
And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,
For *both* now came loaded with Meux's entire;
Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—
Goding's, Charrington's, Whitbread's continued to drop in,
With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.
The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on
My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.

To be sure the best beer Of all did not appear;
For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year
The 'Trinity Audit Ale' is not come-at-able,
—As I've found to my great grief when dining at that table.

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,
For a flood of brown stout he was up to his knees in,
Which, thanks to the Broomstick, continued increasing;

He fear'd he'd be drown'd, And he yell'd till the sound
Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear
Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,
And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,
And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter;
He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.
Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,
He issued forthwith from his *Sanctum sanctorum*,
And calling a few of the Lay-brothers near him,
Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,

At once led the way, 'Without farther delay,
To the tower, where he'd been in the course of the day.
Poor Peter!—alas! though St. Dunstan was quick,
There were two there before him—Grim Death, and Old Nick!—
When they open'd the door out the malt-liquor flow'd,
Just as when the great Vat burst in Tott'n'am Court Road;
The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks
In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;
While Peter, who, spite of himself now had drank hard,
After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

To the bottom had sunk, And was spied by a monk,
Stone-dead, like poor Clarence, half drown'd and half drunk.

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, '*Vade retro
Strongbeerum!*—*discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*'—

Queer Latin, you'll say, That præfix of '*Lay,*'
And *Strongbeerum!*—I own they'd have call'd me a blockhead if
At school I had ventured to use such a Votive;
'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query
If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri;
But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,
And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried;
The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,
Quite as well as if talk'd to, in Latin much better,

By a grave Cambridge Johnian, Or graver Oxonian,
Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.
It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry;
But, in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,
And other means used by the faculty try.

When once a man's dead There's no more to be said;
Peter's '*Beer with an e*' was his '*Bier with an i!*'

MORAL.

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in
The following maxims:—Beware of eaves-dropping!—
Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd!—
Don't meddle with matters you don't understand!—
Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes
Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXX's.

L'ENVOYE.

In Goldsmiths' Hall there's a handsome glass-case,
And in it a stone figure, found on the place,
When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,
They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.
If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists
A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.
It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;
But it is not St. Dunstan,—so doubtless it's Peter.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.⁽¹²⁾

A LEGEND OF GERMANY.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, a gallant young knight,
Was equally ready to tipple or fight,
Crack a crown, or a bottle, Cut sirloin, or throttle;
In brief, or as Hume says, 'to sum up the tottle,'
Unstain'd by dishonour, unsullied by fear,
All his neighbours pronounced him a *preux chevalier*.

Despite these perfections, corporeal and mental,
He had one slight defect, viz. a rather lean rental;
Besides, as 'tis own'd there are spots in the sun,
So it must be confess'd that Sir Rupert had one;
Being rather unthinking, He'd scarce sleep a wink in
A night, but addict himself sadly to drinking,
And what moralists say, Is as naughty—to play,
To *Rouge et Noir*, Hazard, Short Whist, *Ecarté*;
Till these, and a few less defensible fancies
Brought the Knight to the end of his slender finances.

When at length through his boozing, And tenants refusing
Their rents, swearing 'times were so bad they were losing,'
His steward said, 'O, sir, It's some time ago, sir,
Since aught through my hands reach'd the baker or grocer,
And the tradesmen in general are grown great complainers.'
Sir Rupert the Brave thus address'd his retainers:

'My friends, since the stock Of my father's old hock
Is out, with the Kürchwasser, Barsac, Moselle,
And we're fairly reduced to the pump and the well,
I presume to suggest, We shall all find it best

For each to shake hands with his friends ere he goes,
Mount his horse, if he has one, and—follow his nose;
As to me, I opine, Left *sans* money or wine,
My best way is to throw myself into the Rhine,
Where pitying travellers may sigh, as they cross over,
“ Though he lived a *roué*, yet he died a philosopher.” ’

The Knight, having bow'd out his friends thus politely,
Got into his skiff, the full moon shining brightly,
By the light of whose beam He soon spied on the stream
A dame, whose complexion was fair as new cream;
Pretty pink silken hose Cover'd ankles and toes,
In other respects she was scanty of clothes;
For, so says tradition, both written and oral,
Her *one* garment was loop'd up with bunches of coral.

Full sweetly she sang to a sparkling guitar,
With silver chords stretch'd over Derbyshire spar,
And she smiled on the Knight, Who, amazed at the sight,
Soon found his astonishment merged in delight;
But the stream by degrees Now rose up to her knees,
Till at length it invaded her very chemise,
While the heavenly strain, as the wave seem'd to swallow her,
And slowly she sank, sounded fainter and hollower;
—Jumping up in his boat And discarding his coat,
‘ Here goes,’ cried Sir Rupert, ‘ by jingo I'll follow her!’
Then into the water he plunged with a souse
That was heard quite distinctly by those in the house.

Down, down, forty fathom and more from the brink,
Sir Rupert the Fearless continues to sink,
And, as downward he goes, Still the cold water flows
Through his ears, and his eyes, and his mouth, and his nose,
Till the rum and the brandy he'd swallow'd since lunch
Wanted nothing but lemon to fill him with punch;
Some minutes elapsed since he enter'd the flood,
Ere his heels touch'd the bottom, and stuck in the mud.

But oh ! what a sight Met the eyes of the Knight,
When he stood in the depth of the stream bolt upright!—

A grand stalactite hall, Like the cave of Fingal,
Rose above and about him ;—great fishes and small
Came thronging around him, regardless of danger,
And seem'd all agog for a peep at the stranger.

Their figures and forms to describe, language fails—
They'd such very odd heads, and such very odd tails ;
Of their genus or species a sample to gain,
You would ransack all Hungerford market in vain ;
E'en the famed Mr. Myers, Would scarcely find buyers,
Though hundreds of passengers doubtless would stop
To stare, were such monsters exposed in his shop.

But little reck'd Rupert these queer-looking brutes,
Or the efts and the newts That crawled up his boots,
For a sight, beyond any of which I've made mention,
In a moment completely absorb'd his attention.
A huge crystal bath, which, with water far clearer
Than George Robins' filters, or Thorpe's (which are dearer),
Have ever distill'd, To the summit was fill'd,
Lay stretch'd out before him,—and every nerve thrill'd
As scores of young women Were diving and swimming,
Till the vision a perfect quandary put him in ;—
All slightly accoutred in gauzes and lawns,
They came floating about him like so many prawns.

Sir Rupert, who (barring the few peccadilloes
Alluded to,) ere he leapt into the billows
Possess'd irreproachable morals, began
To feel rather queer, as a modest young man ;
When forth stepp'd a dame, whom he recognised soon
As the one he had seen by the light of the moon,
And lis'd, while a soft smile attended each sentence,
'Sir Rupert, I'm happy to make your acquaintance ;
My name is Lurline, And the ladies you've seen,
All do me the honour to call me their Queen ;

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

I'm delighted to see you, sir, down in the Rhine here,
And hope you can make it convenient to dine here.'

The Knight blush'd and bow'd, As he ogled the crowd
Of subaqueous beauties, then answer'd aloud :



'Ma'am, you do me much honour,—I cannot express
The delight I shall feel—if you'll pardon my dress—
May I venture to say, when a gentleman jumps
In the river at midnight for want of "the dumps,"
He rarely puts on his knee-breeches and pumps;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

If I could but have guess'd—what I sensibly feel—
Your politeness—I'd not have come *en deshabelle*,
But have put on my *silk* tights in lieu of my *steel*.
Quoth the lady, 'Dear sir, no apologies, pray,
You will take our "pot-luck" in the family way;

We can give you a dish Of some decentish fish,
And our water's thought fairish; but here in the Rhine
I can't say we pique ourselves much on our wine.'

The Knight made a bow more profound than before,
When a Dory-faced page oped the dining-room door,
And said, bending his knee, '*Madame, on a servi!*'
Rupert tender'd his arm, led Lurline to her place,
And a fat little Mer-man stood up and said grace.

What boots it to tell of the viands, or how she
Apologised much for their plain water-souchy,
Want of Harvey's, and Cross's, And Burgess's sauces?
Or how Rupert, on his side, protested, by Jove, he
Preferr'd his fish plain, without soy or anchovy.

Suffice it the meal Boasted trout, perch, and eel,
Besides some remarkably fine salmon peel.
The Knight, sooth to say, thought much less of the fishes
Than of what they were served on, the massive gold dishes;
While his eye, as it glanced now and then on the girls,
Was caught by their persons much less than their pearls,
And a thought came across him and caused him to muse,
'If I could but get hold Of some of that gold,
I might manage to pay off my rascally Jews!'

When dinner was done, at a sign to the lasses,
The table was clear'd, and they put on fresh glasses;
Then the lady address Her redoubtable guest
Much as Dido, of old, did the pious Eneas,
'Dear sir, what induced you to come down and see us?'—
Rupert gave her a glance most bewitchingly tender,
Loll'd back in his chair, put his toes on the fender,
And told her outright, How that he, a young Knight,
Had never been last at a feast or a fight;

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

But that keeping good cheer Every day in the year,
And drinking neat wines all the same as small-beer,
Had exhausted his rent, And, his money all spent,
How he borrow'd large sums at two hundred per cent. ;



How they follow'd—and then, The once civillest of men,
Messrs. Howard and Gibbs, made him bitterly rue it he
'd ever raised money by way of annuity ;
And, his mortgages being about to foreclose,
How he jump'd in the river to finish his woes !

Lurline was affected, and own'd, with a tear,
That a story so mournful had ne'er met her ear ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Rupert, hearing her sigh, Look'd uncommonly sly,
And said, with some emphasis, 'Ah! miss, had I
A few pounds of those metals You waste here on kettles,
Then, Lord once again Of my spacious domain,
A free Count of the Empire once more I might reign,
With Lurline at my side, My adorable bride,
(For the parson should come, and the knot should be tied;)
No couple so happy on earth should be seen
As Sir Rupert the Brave and his charming Lurline;
Not that money's my object—No, hang it! I scorn it—
And as for my rank—but that *you'd* so adorn it—
I'd abandon it all To remain your true thrall,
And instead of 'the *Great*,' be call'd 'Rupert the *Small*;'
—To gain but your smiles, were I Sardanapalus,
I'd descend from my throne, and be boots at an alehouse.'

Lurline hung her head, Turn'd pale, and then red,
Growing faint at this sudden proposal to wed,
As though his abruptness, in 'popping the question'
So soon after dinner, disturbed her digestion.

Then, averting her eye, With a lover-like sigh,
'You are welcome,' she murmur'd in tones most bewitching,
'To every utensil I have in my kitchen!'

Up started the Knight, Half mad with delight,
Round her finely-form'd waist He immediately placed
One arm, which the lady most closely embraced,
Of her lily-white fingers the other made capture,
And he press'd his adored to his bosom with rapture.
'And, oh!' he exclaimed, 'let them go catch my skiff, I
'll be home in a twinkling and back in a jiffy,
Nor one moment procrastinate longer my journey
Than to put up the banns and kick out the attorney.'

One kiss to the lip, and one squeeze to her hand,
And Sir Rupert already was half-way to land,

For a sour-visaged Triton, With features would frighten
Old Nick, caught him up in one hand, though no light one,
Sprang up through the waves, popp'd him into his funny,
Which some others already had half-fill'd with money;

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

In fact, 'twas so heavily laden with ore
And pearls, 'twas a mercy he got it to shore :
But Sir Rupert was strong, And while pulling along, '
Still he heard, faintly sounding, the water-nymphs' song.

LAY OF THE NAIADS.

'Away! away! to the mountain's brow,
Where the castle is darkly frowning;
And the vassals, all in goodly row,
Weep for their lord a-drowning!
Away! away! to the steward's room,
Where law with its wig and robe is;
Throw us out John Doe and Richard Roe,
And sweetly we'll tickle their tobies!'

The unearthly voices scarce had ceased their yelling,
When Rupert reach'd his old baronial dwelling.

What rejoicing was there! How the vassals did stare!
The old housekeeper put a clean shirt down to air,
For she saw by her lamp That her master's was damp,
And she fear'd he'd catch cold, and lumbago, and cramp;
But, scorning what she did, The Knight never heeded
Wet jacket or trousers, nor thought of repining,
Since their pockets had got such a delicate lining.

But oh! what dismay Fill'd the tribe of *Ca Sa*,
When they found he'd the cash, and intended to pay!
Away went '*cognovits*,' '*bills*,' '*bonds*,' and '*escheats*,'—
Rupert clear'd off all scores, and took proper receipts.

Now no more he sends out For pots of brown stout,
Or *schnaps*, but resolves to do henceforth without,
Abjure from this hour all excess and ebriety,
Enrol himself one of a Temp'rance Society,
All riot eschew, Begin life anew,
And new-cushion and hassock the family pew!
Nay, to strengthen him more in his new mode of life,
He boldly determines to take him a wife.

Now, many would think that the Knight, from a nice sense
Of honour, should put Lurline's name in the licence,
And that, for a man of his breeding and quality,

To break faith and troth, Confirm'd by an oath,
Is not quite consistent with rigid morality ;
But whether the nymph was forgot, or he thought her
From her essence scarce wife, but at best wife-and-water,

And declined as unsuited, A bride so diluted—
Be this as it may, He, I'm sorry to say,
(For, all things consider'd, I own 'twas a rum thing,)
Made proposals in form to Miss *Una Von*—something,
(Her name has escaped me,) sole heiress, and niece
To a highly respectable Justice of Peace.

'Thrice happy's the wooing That's not long a-doing !'
So much time is saved in the billing and cooing—
The ring is now bought, the white favours, and gloves,
And all the *et cetera* which crown people's loves ;
A magnificent bride-cake comes home from the baker,
And lastly appears, from the German Long Acre,
That shaft which the sharpest in all Cupid's quiver is,
A plum-colour'd coach, and rich Pompadour liveries.

'Twas a comely sight To behold the Knight,
With his beautiful bride, dress'd all in white,
And the bridesmaids fair with their long lace veils,
As they all walk'd up to the altar rails,
While nice little boys, the incense dispensers,
March'd in front with white surplices, bands, and gilt censers.

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,
Mess John had open'd his awful book,
And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant ?
And if 'he knew any just cause or impediment ?'
When from base to turret the castle shook !!!
Then came a sound of a mighty rain
Dashing against each storied pane,

The wind blew loud, And a coal-black cloud
O'ershadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd ;

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

How it could happen they could not divine,
The morning had been so remarkably fine!

Still the darkness increased, till it reach'd such a pass
That the sextoness hastened to turn on the gas;



But harder it pour'd, And the thunder roar'd,
As if heaven and earth were coming together:
None ever had witness'd such terrible weather.
Now louder it crash'd, And the lightning flash'd,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Exciting the fears Of the sweet little dears
In the veils, as it danced on the brass chandeliers ;
The parson ran off, though a stout-hearted Saxon,
When he found that a flash had set fire to his caxon.

Though all the rest trembled, as might be expected,
Sir Rupert was perfectly cool and collected,

And endeavour'd to cheer His bride, in her ear
Whisp'ring tenderly, 'Pray don't be frightened, my dear
Should it even set fire to the castle, and burn it, you're
Amply insured both for buildings and furniture.'

But now, from without, A trustworthy scout
Rush'd hurriedly in Wet through to the skin,
Informing his master 'the river was rising,
And flooding the grounds in a way quite surprising.'

He'd no time to say more, For already the roar
Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church-door,
While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen,
Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline ;
And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,
She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

What she said to the Knight, what she said to the bride,
What she said to the ladies who stood by her side,
What she said to the nice little boys in white clothes,
Oh, nobody mentions,—for nobody knows ;
For the roof tumbled in, and the walls tumbled out,
And the folks tumbled down, all confusion and rout,

The rain kept on pouring, The flood kept on roaring,
The billows and water-nymphs roll'd more and more in ;

Ere the close of the day All was clean wash'd away—
One only survived who could hand down the news,
A little old woman that open'd the pews ;

She was borne off, but stuck, By the greatest good luck,
In an oak-tree, and there she hung, crying and screaming,
And saw all the rest swallow'd up the wild stream in ;

In vain, all the week, Did the fishermen seek
For the bodies, and poke in each cranny and creek ;

In vain was their search After aught in the church,

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS.

They caught nothing but weeds, and perhaps a few perch ;
The Humane Society Tried a variety
Of methods, and brought down, to drag for the wreck, tackles,
But they only fish'd up the clerk's tortoiseshell spectacles.

MORAL.

This tale has a moral. Ye youths, oh, beware
Of liquor, and how you run after the fair !
Shun playing at *shorts*—avoid quarrels and jars—
And don't take to smoking those nasty cigars !
—Let no run of bad luck, or despair for some Jewess eyed
Damsel, induce you to contemplate suicide !
Don't sit up much later than ten or eleven !—
Be up in the morning by half after seven !
Keep from flirting—nor risk, warn'd by Rupert's miscarriage,
An action for breach of a promise of marriage ;—
Don't fancy odd fishes ! Don't prig silver dishes !
And to sum up the whole, in the shortest phrase I know,
BEWARE OF THE RHINE, AND TAKE CARE OF THE RHINO !



THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE LADY JANE was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,

But his cough was short and his eyes were dim,

And he wore green 'specs,' with a tortoiseshell rim,

And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,

And she was uncommonly fond of him,—

And they were a loving pair !—

And the name and the fame Of the Knight and his Dame,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Were ev'rywhere hail'd with the loudest acclaim;
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Far and wide, The people cried,
'Huzza! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!—once again!—
Encore!—Encore!— One cheer more!—
—All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!!'

Now Sir Thomas the Good, Be it well understood,
Was a man of a very contemplative mood,—
He would pore by the hour, O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
And Moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An 'Industrious Flea' he'd by no means despise,
While an 'Old Daddy-long-legs,' whose 'long legs' and thighs
Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize,
Nay a hornet or wasp he could scarce 'keeps his paws off'—he
Gave up, in short, Both business and sport,
And abandon'd himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him,—
And as he, All agree, Look'd less like her *Mari*,
As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,⁽¹²⁾
There are some might be found entertaining a notion
That such an entire, and exclusive devotion
To that part of science, folks style Entomology,
Was a positive shame, And, to such a fair Dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology:
—No doubt, it *would* vex One half of the sex
To see their own husband in horrid green 'specs,'
Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
Still poking his nose into this and to that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;
And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
—One eternally thinking, And blinking, and winking
At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.—

But no!—oh no! 'Twas by no means so
With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter,
And, having a temper more even and sweeter,

Would never object to *Her* spouse, in respect to
His poking and peeping After 'things creeping ;'
Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire, No lady so fair
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;
And, 'let who would call,—every day she was there,
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware ;
Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair,
With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,

And declare, where'er They had been, that, 'they ne'er
In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear.'

Nay more ; don't suppose With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close,
No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind ;
For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side, Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
Her cousin, fourteen-times removed,—as you'll see
If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
In 'Burke's Commoners,' vol. xx. page 53.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

All the papers I've read agree, Too, with the pedigree,
Where, among the collateral branches, appears
'Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusiliers ;'
And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man ;—

And there he'd be sitting, While she was a-knitting,
Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
Or putting a 'gore,' or a 'gusset,' or 'bit' in,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very 'wise saw' from some very good book,—
Some such pious divine as St. Thomas Aquinas :
Or, equally charming, The works of Bellarmine ;
Or else he unravels The 'voyages and travels'
Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse !)—
Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—

No matter who came, It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happen'd one day, —I really can't say
The particular month ; but I *think* 'twas in May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when 'Nature looks gay,'
As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight !

It seems he had taken A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.

And then—let me see !— He had two—perhaps three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *cau de vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

—In fact, I and my son Mix ‘black’ with our ‘Hyson,’
Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call ‘pison.’

No matter for that— He had call’d for his hat,
With the brim that I’ve said was so broad and so flat,
And his ‘specs’ with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
Thus arm’d, he set out on a ramble—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear Soul!—but he never came back!

‘First dinner-bell’ rang Out its euphonious clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the ‘Last’
Ding-dong’d, as it ever was wont, at half-past,

While Betsey and Sally, And Thompson, the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself.—
—Quoth Betsey, ‘Dear me! why the fish will be cold!’—
Quoth Sally, ‘Good gracious! how “Missis” *will* scold!’

Thompson, the *Valet*, Look’d gravely at Sally,
As who should say, ‘Truth must not always be told!’
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,
Thus exposed to the dews, Lambs’-wool stockings and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair, He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, ‘he
Much fear’d, as the dinner had been so long ready,

The roast and the boil’d Would be all of it spoil’d,
And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!’

This closed the debate— ‘’Twould be folly to wait,’
Said the Lady, ‘Dish up!—Let the meal be served straight;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He’s lost sure as fate!
And, a hundred to one, won’t be home till it’s late!’
—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas’s place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
 That live-long night did the hours go by;
 And the Lady Jane, In grief and in pain,
 She sat herself down to cry!—
 And Captain MacBride, Who sat by her side,
 Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
 At least had a tear in his eye!—
 As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
 From 'very young fellows' for very 'old chaps';
 And if he had said What he'd got in his head,
 'Twould have been 'Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!'

The morning dawn'd,—and the next,—and the next,
 And all in the mansion were still perplex'd;
 No watch-dog 'bay'd a welcome home,' as
 A watch-dog should to the 'Good Sir Thomas';
 No knocker fell His approach to tell,
 Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
 The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
 And the meads smiled green as green may be,
 And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
 And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
 —Without, all was joy and harmony!

'And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
 Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
 Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
 Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
 Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
 Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
 The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
 But other eyes its sports survey,—
 The stream we love shall roll as fair,
 The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
 Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
 The Tree, whose bending branches bear
 The One loved name—shall yet be there;—
 But where the hand that carved it?—Where?'

These were hinted to me as The very ideas
Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain MacBride, Of course, at her side,
Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried.
—An 'idea,' in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if 'poor dear Sir Thomas' should really be dead,
It might be no bad 'spec.' to be there in his stead,
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed

A Lady who was young and fair,

A Lady slim and tall,

To set himself down in comfort there

The Lord of Tapton Hall.—

Thinks he, 'We have sent Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!—

The groom, who's been over To Folkstone and Dover,
Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!

—Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied,—
And we've sent round the Crier, and had him well cried—

"MISSING!! Stolen, or stray'd, Lost, or mislaid,
A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober, and staid;—
Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was array'd
In a sad-colour'd suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd;—
Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
And a hat rather low-crown'd, and broad in the brim.

Whoe'er Shall bear, Or shall send him with care,
(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPINGTON GATE,
Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble,—
(~~for~~ N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double!! ~~as~~)"

'Had he been above ground He *must* have been found.
No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hang'd,—or he's drown'd!

Then his Widow—ay! ay!—But, what will folks say!—
To address her at once—at so early a day!
Well—what then?—who cares!—let 'em say what they may—
A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her
Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!

When a man has decided As Captain MacBride did,
And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vow'd that 'her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—
Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!—'
With a thousand more compliments equally true,
And expressed in similitudes equally new!

—Then his left arm he placed Round her jimp, taper waist —
—Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,
Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—'Oh, Ma'am! we've found Master!'
'Where! where?' scream'd the lady; and Echo scream'd—'Where?'

The man couldn't say 'There!' He had no breath to spare,
But, gasping for air, he could only respond
By pointing—he pointed, alas! TO THE POND.

—'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his 'specs' and his hat,
He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;

When, close to the side Of the bank he espied
An 'uncommon fine' Tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stoop'd;—and he thought her His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen-feet water.

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,

As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,

His body between them bear.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

She sobb'd, and she sigh'd ; she lamented, and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;
She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,
If Captain MacBride Had not been by her side,
With the Gardener ; they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up.—

But, when she 'comes to,' Oh ! 'tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals !

Sir Thomas's body, It look'd so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels !
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes
Were all gnaw'd through and through ;
And out of each shoe An eel they drew ;
And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two,
And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well we may suppose ;
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John Was summon'd anon ;
Holy water was sprinkled, And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted, And incense ignited,
And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,—
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
Had *thought about*—once more 'changing her name,'
And she said, with a pensive air,
To Thompson, the valet, while taking away, .
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
'Eels a many I've ate ; but any
So good ne'er tasted before !—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond,—
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!—
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, 'There are fish, no doubt on't—
As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't!'

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the 'gloaming—,
Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in!
And if, when 'last dinner-bell' 's rung, he is late,
To ensure better manners in future—Don't wait!—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
Have them spitch-cock'd—or stew'd—they're too oily when fried!

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.

MOX Regina filium peperit a multis optatem et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit, '*Christianus sum ! Christianus sum ! Christianus sum !*' Ad hanc vocem Presbyteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gratias*, et omnes qui aderant mirantes, cœperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans cathecumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo teneri ad præsignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari.—NOV. LEGEND. ANGL. IN VITA SCTI ROMUALDI.

IN Kent we are told, There was seated of old,
A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold,
He'd an open strong-box, well replenish'd with gold,
With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland, and wold,
Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold ;
He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,
He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,
And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.
His figure and face, For beauty and grace,
To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.
Small marvell then, If, of women and men
Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten
Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth, I've been taught, as a truth,
A maxim which most will consider as sooth,
Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth ;
There are three social duties, the whole of the swarm
In this great human hive of ours, ought to perform,
And that too as soon as conveniently may be ;

The first of the three— Is, the planting a Tree !
The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby !
(For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I
So far at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i. e.* The 'planting the Tree,'
The Knight may, perchance, have conceiv'd himself free,
Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks,
His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks ;

In twelve eighty-two, There would also accrue
Much latitude as to the article, Books ;
But, if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,
Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,
One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,
—The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall ;
Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,
As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see
Inclination and duty unite and agree,

Because it's a case That so rarely takes place ;
In the instance before us then Alured Denne
Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,
Inasmuch as hard by, Indeed so very nigh,
That her chimneys, from his, you might almost descry,
Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,
One whose character scandal itself could defy,
While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,
And who would not deny A propitious reply,
But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.
(A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by the bye.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,
Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,
That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all
The 'Rosebud of Tappington' ceas'd not to call,
Was going to say, 'Honour, love, and obey'
To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,
That all other suitors were left in the lurch,
And the parties had even been 'out-asked' in church,

For every one says, In those primitive days,
And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,
None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece
As a bride, by an 'unstamp'd agreement,' or lease,
'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace,
While young ladies had fain Single women remain,

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

And unwedded maids to the last 'crack of doom' stick,
Ere marry, by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear
At Holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,
Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,
Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,
And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with beer,
To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer.

Adorning the building, With carving and gilding,
And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in ;
(Papistic in substance and form, and on this count
With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount,
See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*
V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii Mensis,
With 'Judgment reversed, costs of suit, and expenses ;')
All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason, styled
By Duke Humphrey's confessor, 'a Wonderful Child,'
For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth
Who made his 'profession of faith' at his birth,
And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,
Converted his 'Ma,' and contrived to amend a
Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine Of so young a divine
Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,
And when any young folks did to marriage incline,
The good friars were much in request, and not one
Was more 'sought unto' than the Sub-prior, Mess John ;

To him, there and then, Sir Alured Denne
Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen
'To say what he wanted, and 'fix the time when,'
And, as it's well known that your people of quality
Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,
Just as the clock struck the hour he'd nam'd in it,
The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,
Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"

Had borne the good man, in his vision of bliss,
Far off to some happier region than this—
Or, whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,
Took longer than usual that morning in telling;
Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,
Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,
In penance for killing some score of the fleas,
Which, infesting his hair-shirt, deprived him of ease,
Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,
Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,

Produced indigestion, Continues a question :

The particular cause is not worth a debate ;
For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state
That whatever the reason, his rev'rence was late,

And Sir Alured Denne, Not the meekest of men,
Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,
Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain

That there was—what, I own, I grieve to make known—
On the worthy Knight's character one single stain,
But for which, all his friends had borne witness I'm sure,
He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.
The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders
'Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders.'

Now into these parts our Knight chancing to go, countries
Named from this sad, vulgar custom, 'The *Low Countries*,'
Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,
Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing.
And if anything vex'd him, or matters went wrong,
Was given to what low folks call 'Coming it strong.'
Good, bad, or indifferent, then, young or old,
He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
To a place where they certainly would not take cold.
—Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,
Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,
Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by-and-by.

Near or far Few people there are
But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

How in Netherby Chapel, 'at morning tide,'
The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride.

How they waited, 'but ne'er A Bride was there.'
Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,
The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,
And yet to experience so serious a blight in
One's dearest affections, is somewhat exciting.

'Tis manifest then That Sir Alured Denne
Had far less excuse for such bad language, when
It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—
He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.

And 'twas really surprising, And not very wise in
A Knight to go on so anathemising.
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime
Was but being a little behind as to time :—

Be that as it may, He swore so that day
At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,
That not a bystander who heard what he said,
But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head ;

Nay, many folks there Did not stick to declare
The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,
For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,

What will scarce be believed, Was plainly perceived
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,

And look down with a frown So remarkably brown,
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on
From that he received at the hands of the mason ;
Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,
Call'd his priest an 'old son of ——' some animal—which,
Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on
The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight Himself saw the sight,
And it's likely he did, as he easily might,
For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack,
And, in nautical language, seem'd 'taken aback.'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

In so much that when now The 'prime cause of the row,'
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued,
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,
Or made use of the language to which I allude ;
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a-tying,
Her bridesmaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,
All softness now, and behaving quite decently.
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown
Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,
Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,
When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,
And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade
Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours
It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers,
For though, about One, You've a fine brilliant sun,
When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,
There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
But it 'rains cats and dogs,' and you're fairly wet through
Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do ;
For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a
Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella,
But in Edward the First's days I very much fear

Had a gay cavalier Thought fit to appear
In any such 'togger'—then 'twas termed 'gear'—
He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,
Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear
On the features of every soul he came near ;
There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,
On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a 'bus ;

As they rode through the woods In their wimples and hoods,
Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain
Was, as Spenser describes it, to 'pryck o'er the plaine ;'

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

That is, to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter
In search of some building or other for shelter.



Now it seems that the sky Which had been of a dye
As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,
The season in fact being genial and dry,
Began to assume An appearance of gloom
From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon
Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,
And soon, from the far west the elements rumbling
Increased and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.

Bright flashes between, Blue, red, and green,
All livid and lurid began to be seen ;
At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,
A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,

And up came the reek, And down came the shriek
Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train ;
And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,
That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,
As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,
Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,

Ere the whole of the crew Were completely wet through.
They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the vales,
They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,
As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails ;

The Bridegroom in vain Attempts to restrain
The Bride's frightened palfry by seizing the rein,

When a flash and a crash Which produced such a splash
That a Yankee had called it 'an Almighty Smash,'

Came down so complete At his own courser's feet,
That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,
From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,
Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,
And fell from the back of his terrified cob
On what bards less refined than myself term his 'Nob.'
(To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job.)—

Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song
With a classical simile cannot be wrong—
Just so—in such roads and in similar weather,
Tydides and Nestor were riding together,
When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,
The great 'Cloud-compeller,' his lightnings let fly,
And their horses both made such a desperate shy

At this freak of old Zeus, That at once they broke loose,
Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use ;

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

If the Pylvian Sage, without any delay,
Had not whipp'd them sharp round and away from the fray,
They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,
And there'd been the—a name I won't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover'd his seat,
Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat
At Astley's could not be more neat or complete,
—It's recorded, indeed, by an eminent pen
Of our own days, that this *our* great Widdicombe then
In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten
Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne,—

It is certain the Knight Was so agile and light
That an instant sufficed him to set matters right,
Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight;
For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace
Her descent from the 'pure old Caucasian race,'

Sleek, slim, and bony, as Mr. Sidonia's
Fine 'Arab Steed' Of the very same breed,
Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly
—See 'Coningsby' written by 'B. Disraeli'—

That palfrey, I say, From this trifling delay
Had made what at sea's call'd 'a great deal of way.'
'More fleet than the roe-buck' and free as the wind,
She had left the good company rather behind;
They whipp'd and they spurr'd and they after her press'd;
Still Sir Alured's steed was 'by long chalks' the best
Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest;
But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,
She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd!

It's a 'fashious' affair when you're out on a ride,
—Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,
If you are, it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—
And you came to a place where three cross-roads divide,
Without any way-post, stuck up by the side
Of the road to direct you and act as a guide,
With a road leading here, and a road leading there,
And a road leading no one exactly knows where.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

When Sir Alured came In pursuit of the dame
To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame
To his scholarship if in selecting his way
His respect for the Classics now led him astray;
But the rule, in a work I 'won't stop to describe, is
In medio semper tutissimus ibis,
So the Knight being forced of three paths to enter one,
Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill, Up and down hill,
Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still,
Aye, banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill
At his courser, because he had given him a 'spill';
Yet he did not gain ground On the palfrey, the sound,
On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast
Grew fainter and fainter,—and fainter,—and—ceased!
Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,
To a sort of a clearing, and there—he stuck fast;
For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,
Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in 'Don Juan,'
Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a
Few yards south-east of the door of the Opera,
Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,
While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen A diminutive Green
Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen
Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between
Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,
For the weather at once appear'd clear and serene,
And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,
Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been,
In short it was one of those sweet little places
In Egypt and Araby known as 'oases.'

There, under the shade That was made by the glade,
The astonish'd Sir Alured sat and survey'd
A little low building of Bethersden stone,
With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

A *Sacellum*, or cell, In which Chronicles tell
Saints and anchorites erst were accustomed to dwell ;
A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,



The ziz-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented
Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,
Surmounted a door, Some five feet by four,
It might have been less or it might have been more,

In the primitive ages they made these things lower
 Than we do in buildings that had but one floor,
 And these Chronicles say When an anchorite grey
 Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way,
 He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,
 And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.

There, under the arch I've endeavoured to paint,
 With no little surprise, And scarce trusting his eyes,
 The Knight now saw standing that little Boy Saint!
 The one whom before, He'd seen over the door
 Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—
 With mitre, and crozier, and rochet, and stole on,
 The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon!
 With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak,
 You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak;
 In a bold, manly tone, he Began, while his stony
 Cold lips breath'd an odour quite *Eau-de-Cologne-y*;
 In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he
 Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks, in perfumery.

'Sir Alured Denne!' Said the Saint, 'be atten-
 —tive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,
 Have for some generations being vot'ries of mine,
 They have bought me mould candles, and bow'd at my shrine,
 They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,
 With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.

And, though you in this Have been rather remiss,
 Still I owe you a turn for the sake of 'Lang Syne.'
 And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing
 Have reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.

'Twere a positive scandal In even a Vandal,
 It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book, and candle:
 And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected,
 Your own education's been somewhat neglected;
 Still you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope,
 As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope!
 And his Holiness feels, very properly, jealous
 Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

Now, take my advice, Saints never speak twice,
So take it at once, as I once for all give it;
Go home! you'll find there all as right as a trivet,
But mind, and remember, if once you give way
To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,
I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,
As sure as you're born, on the very first trip
That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,
I'll soon make you rue it! —I've said it—I'll do it!
“Forewarn'd is forearm'd,” you shan't say but you knew it;
Whate'er you hold dearest or nearest your heart,
I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart!
I will, on my honour! you know it's absurd,
To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word
For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—
I've said it! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman!'

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,
And some one inside shut the door with a bang!
Sparkling with dew, Each green herb anew
Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,
As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew,
(For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue,)
And the cud of reflection continued to chew
Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.
Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw,

Brilliance of scenery, Fragrance of greenery,
Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery;
Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he
Fairly was able distinction to draw
'Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi*.

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn, And cheerily ring the bells;
For the race is run, The goal is won,
The little lost mutton is happily found,
The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound
In the Hall where her new Lord dwells!
Hard had they ridden, that company gay,
After fair Edith, away and away:

This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,
 That had gone over his ears with a plump,
 But the lady herself had stuck on like a trump,
 Till her panting steed Relax'd her speed,
 And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels
 When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,
 Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known
 Horses will do, when they're thoroughly blown,
 And thus the whole group had foregather'd again,
 Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.

Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking
 Doings indulged in by one and by all!
 Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in
 All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall.
 All sorts of revelry, All sorts of devilry,
 All play at 'High Jinks' and keep up the ball.
 Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,
 When one's so happy, how Time flies away;
 Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing,
 As to what pass'd on his own wedding day;
 Never since then, Had Sir Alured Denne
 Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
 That began with a D, or left off with an N!

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,
 By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,
 All buttons and brass, Who in handling a glass
 Of spiced hippocras, throws It all over his clothes,
 And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,
 While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he
 'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),
 Then, and then only, came into his head,
 A very sad word that began with a Z,
 But he check'd his complaint, He remember'd the Saint,
 In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint—
 That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,
 Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung
 Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

Many a year Of mirth and good cheer
Flew over their heads, to each other more dear
Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer
As the rarest examples of love ever known,
Since the days of *Le Chivalier D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,
Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.

Well—it happen'd at last, After certain years past,
That an embassy came to our court from afar—
From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now call'd the Czar,
And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do
All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who
Had sail'd all that way from a country which few
In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,
With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,
Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,

And to say how desirous, His Prince Wladimirus,
Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,
And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,

With other fine things, Such as Kings say to Kings
When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in
Hopes by such 'gammon' to take one another in—

King Longshanks, I say, Being now on his way
Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,

Was living in clover, At this time at Dover
I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,
Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,
And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,

Who, acting like most Of the knights in the host;
Whose residence was not too far from the coast,
Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,
Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.

Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,
In their *Saracenettes*,⁽¹³⁾ and their bright chain-mail tights,
All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,
A matter like this was at once put to rights ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

'Twould have been a strange thing, If so polish'd a king,
With his Board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's department,
Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word 'smart' meant.
A banquet was order'd at once for a score,
Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,
And the King, though he thought it 'a bit of a bore,'

Ask'd all the *élite* Of his *levée* to meet
The illustrious Strangers and share in the treat ;
For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her
Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.
(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,

You won't find it trouble you, Sound but the W,
Like the first L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn !)

Fancy the fuss and the fidgetty looks
Of Robert de Burghersh, the constables, cooks ;

For of course the *cuisine* Of the King and the Queen
Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,
Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,

And it's really no jest, When a troublesome guest
Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest,
Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,
And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.

The servants, no doubt, Were much put to the rout,
By this very *extempore* sort of set out,

But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan,
'When you can't what you would, you must do what you can !'
So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,
For the sheep and the porkers, the cocks and the hens ;
'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,

A fine tabby-gray, Disappear'd on that day,
And whatever became of him no none could say ;

They brought all the food, That ever they cou'd,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,
To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),
They lighted the town up, sat ringing the bells,
And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.
A bright thought, moreover, came into the head

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,
As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.
So he said to himself, 'What a thing it would be
 Could I have here with me Some one two or three
Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!
It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief
Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;
But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets
We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!'
With this happy conceit for improving the mess,
Pooh-poohing expense he dispatch'd an express
In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,
Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,
And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,
Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,
Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,

A cook of some fame, Who invented the same
Cold pudding that still bears the family name.
This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restor'd,
And in due time a banquet was placed on the board
'In the very best style,' which implies, in a word,
'All the dainties the season' (and king) 'could afford.'

There were snipes, there were rails,

There were woodcocks and quails,

There were peacocks served up in their pride (that is tails),

Fricandeau, fricassees, Ducks and green peas,

Cotelettes à l'Indienne, and chops *à la Soubise*

(Which last you may call 'onion sauce' if you please);

There were barbecu'd pigs Stuff'd with raisins and figs,

Omelettes and *haricots*, stews and *ragouts*,

And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.

Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went!

Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent;

Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,

Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—

Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine!

The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bordeaux,

Marasquin, Curaçoa, Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,

And gin which the company voted 'No Go;'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The guests all hob-nobbing, And bowing and bobbing ;
Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,
Few, a choice few, Of more orthodox *gout*,
Stick to 'old crusted port,' among whom was Sir Alured ;
Never indeed at a banquet before
Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came 'sweets'—served in silver were tartlets and pies—in glass,
Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,
Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,
Blancmange, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.
And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest,
In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,
And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,

They soon play'd the deuce With a large *Charlotte Russe* ;
More than one of the party dispatch'd his plate twice
With 'I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice !
Your dishes from Russia are really *so* nice !'
Then the prime dish of all ! 'There was nothing so good in

The whole of the Feed' One and all were agreed,
'As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding !'
Sir Alured Denne, who'd all day, to say sooth,
Like Iago, been 'plagued with a sad raging tooth,'
Which had nevertheless interfered very little
With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle,

Requested a friend Who sat near him to send
Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,
And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful
Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.
Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balk'd or spill'd it—
The gallant Knight open'd his mouth—and then fill'd it.

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe
Me at all to go on and attempt to describe

The fearsome look then Of Sir Alured Denne !
—Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined !
Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet
All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!
How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,
See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!
Now east and now west, now north and now south,
Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth



That vile 'spoonful'—what He has got he knows not,
He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot,
At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,
'A SNOWBALL by ——!' what I decline to repeat,—
'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.
Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd
To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word ;
A great many heard, too, with mix'd fear and wonder
The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,
That broke as if bursting the building asunder ;
But very few heard, although every one might,
The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,
Where the lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight ;
And very few saw—some—the number was small
In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,
A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,
With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,
And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,
Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,
As Merryman says, 'for to come for to go !'
While every one smelt a delicious perfume
That seem'd to pervade every part of the room !

Fair Edith Denne, The *bonne et belle* then,
Never again was beheld among men !
But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,
And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,
And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,
And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,
Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,
And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER FACE ?
'Twas gone with her body—and nobody knows,
Nor could any one present so much as suppose
How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes !

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where,
No mortal was ever yet found to declare ;
Though inquiries were made, and some writers record
That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,
Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men.

You may look through the whole Of that King's muster-roll,
And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne ,

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood
A little old chapel in Bilsington wood ;

The remains to this day, Archæologists say,
May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.
There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,

Who lived all alone, And never was known
To use bed or bolster except the cold stone ;
But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,
A wild Irishman's heart had responded 'Och hone !'
As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins
To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins—
He, too, like the rest, was accustom'd to do so ;
His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,
He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe,
In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots, And the cob-nuts and fruits,
Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls
In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls ;

They'd not get him to speak, If they'd tried for a week,
But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,
And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard
His young friends use a naughty expression or word.
How long he lived, or at what time he died,
'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,
But there's one point, on which all traditions agree,
That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,
And his linen was mark'd with an A and a D.

Alas, for the glories of Bonnington Hall !
Alas, for its splendour ! alas, for its fall !

Long years have gone by Since the trav'ller might spy
Any decentish house in the parish at all.
For very soon after the awful event
I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent
That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs
And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares
In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,
On a tall, female figure, or find her, far horrider,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor ;
But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,
No one could ever get sight of her face !

Nor could they perceive, Any arm in her sleeve,
While her legs and her feet, too, seem'd mere 'make-believe,'
For she glided along with that shadow-like motion

Which gives one the notion
Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean ;
And though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle,
They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.
The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,
Soon 'wanted to better themselves,' and gave warning,
While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest
Who would not let himself or his family rest ;

So he pack'd up his all, And made a bare wall
Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestor's Hall,
Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,
Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,
To avoid paying sesses and taxes and rates,
And settled on one of his other estates,
Where he built a new mansion, and called it Denne Hill,
And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,
To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,
Soon went to decay, And moulder'd away,
But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,
Or whether the jackdaws produced, by degrees, a
Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa

Some cent'ries ago, I'm sure I don't know,
But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,
'*Perierunt*,' as some one says, '*etiam ruinæ*.'

MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in—
If you *are* in a passion, don't swear at a wedding !

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,
Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine !

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

In your eating remember one principal point,
Whatever you do, have your eye on the joint!
Keep clear of side dishes, don't meddle with those
Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,
Poke over your shoulders and under your nose;
Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,
And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,
Buy a good book of cookery! I've a compact one,
First-rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,
This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're made of,
And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,
Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,
You'll commit yourself some day, like Alured Denne.

'To persons about to be married' I'd say,
Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day!
And should there perchance be a trifling delay
On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,
And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or churchwarden!
To married men this—For the rest of your lives,
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives!
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,
Or what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint!



A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Statim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ, et ecce Divus,
fide catholicâ, et cruce, et aquâ benedicta armatus venit, et aspersit aquam in nomine
Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequaquam sustinere
valens, mugitibus fugit.

ROGER HOVEDEN.

'**L**ORD ABBOT! Lord Abbot! I'd fain confess:
I am a-weary, and worn with woe;
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,
And haunt me whithersoever I go!'

On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid;
'Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot, to me!'
'Now naye, Fair Daughter,' the Lord Abbot said,
'Now naye, in sooth it may hardly be;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

There is Mess Michael, and holy Mess John,
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they !
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine's cell,
Ambrose, the anchorite old and grey !'

'—Oh, I will have none of Ambrose or John,
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be ;
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone,
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee.

'Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine !
I am a Maiden royally born,
And I come of old Plantagenet's line.

'Though hither I stray, in lowly array,
I am a damsel of high degree ;
And the Compte of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,
They serve my father on bended knee !

'Counts a many, and Dukes a few,
A suitoring came to my father's Hall ;
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,
He pleased my father beyond them all.

'Dukes a many, and Counts a few,
I would have wedded right cheerfullie ;
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,
And I vow'd that he ne'er should my bridegroom be !

'So hither I fly, in lowly guise,
From their gilded domes and their princely halls ;
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,
Or within some Convent's peaceful walls !'

—Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,
'Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear ;
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here :

'Holy Church denieth all search

'Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams ;
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,
Or, especially, worry her little pet lambs.

'Then lay, fair Daughter, thy fears aside,
For here this day shalt thou dine with me !'—
'Now naye, now naye,' the fair maiden cried ;
'In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be !

'Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,
Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,
And ill mote it match with thy fair renown
That a wandering damsel dine with thee !

'There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
With beans and lettuces fair to see ;
His lenten fare now let me share,
I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie !'

—'Though Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,
To our patron Saint foul shame it were
Should wayworn guest, with toil oppress'd,
Meet in his Abbey such churlish fare.

'There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
And Roger the Monk shall our convives be ;
Small scandal I ween shall then be seen ;
They are a goodly companie !'

The Abbot hath donn'd his mitre and ring,
His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine ;
And the choristers sing, as the lay-brothers bring
To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine, they are done to a nicety ;
Liver, and gizzard, and all are there ;
Ne'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*
Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave, no *Pater* or *Ave*
Pronounced, as he gazed on that maiden's face :
She ask'd him for stuffing, she ask'd him for gravy,
She ask'd him for gizzard ;—but not for Grace !

Yet gaily the Lord Abbot smiled, and press'd,
And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd ;
And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,
And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,
Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright ;
And aye, as he drain'd off his cup with a smack,
He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as a Lady ought not to drink ;
And he press'd her hand 'neath the table thrice,
And he wink'd as Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,
Sat each with a napkin under his chin ;
But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,
So they put him to bed, and they tuck'd him in !

The lay-brothers gazed on each other, amazed ;
And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,
As he peep'd through the key-hole, could scarce fancy real
The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—
He could not distinguish the words very plain,
But 'twas all about 'Cole,' and 'jolly old soul,'
And 'Fiddlers,' and 'Punch,' and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,
With fervour himself began to bless ;
For he thought he must somehow have let the Devil in,
And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The Accusing Byers 'flew up to Heaven's Chancery,'
Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern ;
The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he
Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne).

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
When, after the lapse of a great many years,
They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
And blotted the fine out again with their tears !

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint !
His senses at first were well-nigh gone :
The beatified saint was ready to faint
When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on !

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen
There before, from the time that most excellent Prince
Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other commanders,
Had built and endowed it some centuries since.

—But hark !—'tis a sound from the outermost gate !
A startling sound from a powerful blow.—
Who knocks so late ?—it is half after eight
By the clock,—and the clock 's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double raps
Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before ;
All agreed 'it was shocking to keep people knocking,'
But none seem'd inclined to 'answer the door.'

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,
And the gate on its hinges wide open flew ;
And all were aware of a Palmer there,
With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown
By toil and time on his brow were traced ;
And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,
And his rosary dangled below his waist.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Now seldom, I ween, in such costume seen,
Except at a stage-play or masquerade ;
But who doth not know it was rather the go
With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade ?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide
Across that oaken floor ;
And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump
Against the Refectory door !

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view
The Lord Abbot they all mote see ;
In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,
'Here's the Pope's good health with three !!'

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,
'Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !'
And one of the party said, 'Go it, my hearty !'—
When outspake that Pilgrim grey—

'A boon, Lord Abbot ! a boon ! a boon !
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip :
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath pass'd my lip.

'And I am come from a far countree,
And have visited many a holy shrine ;
And long have I trod the sacred sod
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine !'—

'An thou art come from a far countree,
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,
And a cup o' the best shall thy guerdon be !'

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

‘Oh! I have been east, and I have been west,
And I have seen many a wonderful sight;
But never to me did it happen to see
A wonder like that which I see this night.



‘To see a Lord Abbot, in rochet and stole,
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle!—
O’er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,
And hob-nobbing away with a Devil from Hell.’

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

He felt in his gown of ginger brown,
And he pull'd out a flask from beneath ;
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O'er a pint and a quarter of holy water,
He made a sacred sign ;
And he dash'd the whole on the *soi-disant* daughter
Of old Plantagenet's line !

Oh ! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,
With a wild unearthly scream ;
And fizzl'd, and hiss'd, and produced such a mist,
They were all half-choked by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turn'd to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,
Her hands to paws, with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.

On her chin there appear'd a long Nanny-goat's beard,
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell ;
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs
'Twas a frightful fiend from the nethermost hell !

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,
His hat and his cockle ; and, plain to sight,
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown
Had a glow-worm halo of heavenly light.

The fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp ;
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible whack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

And he bounded away like a foot-ball at play,
Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,
Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er pursy Belphegor,
And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh! happy the slip from his Succubine grip,
That saved the Lord Abbot,—though, breathless with fright,
In escaping he tumbled, and fractured his hip,
And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right!

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,
From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown
Most picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,
Some miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while '*sour-kraut*' she sells you, the Landlady tells you
That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,
One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,
On filling a *ci-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *ci-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but
Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,
(His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing
Laid aside,) in yon Cave lived a pious recluse;

How he rose with the sun, limping 'dot and go one,'
To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,
Where a Prior and a Friar, who lived somewhat higher
Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together;

How a thirsty old codger, the neighbours called Roger,
With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine!
What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,
Swigging as though he would empty the Rhine!

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man
Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four;
And how, to the day of their death, the 'Old Gentleman'
Never attempted to kidnap them more.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And how, when at length, in the odour of sanctity,
All of them died without grief or complaint ;
The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous
Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey, no one was so shabby
As not to say yearly four masses a head,
On the eve of that supper, and kick on the crupper
Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead !

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and memories,
How the *ci-devant* Abbot's obtain'd greater still,
When some cripples, on touching his fractured *os femoris*,
Threw down their crutches and danced a quadrille !

And how Abbot Simon, (who turn'd out a prime one,)
These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,
O'er the late Abbot's grotto stuck up as a motto,
'*Who suppes with the Diable sholde have a long spoone!!*'



THE BABES IN THE WOOD ;

OR,

THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

WHEN we were all little and good,—
A long time ago I'm afraid, Miss—
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss ;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight ;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay—
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.

Rum ti, &c.

Their Pa and their Ma being seized
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head,
As he could not get well to the root of it ;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

' Oh, Brother ! ' their Ma whisper'd, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, ' Who'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me,—nay, more,
My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him !
Bringing us so near to Death's door
That we can't avoid making a call on him !

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
Your aid, and the last words she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turned up to the daisies!—
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—
—Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,—
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard.

' You know they'll be pretty well off in
Respect to what's called "worldly gear,"
For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
Comes in to three hundred a-year.
And Jane's to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you'll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week, than our Jenny!'

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to old Bogey
If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He ' wished the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him, body and breeches!'

No sooner, however, were they
Put to bed with the spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town
And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education.

' Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!'
Says he, ' While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise !'

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—
Says he, ' Each of you take up a child
On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
Take your knife out and cut its carotid !'

' Done ' and ' done ' is pronounced on each side,
While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frightened ;
They say their ' Ta ! Ta ! ' as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,
That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd, ' I say, Jack,
I'm blow'd if I *can* put a knife in them ! '—
' Pooh ! ' says his pal, ' you great dunce !
You've pouched the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
And scrag Jane while I spifficate Johnny !'

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel ;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Then he cries, ' Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries !

' I'll be back in a couple of shakes ;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking ;
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking !'
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
' Pretty souls !—don't they wish they may get it !'

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus sought their undoing,
But passed all that day and that night
In wandering about and ' boo-hoo 'ing.
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological ;
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em
If among those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,
Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d—I.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders :
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders ;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor !

It was clear he lay under a curse,
None would hold with him any communion ;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union ;
While his man being caught in some fact,
(The particular crime I've forgotten,)
When he came to be hanged for the act,
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.

Understanding the matter was blown,
His employer became apprehensive
Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive ;
He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages
In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages !
Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
And reflect it's a fact beyond question
That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,
Promote anything else but digestion.—

—When you set about making your will,
Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
And avoid, if you can, any codicil !
When once you've appointed an heir
To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere
You leave a reversion beware
Whom you place in contingent remainder !

Executors, Guardians, and all
Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small
And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them !
Remember that 'ill-gotten goods
Never thrive ;' their possession's but cursory ;
So never turn out in the woods
Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour ;
His 'riches will make themselves wings,'
And his property come to the hammer !
Then He,—and not those he bereaves,
Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
(Of fat catalogues) heap'd up by Robins.

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

THE Captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck ;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast ;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
‘Our Skipper hath gotten a sinister squint !’

The Captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
Still, since the good ship sail’d away,
He reads that letter three times a-day ;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a Skipper may read, in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cock’d hat :
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
‘Curse the old woman—she bothers me so !’

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
‘On the larboard quarter a sail ! a sail !’
That grim old Captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.
‘The breeze is blowing—huzza ! huzza !
The breeze is blowing—away ! away !
The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe !’

—‘On the foeman’s deck, where a man should be,
With his sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe !’

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread-nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old Skipper's command.

'The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
The bullets are flying—away! away!—
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and in brains :
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
Young Hamilton Tighe Waves his cutlass high,
And *Capitaine Craquel* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking Skipper's command :—
A wink comes sly From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaidens come at her call :
'Now, haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee !'
The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
They bring her a little, pale, mealy-faced boy ;
And the mealy-faced boy says, 'Mother, dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year !'

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood :—
'Oh ! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung on high,
Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe !'

THE LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

Her coach and four Draws up to the door,
With her groom, and her footman, and half-a-score more ;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
They hear her sigh, and they hear her groan ;



They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's One rides with her that never slept in !
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The horses snort, and plunge and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick ;
And the grooms and the footmen wonder, and say,
'What makes the old coach so heavy to-day ?'
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees !

'Tis ever the same,—in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That Lady mutters, and talks to the air,
And her eye is fix'd on an empty chair ;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
'She talks to a man with never a head !'

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears ;
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown ;
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps ;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees,
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out of the door ;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man !

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone ;
And he cries, 'Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap !'
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
'What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick !'

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can ;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe !



THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Stant littore Puppiet !—VIRGIL.

IT was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drown'd, and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive ;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
To eat of his bread and drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup !
The Bagman taught him many a trick ;
He would carry, and fetch, and run after a stick,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Could well understand The word of command,
And appear to doze With a crust on his nose
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand :
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
Never was puppy so *bien instruit*,
Or possess'd of such natural talent as he ;
And as he grew older Every beholder
Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,
Wends steadily still with onward jog,
And the cock-tail'd puppy's a curly-tail'd dog !
When, just at the time He was reaching his prime,
And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime,
One unlucky day, How, no one could say,
Whether soft *liaison* induced him to stray,
Or some kidnapping vagabond coax'd him away,
He was lost to the view, Like the morning dew ;—
He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew
And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore,
As never a Bagman had sworn before ;
But storming or swearing but little avails
To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,
Stands a mansion, old, but in thorough repair,
The only thing strange, from the general air
Of its size and appearance, is how it got there ;
In front is a short semicircular stair
Of stone steps,—some half score,—
Then you reach the ground floor,
With a shell-pattern'd architrave over the door.
It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
Of a gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne ;
Which is odd, for, although, As we very well know,
Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show
Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,
Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go
From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary-le-bow,

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.—
Be this as it may,—at the date I assign
To my tale,—that's about Seventeen Sixty Nine,—
This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
Had less dignified owners,—belonging, in fine,
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne—
A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score Of Bagmen, and more,
Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before ;
But just at this period they wanted to send
Some person on whom they could safely depend—
A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend,—
On some mercantile matter as far as Ostend ;
And the person they pitch'd on was Anthony Blogg,
A grave, steady man, not addicted to grog,—
The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

'The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—
That is the place where we all wish to be,
Rolling about on it merrily!'

So all sing and say By night and by day,
In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,
In a sort of coxcombical roundelay ;—
You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,
And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,
Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,

With affected devotion, Promulgates his notion,
Of being a 'Rover' and 'child of the Ocean'—
Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,
They all of them long for the 'Wide, Wide Sea!'

But, however they dote, Only set them afloat
In any craft bigger at all than a boat,

Take them down to the Nore, And you'll see that, before
The 'Wessel' they 'Woyage' in has made half her way
Between Shell-Ness Point and the Pier at Herne Bay,
Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,
They'll be all of them heartily sick of 'the Sea!'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size
Inferior far to that described by Byron,
Where 'palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,—'
—That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—
And little donkey-boys your steps environ,
Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,
Vaunting its excellence; and, should you hire one,
For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres—and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day
I've stood, and turn'd my gaze upon the pier
And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
That self-same morn, now disembark so queer;
Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, 'Oh dear!
Who would believe yon sickly-looking man 's a
London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!
But hold, my Muse!—for this terrific stanza
Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

'So now we'll go up, up, up,
And now we'll go down, down, down,
And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'.'—
—I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
(Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the *d*
Is a fault which you must not attribute to me;
Thus my nurse cut it off when, 'with counterfeit glee,'
She sung, as she danced me about on her knee,
In the year of our Lord Eighteen hundred and three :—
All I mean to say is, that the muse is now free
From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
And no longer like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.

Resuming her track, At once she goes back
To our hero, the Bagman—Alas! and Alack!

Poor Anthony Blogg Is as sick as a dog,
Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,
By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,
With the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lee.

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity
To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,
And talking of 'caulking,' And 'quarter-deck walking,'
'Fore and aft,' And 'abaft,'
'Hookers,' 'barkeys,' and 'craft,'
(At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,)
Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom call'd the spanker,
The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor ;
Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,
Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,
And 'Shiver my timbers !' and other odd phrases
Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces ;—
Of the expletives sea-faring Gentlemen use,
The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews,—

How the Sailors, too, swear, How they cherish their hair,
And what very long pigtails a great many wear.—
But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,
To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear
Of the 'Nauticals,' just at the end of the year
Eighteen thirty-nine—(how Time flies!—Oh, dear!)—
With a well-written preface, to make it appear
That his play, the 'Sea-Captain,' 's by no means small beer ;
There!—'brought up the rear'—you see there's a mistake
Which none of the authors I've mentioned would make,
I ought to have said, that he 'sail'd in their wake.'—
So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher
The more my poor hero continued to suffer,
Till the Sailors themselves cried, in pity, 'Poor Buffer !'

Still rougher it grew, And still harder it blew,
And the thunder kick'd up such a halliballoo,
That even the Skipper began to look blue ;

While the crew, who were few, Look'd very queer, too,
And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,
And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
'Wind N.E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs.'
In short it soon grew to a tempest as rude as

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

That Shakspeare describes near the 'still vext Bermudas,'*

When the winds, in their sport, Drove aside from its port
The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
And swamp'd it to give 'the King's Son, Ferdinand,' a
Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,
While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
For unhandsomely doing him out of his dukedom.
You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,
As so many have done, and in colours so warm ;
Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
—A writer who gave me no trifling vexation
When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.—

Suffice it to say That the whole of that day,
And the next, and the next, they were scudding away
Quite out of their course, Propell'd by the force
Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as
Aquila, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas,

Driven quite at their mercy 'Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,
Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows,
In West longitude, One, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes ;

There you will not be surprised That the vessel capsized,
Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,
His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,

Should go floating away, Midst the surges and spray,
Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,
Runs down Holborn-hill about nine knots an hour.

You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,
Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,—
With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair
Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,

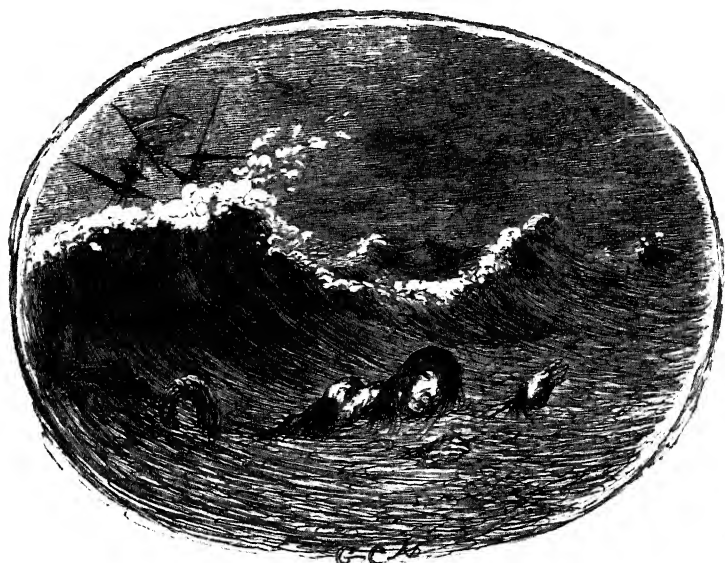
Skiping, and dipping Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,
Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
That bobs up and down in the water whenever
They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour ;
Exactly as Poets say,—how, though, they can't tell us,—

* See Appendix, p. 212.

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.

—Stay!—I'm not clear, But I'm rather out here;
'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear;
Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.—
No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,
Just as Clarence, in Shakspeare, describes all the qualms he
Experienced while dreaming they'd drown'd him in Malmsey.



'O Lord,' he thought, 'what pain it was to drown!'

And saw great fishes with great goggling eyes,
Glaring as he was bobbing up and down,

And looking as they thought him quite a prize;
When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,

A something seized him with its jaws!—A shark?—
No such thing, Reader :—most opportunely for Blogg,

'Twas a very large, web-footed, curly-tail'd Dog!

I'm not much of a trav'ler, and really can't boast
That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But I've often heard say That e'en to this day,
The people of Granville, St. Maloes, and thereabout
Are a class that society doesn't much care about ;
Men who gain a subsistence by contraband dealing,
And a mode of abstraction strict people call 'stealing ;'
Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,
Above all to a stranger who comes within reach ;

And they were so to Blogg When the curly-tail'd Dog
At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.

But we all have been told, By the proverb of old,
By no means to think 'all that glitters is gold ;'

And, in fact, some advance That most people in France
Join the manners and airs of a *Maitre de Danse*,
To the morals—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,
Much addicted to flirting, and dressing in red.—

Be this as it might, It embarrass'd Blogg quite
To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer perhaps might have traced
The *petites soins*, tendered with so much good taste,
To the sight of an old-fashion'd pocket-book, placed
In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,
And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced,
So brilliant no one could have guess'd they were paste.

The group on the shore Consisted of four ;
You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more ;
But the fact is they've not, in that part of the nation,
What Malthus would term, a 'too dense population,'
Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation

Was merely a single Rude hut in a dingle
That led away inland direct from the shingle,
Its sides clothed with underwood, gloomy and dark,
Some two hundred yards above high-water mark ;

And thither the party, So cordial and hearty,
Viz., an old man, his wife, and two lads, made a start, he,

The Bagman, proceeding, With equal good breeding,
To express, in indifferent French all he feels,
The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.—

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,
All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon Dieu*,
Grimacing, and what sailors call *parley-voing*.

Is it Paris, or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?
(Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one
Call, at the Garrick, 'a c—d Committee one,'
An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)

However, it's clear That, with sound table beer,
Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer;
Especially too When a person's wet through,
And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do.
Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage
Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage,
And casting a truly delicious perfume
Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room;

'Hot, smoking hot,' On the fire was a pot
Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what;
For, famed as the French always are for ragouts,
No creature can tell what they put in their stews.
Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes;
Notwithstanding, when offer'd I rarely refuse,
Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky
Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
In ecstasy mutter'd 'By Jove, Cocky-leeky!'

In an instant, as soon As they gave him a spoon
Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he
No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,
But fell tooth and nail on the soup and *bouilli*.

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
Subducted his long coat-tails on high,
With his back to the fire, as if to dry
A part of his dress which the watery sky
Had visited rather inclemently.—
Blandly he smil'd, but still he looked sly,

And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.
 Indeed, had you seen him his maritime dress in,
 You'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing ;
 He'd a 'dreadnought' coat, and heavy *sabots*
 With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,
 His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose*,
 And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,
 So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
 That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,
 And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

The old woman, too, Made a mighty ado,
 Helping her guest to a deal of the stew ;
 She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,
 She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
 And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.
 The little *gargons* too strove to express
 Their sympathy towards the ' Child of distress '
 With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse* :

But the Bagman bluff Continued to 'stuff'
 Of the fat, and the lean, and the tender and tough,
 Till they thought he would never cry 'Hold, enough !'
 And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
 Sounding like *peste !* and *sacre !* and *diable !*

I've seen an old saw, which is well worth repeating,

That says, 'Good Catynge Gerserbeth good Brynkynge.'
 You'll find it so printed by Caxton or Wynkyn,
 And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought it so too ;— As he finish'd his stew,
 His ear caught the sound of the word '*Morbleu !*'
 Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.
 Now, not knowing what she could mean by 'Blue Death !'
 He conceiv'd she referr'd to a delicate brewing
 Which is almost synonymous,—namely, 'Blue Ruin.'
 So he pursed up his lip to a smile, and with glee,
 In his cockneyfied accent, responded, Oh, *Vee !*

Which made her understand he Was asking for brandy ;

So she turn'd to the cupboard, and, having some handy,
Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,
An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it;
In fact you perceive her mistake was the same as his,
Each of them 'reasoning right from wrong premises;'

—And here by the way, Allow me to say,
Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—
'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,
So inferior to us in the science of cursing :

Kick a Frenchman down stairs, How absurdly he swears !
And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,
Roar out, in a passion, 'Blue Death !' and 'Blue Belly !'

'To return to our sheep' from this little digression :—
Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression
As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one ;
Too little he heeded, How fast they succeeded.
Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did ;
For when once Madame Fortune deals out her hard raps,
It's amazing to think How one 'cottons' to Drink !
At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps,
There's not one that is half so seducing as *Schnaps*.

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry,
Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,
—'Did not like to deny'— 'Felt obliged to comply'
Every time that she ask'd him to 'wet t'other eye ;'
For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,
Though before she had seem'd so to grudge him the soup.
At length the fumes rose To his brain ; and his nose
Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,
And a yearning to seek 'horizontal repose.'—

His queer-looking host, Who, firm at his post,
During all the long meal had continued to toast
That garment 'twere rude to Do more than allude to,
Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views
Of his guest were directed to 'taking a snooze :'
So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,
With (as Blogg used to tell it) '*Mounseer, swivvy maw !*'

And 'marshall'd' him so 'The way he should go.'
 Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy and low,
 Without table or chair, Or a moveable there,
 Save an old-fashion'd bedstead, much out of repair,
 That stood at the end most remov'd from the stair.—
 With a grin and a shrug 'The host points to the rug,
 Just as much as to say, 'There!—I think you'll be snug!'
 Puts the light on the floor, Walks to the door,
 Makes a formal *Salutem*, and is then seen no more :
 When just as the ear lost the sound of his tread,
 To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,
 The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!—

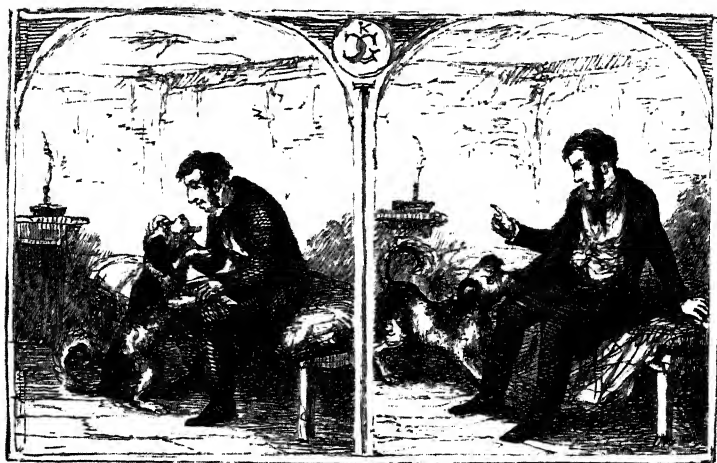
—It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,
 And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right ;
 As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night
 Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,
 Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,
 To find that the Ghost Is merely a post,
 Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most ;
 Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
 To close, or, as some people call it, 'draw in,'
 And some undefined form, 'looming large' through the haze
 Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,
 Inducing a dread Of a knock on the head,
 Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead
 Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men,
 It's your uncle, or one of the 'Rural Policemen ;'—
 Then the blood flows again Through artery and vein ;
 You're delighted with what just before gave you pain :
 You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog
 Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg
 Now bestow'd on *his* friend—the great curly-tail'd Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place
 On each side his neck in a canine embrace,
 And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face,
 And he wagged his tail as much as to say,
 'Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to day !'

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,
What, beyond all doubt, He might have found out
Before, had he not been so eager to sup,
'Twas Sancho!—the Dog he had rear'd from a pup!—
The Dog who when sinking had seized his hair,—
The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—
The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square!!

It's passing sweet, An absolute treat,
When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet,—
With what warmth and affection each other they greet!



Especially too, as we very well know,
If there seems any chance of a little *cadeau*,
A 'Present from Brighton,' or 'Token' to show,
In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,
That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.
If some little advantage seems likely to start,
From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,
It's surprising to see how it softens the heart,
And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are strongest,
Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.
But, it was not so here; For although it is clear,

When abroad, and we have not a single friend near,
 E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,
 And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog
 Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,

Yet he, first of all, ceased To encourage the beast,
 Perhaps thinking 'Enough is as good as a feast :'
 And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,
 He grew tired of patting, and crying 'Poor fellow !'
 So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown,
 And his 'That's a good dog !' into 'Down, Sancho ! down !'

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,
 Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,

Using paws, tail, and head, As if he had said,
 'Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed ;
 You had much better sit up, and pat me instead !'
 Nay, at last, when determined to take some repose,
 Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothes.

Spite of all he could do, The dog jump'd up too,
 And kept him awake with his very cold nose ;

Scratching and whining, And moaning and pining,
 Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in
 Thus breaking his rest ; above all, when at length
 The dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoy'd by the 'tarnation whop,' as it
 's called in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,

Blogg show'd fight ; When he saw, by the light
 Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite
 Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,
 Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt,
 Reveal'd by the dog's having scratch'd off the quilt—
 Which hinted a story of horror and guilt !—

'Twas 'no mistake,'— He was 'wide awake'
 In an instant ; for, when only decently drunk,
 Nothing sobers a man so completely as 'funk.'

And hark !—what's that ?— They have got into chat
 In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at ?—
 There's the ugly old fisherman scolding his wife—

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

And she!—by the Pope! she's whetting a knife!—

At each twist Of her wrist,

And her great mutton fist,

The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder!—

The fierce kitchen fire Had not made Blogg perspire

Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—

It ceases—all's silent!—and now, I declare,

There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair.

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like, creeping;—

He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,

And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping!

For Blogg, when he had once ascertain'd that there was some

'Precious mischief' on foot, had resolv'd to play 'Possum;—

Down he went, legs and head, Flat on the bed,

Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead;

While, though none who look'd at him would think such a thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then just as the villain Crept, stealthily still, in,

And you'd not have insur'd his guest's life for a shilling,

As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor,

Blogg, starting upright, 'tipp'd' the fellow 'a facer;—

—Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows,

From what Mr. Jackson reports, I suppose

There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer,

(Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,

And say the first person Was call'd James M'Pherson,

While, as to the second, they stoutly declare

He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)

Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer

Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter

For the last twenty years By the lively young Peers,

Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermine, treat

Boxers to 'Max,' at the One Tun in Jernyn Street;—

—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,

More skill'd than my meek one in 'fibblings' and bruises,

I'd describe now to you As 'prime a Set-to,'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And, 'regular turn-up,' as ever you knew;
Not inferior in 'bottom' to aught you have read of
Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux' head off.
But my dainty Urania says, 'Such things are shocking!'

Lace mittens she loves, Detesting 'The Gloves';
And turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,
From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking.

So, as far as I can see, I must leave you to 'fancy'
The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,
That pass'd 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,
As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg;

While what's call'd 'The Claret' Flew over the garret:
Merely stating the fact, As each other they whack'd,
The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd;

Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,
With 'Hippolyte's' thumb, and 'Alphonse's' left ear off;

Next, making a stoop on The buffeting group on
The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon*;
Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's
Tore out the whole seat of his striped Calimancoes.—

Really, which way This desperate fray
Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,
The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay:
But a few fresh arrivals decided the day;

For bounce went the door, In came half a score
Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
Who had aided the party in gaining the shore!

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—
Since I spent a short time in old *Courageux*;

I think that they say She had been, in her day,
A First-rate,—but was then what they termed a *Rasée*,—
And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay.
(Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)
In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,
The little I know that concerns Navigation,
And obtained, *inter alia*, some vague information
Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Is adopted on shipboard—I think it 's call'd 'cobbing.'
How it 's managed exactly I really can't say,
But I think that a boot-jack is brought into play—
That is if I 'm right:—it exceeds my ability

To tell how 't is done ; But the system is one
Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.
And, from all I can learn, I 'd much rather be robb'd
Of the little I have in my purse, than be 'cobb'd ;'—

That 's mere matter of taste :



But the Frenchman was plac'd—
I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we 've traced—
In such a position, that, on this unmasking,
His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

The old woman, too, Was obliged to go through,
With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,
Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,
'Cobb'd' the whole party,—ay, 'every man Jack of them.'

MORAL.

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say
Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,
Attend to the moral I draw from my lay!—

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!—
And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog!—
Above all—carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog!

Lastly, dont act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing,
Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing;
But still on these words of the Bard keep a fix'd eye,

INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI!!!

L'Europe.

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him
I never once thought to inquire what became of him;
If *you* want to know, Reader, the way, I opine,

To achieve your design,— Mind, it's no wish of mine,—
Is,—(a penny will do 't)—by addressing a line
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

APPENDIX.*

SINCE penning this stanza, a learn'd Antiquary
Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary,
By writing an essay to prove that he knows a
Spot which, in truth, is, The *real* 'Bermoothes,'
In the Mediterranean,—now called Lampedosa;
—For proofs, having made, as he farther alleges, stir,
An entry was found in the old Parish Register,
The which at his instance the excellent Vicar ex-
tracted: viz. 'Caliban, base son of Sycorax.'

—He had rather, by half, Have found Prospero's 'Staff';
But 't was useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe.—
Colonel Pasley, however, 't is everywhere said,
Now he's blown up the old Royal George at Spithead,
And the great cliff at Dover, of which we've all read,
Takes his whole apparatus, and goes out to look
And see if he can 't try and blow up 'the Book.'
Gentle Reader, farewell!—If I add one more line,
'He 'll be in all likelihood blowing up *mine*.'

* See page 200.

THE
LAY OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

A LEGEND OF DOVER.

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,
An 'Old Woman clothed in grey,'
So furrow'd with care, So haggard her air,
In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,
That all who espied her Immediately shied her,
And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill :
—She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,
And by way of a trial, A two-shilling phial,
Of green-looking fluid, like lava diluted,
To which I've professed an abhorrence most rooted.
One of those draughts they so commonly send us,
Labell'd '*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus*;'—

She made a wry face, And, without saying Grace,
Toss'd it off like a dram—it improv'd not her case.

—The Leech came again; He now open'd a vein,
Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.
So her 'Medical Man,' although loth to distress her,
Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor
Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilzie, and bless her,
That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes
'Unaneal'd and Unhouseled,'—whatever that means.

Growing afraid, He calls to his aid
A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a '*Tailor by trade*,'
Tells him his fears, Bids him lay by his shears,
His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie
With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Requests him to say That he begs they'll all pray,
Viz.: The whole pious Brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,
For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,
Who was just at that time in a very bad way,
And he really believed couldn't last out the day;—

And to state his desire That some erudite Friar
Would run over at once, and examine, and try her;

For he thought he would find There was 'something behind,'
A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—
'In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,
That this little Old Woman had done something wrong.'
—Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,—
'Mind and pick out as holy a friar as you can!'

Now I'd have you to know That this story of woe,
Which I'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago;
I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,
What particular monarch was then on the throne,
But 'twas here in Old England: and all that one knows is,
It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.¹⁴⁾

Inasmuch as the times Described in these rhymes,
Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes;

And if 'mongst the Laity Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,

At once all the Clerics Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted its Saint or two;
So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,

As since then the breed Of Saints rarely indeed
With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors.

—Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Dr. Pusey
We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye;

Though Wiseman and Dullman¹⁵⁾ combine against Newman,
With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.

—But this by the way.—The Convent I speak about
Had Saints in scores—they said Mass week and week about;

And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,
'Second to none' in that holy society,

And well might have borne Those words which are worn
By our '*Nulli Secundus*' Club—poor dear lost muttons,—

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons.—

They would read, write, and speak Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,
A radish-bunch munch for a lunch,—or a leek ;

Though scoffers and boobies Ascribe certain rubies
That garnished the nose of the good Father Hilary
To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,
—Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery—

Ah ! little reck'd they That with Friars, who say
Fifty *Paters* a night, and a hundred a day,
A very slight sustenance goes a great way—
Thus the consequence was that his colleague, Basilius,
Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,
From all who conceived strict monastical duty
By no means conducive to personal beauty ;
And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,
He was snap't up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern For a speedy return
Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,
Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's candles ;
Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he
Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,—
Which not being wash'd all that time, had grown dirty.

—It seems there's a sin in The wearing clean linen,
Which Friars must eschew at the very beginning,
Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy,
And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.—

As for the rest, E'en if time had not prest,
It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,
Nor could there be any great need for adorning,
The Night being almost at odds with the morning.

Oh ! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver moon is high,
And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the
sky,

While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering
down the glen,

And one fond voice alone is heard—oh ! Night is lovely then !
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,

But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night!!

More terrible yet, If you happen to get
By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
Has been, what the vulgar call 'coming it strong'
In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile
To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;

But whatever she said, It filled him with dread,
And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—
No great feat to perform, inasmuch as said hair
Being clipped by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,
So of course Father Basil had little to spare;

But the little he had Seem'd as though't had gone mad,
Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears
In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

What the old woman said That so 'fill'd him with dread,'
We should never have known any more than the dead,
If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped,
Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,

As he ought; but instead, Curiosity led,—
A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—
He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!

—Not that he heard One half, or a third
Of what passed as the Monk and the Patient conferred,
But he here and there managed to pick up a word,

Such as 'Knife,' And 'Life,'
And he thought she said 'Wife,'
And 'Money,' that 'source of all evil and strife';
Then he plainly distinguished the words 'Gore,' and 'Gash,'
Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—
She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash!

Intermix'd with her moans, And her sighs, and her groans,
Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,
Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,
For somehow it happened—I can't tell you why—

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,—
To judge from the language he used in reply,
Ere the Old Woman ceased, had a good deal gone by;
And he gently address'd her in accents of honey,
'Daughter, don't you despair!—WHAT'S BECOME OF THE MONEY?'

In one just at Death's door, it was really absurd
To see how her eye lighted up at that word—
Indeed there's not one in the language that I know,
(Save its synonyms 'Spanish,' 'Blunt,' 'Stumpy,' and 'Rhino,')

Which acts so direct, And with so much effect
On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect
One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—

It's a question with me Which of the three,
Father Basil himself, though a grave S.T.P.
(Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.)
Or the eaves-dropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She
Caught it quickest—however traditions agree
That the Old Woman perk'd up as brisk as a bee,—
'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire
It so often emits when about to expire!
Her excitement began the same instant to flag,
She sank back, and whisper'd, 'Safe!—Safe! in the Bag!'

Now I would not by any means have you suppose
That the good Father Basil was just one of those

Who entertain views We're so apt to abuse,
As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,

Who haunt death-bed scenes, By underhand means
To toady or tease people into a legacy,—
For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,
Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,
Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,

Her sons to take care That, let who will be heir,
The Pontiff shall not be choused out of his share,
Nor stand any such mangling of chattels and goods,
As, they say, was the case with the late Jemmy Wood's;
Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short main-
tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain*;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Besides you'll discern
It, at once, when you learn
That Basil had something to give in return,
Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,
Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all
To uses he named, he could say, 'You sha'n't burn at all,
Or nothing to signify, Not what you'd dignify
So much as even to call it a roast,
But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most,—
What many would think not unpleasantly warm,—
Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form.'
All this in her ear, He declared, but I fear
That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,
Or, at least, understand,—for mere unmeaning talk her
Parched lips babbled now,—such as 'Hookey!'—and 'Walker.'
—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt
If 'his Mother were fully aware he was out?'

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so
I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—
But as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplext
To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—
Or whether in both—for 'tis very well known
That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own,
In a 'tight little Island' that stands in a Lake
Call'd 'Lough-dearg'—that's 'The Red Lake,' unless I mistake—
In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which

I declare I can't tell, But I know very well
It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch
(At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,
But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

There are some, I'm aware, Who don't stick to declare
There's 'no differ' at all 'twixt 'this here' and 'that there,'
That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry
For the separate use of the 'finest of pisentry,'

And that his is no more Than a mere private door
From the *rez-de-chaussée*,—as some call the ground floor,—
To the one which the Pope had found out long before.

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

But no matter—lay The *locale* where you may ;
—And where it is no one exactly can say—
There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,
That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.
'Entertainment' there's worse Both for 'Man and for Horse ;'
For broiling the souls They use Lord Mayor's coals ;—
Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower
Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower.

It's by no means so strong— Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong ;
The 'prokers' are not half so hot, or so long,
By an inch or two, either in handle or prong ;
The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,
And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth ;—
In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,
Made for what's called by Cockneys a 'Minor The-âtre.'
Better suited, of course, for a 'minor performer,'
Than the 'House,' that's so much better lighted and warmer,
Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,—

—You understand where I don't question—down there
Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,
The Paving Commissioners use 'Good Intentions,'
Materials which here would be thought on by few men,
With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen
At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story, This same Purga-tory,
(There ! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory,)
Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can
Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican ;

—Not those of St. Peter— These of which I now treat, are
A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—
And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a
Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these Most miraculous keys
Not only the Pope, but his 'clergy,' with ease
Can let people in and out just as they please ;
And—provided you 'make it all right' about fees,
There is not a friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them ;

And Basil, no doubt, Had brought matters about,
If the little old woman would but have 'spoke out,'
So far as to get for her one of those tickets,
Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets ;

So that after a grill, Or short turn on the Mill,
And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
Than a Freemason gets in the 'Lodge of Antiquity,'

She'd have rubb'd off old scores, Popp'd out of doors,
And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,
Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's 'gone through the Court.'

But Basil was one Who was not to be *done*
By any one, either in earnest or fun ;—
The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,
In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,
Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it 'No Go.'

So unless you're a dunce, You'll see clearly, at once,
When you come to consider the facts of the case, he,
Of course never gave her his *Vade in pace* ;
And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe
Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,
The little old woman had nowhere to go !

For, what could she do ? She very well knew
If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you,
Without Basil's, or some other passport to show,
The Cheque-takers never would let her go through ;
While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,
And really had wished it, as much as she shied it,
(For no one who knows what it is can abide it,)
Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din,
Though she died in, what folks at Rome call, 'Mortal sin,
Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in,
As she'd not been turn'd formally out of 'the pale ;—'
So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail,
In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail
Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,
Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail ;

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

Though, now he's grown older, They say he's much bolder,
And his Holiness not only gets the 'cold shoulder,'
But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a
Dump—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do?— What's the course to pursue?—
'Try St. Peter?—the step is a bold one to take;
For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, "wide awake;"

But then there's a quaint Old Proverb says "Faint
Heart ne'er won fair Lady," then how win a Saint?—

I've a great mind to try— One can but apply;
If things come to the worse why he can but deny—

The sky 's rather high To be sure—but, now I
That cumbersome carcass of clay have laid by,
I am just in the "order" which some folks—though why
I am sure I can't tell you—would call "Apple-pie."

Then "never say die!" It won't do to be shy,
So I'll tuck up my shroud, and here goes for a fly!
—So said and so done—she was off like a shot,
And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near That the Saint could see her,
In a moment he frown'd, and began to look queer,
And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,
Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,
With 'It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!'—
Then, calling her everything but 'My dear!'
He applied his great toe with some force *au derrière*,
And dismissed her at once with a flea in her ear.

'Alas! poor Ghost!' It's a doubt which is most
To be pitied—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—
Or one bandied about thus from pillar to post,—
To be 'all abroad'—to be 'stump'd' not to know where
To go—so disgrac'd As not to be 'placed,'
Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, 'To be Nowhere'—
However that be, The *affaire* was *finie*,
And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—
 That the 'Hare whom the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,'
 Having no other sort of asylum in view,
 'Returns back again to the place whence she flew,'
 A fact which experience has proved to be true.—
 Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—
 Declares that our 'wonted fires live in our ashes.'—
 These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,
 The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,
 When only conceive her dismay and surprise,
 As a Ghost how she open'd her cold stony eyes,
 When there,—on the spot where she'd hid her 'supplies,'—
 In an underground cellar of very small size,
 Working hard with a spade, All at once she survey'd
 That confounded old bandy-legg'd 'Tailor by trade.'

Fancy the tone Of the half moan, half groan,
 Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone !
 As she stood there,—a figure 'twixt moonshine and stone,
 Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone !
 Although, as Macbeth says, 'they'd no speculation,'
 While she utter'd that word, Which American Bird,
 Or James Fenimore Cooper, would render 'Tarnation !!'

At the noise which she made Down went the spade !—
 And up jump'd the bandy-legg'd 'Tailor by trade,'
 (Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her
 Deposit was somewhere concealed in the cellar ;)

Turning round at a sound So extremely profound,
 The moment her shadowy form met his view
 He gave vent to a sort of a lengthen'd 'Bo-o—ho-o !'—
 With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,
 Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone !

Eruptit ! Evasit ! As at Rome they would phrase it—
 His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it,
 Though elderly, bandy-legg'd, meagre, and sickly,
 I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish'd more quickly ;
 He reach'd his own shop, and then fell into fits,
 And it's said never rightly recover'd his wits,

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

While the chuckling old Hag takes his place, and there sits!

I'll venture to say, She'd sat there to this day,
Brooding over what Cobbett calls 'vile yellow clay,'
Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,
O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,
If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her
Stars had not brought her another guess customer—

'Twas Basil himself!— Come to look for her pelf:
But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel,
And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel:

Full well he knew Such tools would not do,—
Far other the weapons he brought into play,
Viz. a Wax-taper 'hallow'd on Candlemas-day,'

To light to her ducats,— Holy water two buckets,
Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a
Strong triple X 'strike,'—(see Jacobus de Chusa).

With these, too, he took His bell and his book—
Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook
As he boldly march'd up where she sat in her nook,
Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,
Which *Some* may have read of, perchance, in 'Nell Cook,'
All, in 'Martha the Gipsy' by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,
Of what pass'd then and there I can tell you no more,
As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door;

But I've always been told, With respect to the gold,
For which she her 'jewel eternal' had sold,

That the old Harridan,

Who, no doubt, knew her man,

Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan,
By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd—
Heaven only knows how the 'Agreement' got wind;—

But its purpose was this, That the things done amiss
By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss;

Provided—'*Imprimis*,

The cash from this time is

The Church's—impounded for good pious uses—
—Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And act as trustee— In the meantime that She,
The said Ghostess,—or Ghost,—as the matter may be,—
From “impediment,” “hindrance,” and “let” shall be free,
To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,
The said Friar, with said Ghost, may hereafter agree.—

Moreover—The whole Of the said cash, or “cole,”
Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman’s soul!

‘It is further agreed—while said cash is so spending,
Said Ghost shall be fully absolv’d from attending,

And shall quiet remain In the grave, her domain,
To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,
Without molestation, or trouble or pain,
Hindrance, let, or impediment (over again)
From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,
Whether Pow’r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,
Or by what name soever the same may be known,
Howsoe’er called by Poets, or styled by Divines,—
Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

‘Provided that,—nevertheless,—notwithstanding
All herein contain’d,—if whoever’s a hand in
Dispensing said cash,—or said “cole,”—shall dare venture
To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture
To uses not named in this present Indenture,
Then that such sum, or sums, shall revert, and come home again .
Back to said Ghost,—who thenceforward shall roam again,
Until such time, or times, as the said Ghost produces
Some good man and true, who no longer refuses
To put sum, or sums, aforesaid, to said uses ;
Which duly performed, the said Ghost shall have rest,
The full term of her natural death, of the best,
In full consideration of this, her bequest,
In manner and form aforesaid,—as express :—
In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,
Being all that these presents intend to express,
Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

Sign'd, sealed, and deliver'd, this 20th of May,
Anno Domini, blank, (though I've mentioned the day,)
(Signed)

BASIL.

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY.'

Basil now I am told, Walking off with the gold,
Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,
And left the testatrix to mildew and mould
In her sepulchre, cosey, cool,—not to say cold.
But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—

A runlet of fine Rich Malvoisie wine
Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,
With custards, and 'flawns,' and a 'fayre florentine,'
Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine;—
And some half a score nuns of the rule Bridgetine,
Abbess and all were invited to dine
At a very late hour,—that is, after Compline.—
—Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine
With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine;

Through all the next year, Indeed, 'twould appear
That the Convent was much better off, as to cheer,
Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,
No longer addicted himself to small beer;

His complexion grew clear, While in front and in rear
He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.

No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,
That a servant girl going down stairs with a light
To the cellar we've spoken of, saw with affright
An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite
Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,
With her left hand, a bag, she had got in her right;—
For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse
Had come back to her *scarcely one penny the worse!*

The girl, as they say, Ran screaming away,
Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey;
But there came down a Knight, at no distant day,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Sprightly and gay As the bird on the spray,
One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,
Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our 'Swell' beaux,
Was, what's, by a metaphor, term'd 'out at elbows ;'
And the fact was, said Knight now merely delay'd
From crossing the water to join the Crusade
For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,
By the want of a little pecuniary aid
To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,
And enable his troop to appear on parade ;

The unquiet Shade Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,
Just the man for her money,—she readily paid
For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd
To his hands every farthing she ever had made ;

But alas ! I'm afraid Most unwisely she laid
Out her cash—the *Beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid
(Truth compels me to say, a most pestilent jade)
Converted the gallant converter—betray'd
Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,
—E'en to worship Mahound !—She required—He obey'd,—
The consequence was, all the money was wasted
On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted ;
So that, after a very short respite, the Hag
Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on
Seriatim through so many ages by-gone,

And to bore you with names Of the Squires and the Dames
Who have managed, at times, to get hold of the sack,
But spent the cash so that it always came back ;

The list is too long To be given in my song,—
There are reasons beside, would perhaps make it wrong ;
I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,
When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And show'd herself very se- -vere against heresy,
While many a wretch scorn'd to flinch or to scream, as he
Burnt for denying the papal supremacy,

Bishop Bonner the bag got, And all thought the Hag got
Releas'd, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.—

THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

But somehow—though how I can't tell you, I vow—
I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign
The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told, That the Old Woman's gold
Was obtained,—as before,—for the asking,—'twas had
By a Mr. O—Something—from Ballinacfad ;
And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent
To John Wright's in account for the Catholic Rent,
And thus—like a great deal more money—it 'went !'

So 'tis said at Maynooth, But I can't think it's truth ;
Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,
Still I can *not* believe it ; and that for this reason,
It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner !*—
—Now no part of the Rent to do *so* e'er was known,—or,
In any shape, ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER !—you must know the proverb, I think—
'To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink !'

Which some learned Chap, In a square College cap,
Perhaps, would translate by the words '*Verbum Sap !*'

—Now should it so chance That you're going to France
In the course of next Spring, as you probably may,

Do pull up and stay, Pray, If but for a day,
At Dover, through which you must pass on your way,
At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,
You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay,
Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,
And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE !—you can do That on joint or *ragout*—
Then say to the waiter,—'I'm just passing through,—
Pray,—where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu* ?—
He'll show you the street—(the French call it a *Rue*,
But you won't have to give here a *petit écu*).

Well,—when you've got there,—never mind how you're taunted,—
Ask boldly, 'Pray, which is the house here that's haunted ?'

—I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect
The proprietor's name; but he's one of that sect
Who call themselves 'Friends,' and whom others call 'Quakers,'—
You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the Baker's,—

Then go down with a light, To the cellar at night!
And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright!

But ask the old Hag, At once, for the bag!—
If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,
Say, 'Ma'am, I insist!—in the name of St. Basil!'

If she gives it you, seize It, and—do as you please—
But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,
You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's ease!
—For the rest—if it *must* go back some day—why—let it!—
Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it
May do you some good, and—

I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!!!



THE WITCHES' FROLIC ¹⁶

Scene, the 'Snuggery' at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotary motion described by lexicographers as 'twiddling.'—The 'Hope of the family' astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork mustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

COME hither, come hither, my little boy Ned!

Come hither unto my knee—

I cannot away with that horrible din,
That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.
Oh, better to wander frank and free
Through the fair of good Saint Bartlemy,
Than list to such awful minstrelsie.
Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,
And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophiseth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey Ruin,
I joy thy form to see,

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

Though reft of all, Cell, cloister, and hall,
Nothing is left save a tottering wall
That, awfully grand and darkly dull,
Threaten'd to fall and demolish my skull,
As, ages ago, I wander'd along
Careless thy grass-grown courts among,
In sky-blue jacket, and trousers laced,
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.
Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin grey,
Than the Squire's verandah over the way ;
And fairer, I ween, The ivy sheen
That thy mouldering turret binds,
Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,
With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,
In many a bygone day,
Of darksome deeds, which of old befell
In thee, thou Ruin grey !

And I the readiest ear would lend,
And stare like frighten'd pig !
While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up on end,
Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—
Now lithe and listen, my little boy Ned !

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,
Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,
In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,
Of a gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence Tobacco and Witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—
For the days were golden then,—
They could not be less, for good Queen Bess

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Had died, aged threescore and ten,
And her days we know, Were all of them so ;
While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore
That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,
Who historical points would unsettle,
Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt
Of the genuine ring of the metal ;
But who can believe to a monarch so wise
People would dare tell a parcel of lies !

—Well, then, in good King James's days,—
Golden or not does not matter a jot,—
Yon Ruin a sort of a roof had got ;
For though, repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking
Since Harry the Eighth sent its people a-packing,
Though joists, and floors, And windows, and doors
Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores
Remain'd, and still propp'd up a ceiling or two,
While the belfry was almost as good as new ;
You are not to suppose matters look'd just so
In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthestmost angle, where
There are still the remains of a winding-stair,
One turret especially high in air

Uprear'd its tall gaunt form ;
As if defying the power of Fate, or
The hand of 'Time the Innovator ;'

And though to the pitiless storm
Its weaker brethren all around
Bow'ing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,
Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,
Like a four-bottle man in a company 'screw'd,'
Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six,—
I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

The month was May, Though I can't well say
At this distance of time the particular day—
But oh! that night, that horrible night!
—Folks ever afterwards said with affright
That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fiery red ;
And if, that evening, he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.
He left behind him a lurid track
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,
Above, beneath, beside, and around,

Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree !
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must
Have been lock'd out of doors, and was blowing the dust
From the pipe of his street-door key.
And then a hollow moaning blast
Came, sounding more dismally still than the last,
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin 'was a citizen ;'
But though of some 'renown,'
Of no great 'credit' in his own,
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,
For ever in the alehouse boozing ;
Or romping,—which is quite as bad,—
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDE.

An assignation with Miss Slade,—
Their trysting-place that same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade become afraid,
And to keep her appointment unwilling,
When she spied the rain on her window-pane
In drops as big as a shilling;
She put off her hat and mantle again,—
'He'll never expect me in all this rain;'

But little he recks of the fears of the sex,
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be,
He had stood there a good half-hour
Ere yet had commenced that perilous shower,
Alone by the trysting-tree!

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last,—loud roar'd the blast,
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;
The tempest grew; and the straggling yew,
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through;
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,
When he spies in the Ruins a twinkling light—
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,
By one, by two, by three:
Two were an old ill-favour'd pair:
But the third was young, and passing fair,
With laughing eyes, and with coal-black hair!
A daintie quean was she!
Rob would have given his ears to sip
But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,
In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,
On each one's knee was a coal-black cat ;
Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—
It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

'Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,
What foot unhallow'd wends this way ?
Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me right,
Who roams the old Ruins this drearysome night ?'

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,
And she spake both loud and clear :
'Oh, be it for weal, or be it for woe,
Enter friend, or enter foe,
Rob Gilpin is welcome here !—

'Now tread we a measure ! a hall ! a hall !
Now tread we a measure,' quoth she—
The heart of Robin Beat thick and throbbing—
'Roving Bob, tread a measure with me !'
'Ay, lassie !' quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,
'Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes !'

Now around they go, and around, and around,
With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,
Such sailing and gliding, Such sinking and sliding,
Such lofty curvetting, And grand pirouetting ;
Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Gilbert
And Miss Taglioni were capering there !

And oh ! such awful music ! ne'er
Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear,
There were the tones of a dying man's groans
Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones :
Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals, and the squeaks,
You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,
Heel to heel, and toe to toe,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,
Toe to toe, and heel to heel.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,
To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough !'

'Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,
Where may we sup this frolicsome night ?'

'Mine host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal !
The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon, and teal,
But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,
A pasty made of the good red deer,
A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,
A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine.'

—'Madge Gray, Madge Gray,
Now tell me, I pray,
Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay ?'

—'There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,
But the Squire is a churl, and his drink is small ;

Mine host of the Dragon Hath many a flagon
Of double ale, lambs' wool, and *eau de vie*,

But Sir Thopas, the Vicar, Hath costlier liquor,—
A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*.

He doth not lack Canary or sack ;
And a good pint stoup of Clary wine
Smacks merrily off with a turkey and chine !'

'Now away ! and away ! without delay,
Hey Cockalorum ! my Broomstick gay !
We must be back ere the dawn of the day :
Hey up the chimney ! away ! away !'—

Old Goody Price Mounts in a trice,
In showing her legs she is not over nice ;

Old Goody Jones, all skin and bones,
Follows 'like winking.'—Away go the crones,
Knees and nose in a line with the toes,
Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows ;

Latest and last The damsel pass'd,
One glance of her coal-black eye she cast ;

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

She laugh'd with glee loud laughters three.
'Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me?'
Oh, never might man unscath'd espy
One single glance from that coal-black eye.
—Away she flew!— Without more ado
Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,
'Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!'

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,
To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;
But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon
In a carriage like that, you're a bit of a 'Spoon,'
For the largest can't fly Above twenty miles high,
And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh;
While no man alive Could ever contrive,
Mr. Green has declared, to get higher than five.
And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,
If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,
Or pass by such action The sphere of attraction,
Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack!
'Tis a thousand to one that you'd never come back;
And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,
Rashly protruding beyond our own atmosphere.

No, no; when I try A trip to the sky,
I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,
Though Messieurs Monck Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly,
All join in saying it travels so easily.

No; there's nothing so good As a pony of wood—
Not like that which, of late, they stuck up on the gate
At the end of the Park, which caused so much debate,
And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,—
But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite—
Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.

—Stay—really I dread— I am losing the thread
Of my tale; and it's time you should be in your bed,
So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned!

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,
And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,
And the stout oak door is heavy and hard;
Moreover, by way of additional guard,
A great big dog runs loose in the yard,
And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,
To keep out aught that savours of ill,—
But, alack! the chimney-pot's open still!
—That great big dog begins to quail,
Between his hind-legs he drops his tail.
Crouch'd on the ground, the terrified hound
Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound;
It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,
As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be;
It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,
But a something between a whine and a howl;
And, hark!—a sound from the window high
Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry:

It is not a moan, It is not a groan:
It comes from a nose,—but is not what a nose
Produces in healthy and sound repose.
Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,
And his respirations are heavy and deep!

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more
As he's aye been accustomed to snore before,
And as men of his kidney are wont to snore;—
(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four;)
He draws his breath like a man distress'd
By pain or grief, or like one oppress'd
By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.

A something seems To disturb his dreams,
And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,
Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near
In still small accents, faint and few,
'Hey down the chimney-pot!—Hey after you!'

Throughout the Vicarage, near and far,
There is no lack of bolt or of bar;

There are plenty of locks To closet and box,

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar!
And the little low-door, through which you must go,
Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,
Is also unfastened, though no one may know,
By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so;

For wicket and door, The evening before,
Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely placed
On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view
In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew!—

Old Goody Price Had got something nice,
A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spice;—

Old Goody Jones Would touch nought that had bones,—
She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.
Goody Jones, in sooth, had got never a tooth,
And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums
Is the dish of all others that suited her gums.

Madge Grey was picking The breast of a chicken,
Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
Was fixed on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;

Grouse pie, with hare In the middle, is fare
Which, duly concocted with science and care,
Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;

And a tenderer leveret Robin had never ate;
So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

'Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!
Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!
Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup
Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!
Here's to thee, Goody Price!—Goody Jones, to thee!—
To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!
Many a sip, never a slip
Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!'

The cups pass quick, The toasts fly thick,
Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But hears the words 'Scratch,' and 'Old Bogey,' and 'Nick,'
More familiar grown, Now he stands up alone,
Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.

'A bumper of wine! Fill thine! Fill mine!
Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!'

Oh then what sneezing, What coughing and wheezing,
Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing.
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,
All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke
Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,
Every soul in the house at that instant awoke!
And, hearing the din from barrel and binn,
Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.
Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit;
Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit;
Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade;
Up jump'd the Scullion,—the Footman,—the Maid;
(The two last, by the way, occasioned some scandal,
By appearing together with only one candle,
Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle;)
Up jump'd the Swineherd,—and up jump'd the big boy,
A nondescript under him, acting as Pig-boy;
Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top
Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,
With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,—
Whip, warming-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.

Last of all doth appear, With some symptoms of fear,
Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,
In a mix'd kind of costume half *Pontificalibus*,
Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*;

Nay, the truth to express, As you'll easily guess,
They have none of them time to attend much to dress;

But He, or She, As the case may be,
He or She seizes what He or She pleases,
Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises,

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,
Muster at once in the Vicarage-hall,
With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,
Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,
When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.
And hark!—what accents clear and strong,
To the listening throng came floating along!
'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—
 ' Very good song! very well sung!
 Jolly companions every one!'

On, on to the cellar! away! away!
On, on to the cellar without more delay!
The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array—
Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,
Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,
When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied
Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide.
And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside!—
'Boot and saddle's the word! mount, Cummers, and ride!—
Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenuous
By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house;
 Quick from the view Away they all flew,
With a yell, and a screech and a halliballoo,
'Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!—
The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy
From Corioli, 'flutter'd like doves' by Macready.

They are gone,—save one, Robin alone!
Robin, whose high state of civilisation
Precludes all idea of aërostation,
 And who now has no notion Of more 'locomotion
Than suffices to kick, with much zeal and devotion,
Right and left at the party, who pounced on their victim,
And mau'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd him,
As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,
And believing it all but a part of the fun
Hic—hiccougging out the same strain he'd begun,
'Jol—jolly companions every one!'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Morning grey Scarce bursts into day
Ere at Tappington Hall there's the deuce to pay :
The tables and chairs are all placed in array
In the old oak-parlour, and in and out
Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,
Are walking, and whispering, and standing about

And the Squire is there In his large arm-chair,
Leaning back with a grave magisterial air ;

In front of a seat a Huge volume, called Fleta,
And Bracton, a tome of an old fashion'd look,
And Coke upon Lyttelton, then a new book ;

And he moistens his lips With occasional sips
From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard
Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,

But because at that day, I hardly need say,
The Hong Merchants had not yet invented How Qua,
Nor as yet would you see Souchong or Bohea
At the tables of persons of any degree :
How our ancestors managed to do without tea
I must fairly confess is a mystery to me ;

Yet your Lydgates and Chaucers Had no cups and saucers ;
Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,
Was a sort of a *déjeuner à la fourchette* ;

Instead of our slops They had cutlets and chops,
And sack-possets, and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots ;
And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and 'schalots.

Now the Squire lifts his hand With an air of command,
And gives them a sign, which they all understand,
To bring in the culprit ; and straightway the carter
And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,
Still kicking, and crying, 'Come,—what are you arter ?'
The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,
'He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer !
And came there, there's very great reason to fear,
With companions,—to say but the least of them,—queer :

Such as Witches, and creatures With horrible features,
And horrible grins, And hook'd noses and chins,
Who'd been playing the deuce with his reverence's binns.'

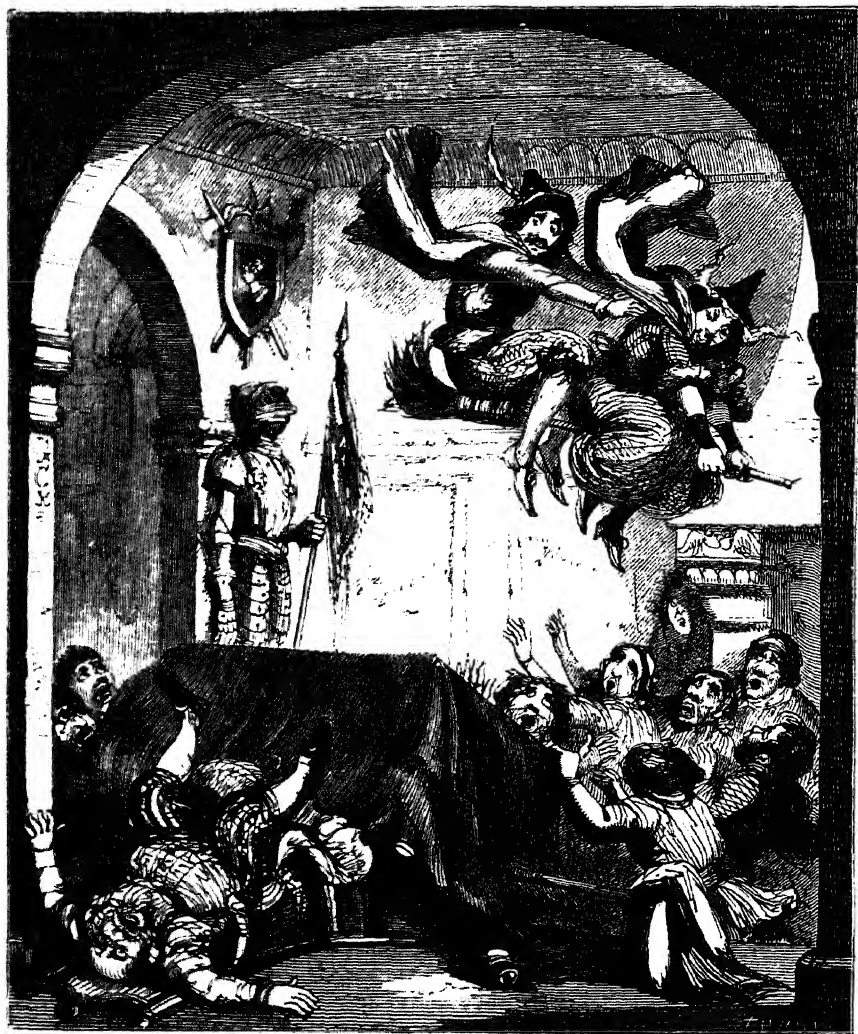
THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,
As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour ;
Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,
Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,

With all proper diction, And due 'legal fiction ;'
Viz. : 'That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,
Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,
With divers, that is to say, two thousand people,
In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,
With force and with arms, And with sorcery and charms,
Upon two thousand brooms ; Enter'd four thousand rooms—
To wit, two thousand pantries, and two thousand cellars.
Put in bodily fear twenty thousand in-dwellers,
And with sundry,—that is to say, two thousand—forks,
Drew divers,—that is to say, ten thousand—corks,
And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throattles
Emptied various,—that is to say, ten thousand—bottles ;
All in breach of the peace,—moved by Satan's malignity—
And in spite of King James, and his Crown, and his Dignity.'

At words so profound Rob gazes around,
But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.
—No glance, did I say? Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—
She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,
And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,
One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear,—
(That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear.)—

While nobody near Seems to see her or hear ;
As his worship takes up and surveys with a strict eye,
The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,
Ere his fingers can clasp, It is snatch'd from his grasp,
The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,
And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,
His worship's upset, and so too is his jorum ;
And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.
'*Hocus Pocus! Quick, Presto! and Hey Cockalorum!*
Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—
—Hey up the chimney-pot! Hey after you!'



Through the mystified group, With a halloo and a whoop,
Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,
The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,
While the party below stand mouth open and stare;
'Clean bumbaized' and amazed, and fix'd, all the room stick,
'Oh! what's gone with Robin,—and Madge,—and the broom-
stick!'

THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

Ay, 'what's gone' indeed, Ned!—of what befell
Madge Gray, and the broomstick, I never heard tell :
But Robin was found, that morn, on the ground,
In yon old grey Ruin again, safe and sound,
Except that at first he complain'd much of thirst,
And a shocking bad headache, of all ills the worst,
And close by his knee A flask you might see,
But an empty one, smelling of *eau-de-vie*.

Rob from this hour is an alter'd man ;
He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can,
Sticks to his trade, Marries Miss Slade,
Becomes a Tee-totaller—that is the same
As Tee-totallers now, one in all but the name ;
Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,
Never drinks spirits except as a medicine ;
Learns to despise Coal-black eyes,
Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys ;
Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies !

Now, my little boy Ned, Brush off to your bed,
Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,
Or these terrible nights, you'll catch cold in your head.
And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,
Which you'll find much the same as what Solomon preaches,
Don't flirt with young ladies! don't practise soft speeches ;
Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-breeches ;—
Frequent not grey Ruins,—shun riot and revelry,
Hocus Pocus, and Conjuring, and all sorts of devilry ;—
Don't meddle with broomsticks,—they're Beelzebub's switches,
Of cellars keep clear,—they're the devil's own ditches ;
And beware of balls, banquettings, brandy, and—witches ! -
Above all! don't run after black eyes!—if you do,—
Depend on it you'll find what I say will come true,—
Old Nick, some fine morning, will 'hey after you !'

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.—HOR.

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says, as he slaps his hand on his knee,
'I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!'

—'But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd:
Such a singer as he You'll nowhere see;
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!'

—'Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!
The "glove won't fit!" The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!'

The Prompter bow'd, and he went to his stall,
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang Fol-de-rol-lol;
But scarce had he done When a 'row' begun,
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.
'Fiddle-de-dee!— —Where is he?
He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see!—
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!— Bid the Manager come!
It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum
For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!—
Deuce a bit! We'll never submit!
Vive Fiddle-de-dee! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!'

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;

But he smooth'd his brow As he well knew how,
And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow,
And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,
In his opera hat, and his opera tights;
'Ladies and gentlemen,' then said he,
'Pray what may you please to want with me!'

'Fiddle-de-dee!— Fiddle-de-dee!'
Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And Shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree,
Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee,
'Fiddle-de-dee!— None but He!—
Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be!—
Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O.P.!'

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
Looks distrest, And he bows his best,
And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,
And he says,—says he, 'We *can't* agree;
His terms are a vast deal too high for me.—
There's the rent, and the rates, and the sesses, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.
If you'll only permit Fal-de-ral-tit——'

The 'Generous Public' cried 'Deuce a bit!
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum— We'll none of us come.
It's "No Go!"—it's "Gammon!"—it's "all a Hum:"—
You're a miserly Jew!— "Cock-a-doodle-do!"
He *don't* ask too much, as you know—so you do—
It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad—
You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!'

Dol-drum the Manager never before
In his lifetime had heard such a wild uproar.
Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee;
But he says—says he, '*Mort de ma vie!*'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

I shall *never* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee !'
Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,
Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights,
In their opera-hats, and their opera tights.
Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes Shook to her very toes,
She couldn't hop on, so hopp'd off on her merry toes.
And the 'evening concluded' with 'Three times three !'
'Hip—hip !—hurrah ! for Fiddle-de-dee !'

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,
Saddest of men, Sat down, and then
Took from his table a Perryan pen,
And he wrote to the 'News,'
How Mac Fuze and Tregooze,
Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews
Of the Tags and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse,
And make Dol-drum agree With Fiddle-de-dee,
Who was not a bit better singer than he.
—Dol-drum declared 'he never could see,
For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,
Who in B flat, or C, Or whatever the key,
Could never at any time get below G,
Should expect a fee the same in degree
As the great Burlybumbo who sings double D.'
Then sliely he added a little N.B.,
'If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me !'

The Manager rings, And the Prompter springs
To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings
A set of those odd-looking envelope things,
Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified) flings
To her right and her left, funny people with wings
Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings ;
And a taper and wax, And small Queen's heads in packs,
Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

Dol-drum the Manager seal'd with care
The letter and copies he'd written so fair,
And sat himself down with a satisfied air;
Without delay He sent them away,
In time to appear in 'our columns' next day!

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air,
And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.
There was Mac Fuse, And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,
And cry 'Cock-a-doodle,' and scream, and squall
'Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!— Bid the Manager come!'
You'd have thought from the tones Of their hisses and groans
They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones,
And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,
'Pray what may you please to want with me?'
'Fiddle-de-dee!— Fiddle-de-dee!—
We'll have nobody give us *sol fu* but He!
For he's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see.'

—Manager Dol-drum says—says he—
(And he looks like an owl in 'a hollow beech tree')
'Well, since I see The thing must be,
I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee!'
Then Mac Fuse, and Tregooze, And Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
Desist from their shrill 'Cock-a-doodle-does!'
'*Vive* Fiddle-de-dee! Dol-drum and He!
They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!
And so's Burlybumbo, who sings double D!
And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and 'see!

So, after all This terrible squall,
Fiddle-de-dee 's at the top of the tree,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small !
Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear
At I can't tell you how many thousands a-year,
And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered 'Small Beer ;'
And Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes Sports her merry toes,
Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,
In what the folks call a 'Lithuanian' in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three ;
And bless the Queen—and long live She !
And grant that there never again may be
Such a halliballoo as we've happen'd to see
About nothing on earth but 'Fiddle-de-dee !'



THE AUTO-DA-FÉ. (17)

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

WITH a moody air, from morn till noon,
King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon ;
From morn till eve
He does nothing but grieve ;
Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,
And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
And he frowns and he looks I can't tell you how ;
And the Spanish Grandees, In their degrees,
Are whispering about in twos and in threes,
And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,
With their very long whiskers, and longer Toledos.
Don Gaspar, Don Gusman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso
In making inquiries Of grave Don Ramirez,
The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so ;

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions
Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions ;
But grave Don Ramirez In guessing no nigher is
Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries ;
When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his
Majesty beckons, with stately civility, .

To Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez,
Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
A lineal descendant from King Pharaoh Neco,
Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,
With whom e'en the King himself quite as a 'pal' goes.

'Don Lewis,' says he, 'Just listen to me ;
And you, Count Pacheco,—I think that we three,
On matters of state, for the most part agree,—

Now you both of you know That some six years ago,
Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,
At the altar I took, like my forbears of old,

The Peninsula's paragon, Fair Blanche of Aragon,
For better, for worse, and to have and to hold—

And you're fully aware, When the matter took air,
How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,
Cried '*Viva !*' and rung all the bells in the steeple,

And all that sort of thing The mob do when a King
Brings a Queen-Consort home for the good of his people.

Well !—six years and a day Have flitted away
Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say—
In fact it's the principal cause of my pain—
I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain !—

Now I want to ask you, Cavaliers true,
And Councillors sage—what the deuce shall I do ?—
The State—don't you see ?—hey ?—an heir to the throne—
Every monarch, you know, should have one of his own—
Disputed succession—hey ?—terrible Go !—
Hum !—hey ?—Old fellows—you see !—don't you know ?'

Now Reader, dear, If you've ever been near
Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,
And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,
And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,
Ask him to clear Off, for furnish'd good cheer,
Bills, they say, 'have been standing for more than a year ;'
And the tailor and shoemaker also appear

With their 'little account' Of 'trifling amount,'
For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear
Which to name in society's thought rather queer,—
While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,
And a kind of a sneer, says, 'We've no effects here !'

—Or if ever you've seen An Alderman, keen

After turtle, peep into a silver tureen,
In search of the fat call'd *par excellence* 'green,'
When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean !—
—Or if ever you've witness'd the face of a sailor
Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poetic 'Boreas,' that 'blustering railer,'
To find that his wife, when he hastens to 'hail' her,
Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor—
If one of these cases you've ever survey'd,

You'll, without my aid, To yourself have pourtray'd
The beautiful mystification display'd,
And the puzzled expression of manner and air
Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare
Their opinions as Councillors, several and joint,
On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis Condé d'Aranjuez

At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,
And look'd at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—
Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,
Cough'd, hemm'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise :

'My Liege !—unaccustom'd as I am to speaking
In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in—
I feel I should be—quite unworthy the name
Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

Were there not in my breast What—can't be exprest,—
And can therefore,—your Majesty,—only be guess'd—
—What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns
To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's,—
And on that of your Majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—
It's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life!
But as to the point—on a subject so nice
It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,

Especially, too, When one don't clearly view
The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do :
My decided opinion, however, is this,
And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,

If, with all that fine tact Both to think and to act,
In which all know your Majesty so much excels—
You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else !'

Here the noble Grandee Made that sort of congée,
Which, as Hill used to say, 'I once *happen'd to see*'
The great Indian conjuror, Ramo Samee,
Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.

Then the Count de Pacheco, Whose turn 'twas to speak, o
-mitting all preface, exclaim'd with devotion,
'Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion !'

Now a Monarch of Spain Of course could not deign
To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain
Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again ;
So he merely observ'd, with an air of disdain,
'Well, Gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
Of advising your sovereign—pray whom shall I ask ?'

Each felt the rub And in Spain not a Sub,
Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,

So the noses of these Castilian Grantees
Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,
Till the under-lip's almost becoming the upper,
Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper,

Their right hands rest On the left side the breast,
While the hilts of their swords, by their left hands deprest,
Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind,

Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined,
And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise
The disgust he experiences, gravely replies,
'Sire, ask the Archbishop—his grace of Toledo!—
He understands these things much better than we do!'

—*Pauca Verba!*—enough, Each turns off in a huff,
This twirling his mustache, that fingering his ruff,
Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,
With a moody brow, and he looks like a 'Spoon,'
And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,
Have a spoony appearance, of course, like the King,
All of them eyeing King Ferdinand
As he goes up and down, with his watch in his hand,
Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—
'What is it can make the Archbishop so slow?'
Hark!—at last there's a sound in the courtyard below,
Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row.—
I would say the 'Guards,' for in Spain they're in chief eaters
Of *omelettes* and garlick, and can't be call'd Beefeaters;

In fact, of the few Individuals I knew
Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,
There has scarce been a person who did not complain
Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,
And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a
Vile compound they have that's called *Olla podrida*.
(This, by-the-bye, 's a mere rhyme to the eye,
For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,
And they've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.
In Castille, for instance, it's given through the teeth,
And what we call *Madrid* they sound more like *Madreeth*,)
Of course you will see in a moment they've no men
That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;
So call them 'Walloon,' or whatever you please,
By their rattles and slaps they're not 'standing at ease,'

But, beyond all disputing, Engaged in saluting,
Some very great person among the Grandees;—

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

Here a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares,
'His Grace the Archbishop's a-coming up stairs!'

The most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo

Was just at this time, as he Now held the Primacy,
(Always attached to the See of Toledo,)

A man of great worship *officii virtute*

Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,

Well skill'd to combine Civil law with divine ;

As a statesman, inferior to none in that line ;

As an orator, too, He was equall'd by few ;

Uniting, in short, in tongue, head-piece, and pen,

The very great powers of three very great men,

Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more

To the Travellers' Club-House !—Charles Phillips—and Phillimore,

Not only at Home But even at Rome

There was not a Prelate among them could cope

With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.

(The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat, or he
'd long since been Cardinal, Legate *à latere*,

A dignity fairly his due, without flattery,

So much he excited among all beholders

Their marvel to see At his age—thirty-three—

Such a very old head on such very young shoulders,)

No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,

Should send for so sage an adviser express,

Who, you'll readily guess, Could not do less

Than start off at once, without stopping to dress,

In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess,

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way—

Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,

Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay—

Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,

As a dignified clergyman always knows how,

Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow ;

For in Spain, recollect, As a mark of respect

To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite

As a matter of option, and not one of right ;

A thing not conceded by *our* Royal Masters,
 Who always make noblemen take off their 'castors,'
 Except the heirs male Of John Lord Kinsale,
 A stalwart old Baron, who acting as Henchman
 To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman ;
 A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,
 Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his 'tile' on ;
 And all his successors have kept the same privilege
 Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,
 And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,
 'My lord,' said the King, 'here's a rather tough job,
 Which it seems, of a sort is, To puzzle our *Cortes*,
 And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I
 Look to your Grace with no little anxiety

Concerning a point Which has quite out of joint
 Put us all with respect to the good of society :—

Your Grace is aware That we have not got an Heir ;
 Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare
 That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one
 Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one ;
 So put your considering cap on—we're curious
 To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias.'

One without the nice tact Of his Grace would have backt
 Out at once, as the Noblemen did,—and, in fact
 He was, at the first, rather pozed how to act—

One moment—no more !— Bowing then as before,
 He said, 'Sire, 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint
 The "Most Catholic King" in the world that a Saint

Is the usual resource In these cases,—of course
 Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force ;
 If I may be, therefore, allowed to suggest
 The plan which occurs to my mind as the best.

Your Majesty may go At once to St. Jago,
 Whom, as Spain's patron Saint, I pick out from the rest :

If your Majesty looks Into Guthrie, or Brooks,
 In all the approved Geographical books

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off; and, perhaps,
In a case so important you may not decline
A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine;

And, Sire, should you choose To put peas in your shoes,
The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse
So distinguish'd a Pilgrim, especially when he
Considers the boon will not cost him one penny!

His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre
As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter,

'Pooh! pooh!' says the King, 'I shall do no such thing!
It's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—
The peas set apart, I abominate walking—
Such a deuced way off too—hey?—walk there—what me?
Pooh!—It's no Go, Old fellow!—you know—don't you see?'

'Well, Sire,' with much sweetness the Prelate replied,
'If your Majesty don't like to walk—you can ride!

And then, if you please, In lieu of the peas,
A small portion of horse-hair, cut fine, we'll insert,
As a substitute under your Majesty's shirt;
Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,—
A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,—
Assafoetida mix'd with your *bouquet* and civet,
I'll warrant you'll find yourself right as a trivet!

'Pooh! pooh! I tell you,'

Quoth the King, 'It won't do!'—

A cold perspiration began to bedew

His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,
When Jozé de Humez, the King's privy-purse-keeper,
(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper)
Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,
'Sire, your Majesty *can't* go—'twould take a long while,
And you won't post it under two SHILLINGS A MILE!!

Twenty-seven pounds ten To get there—and then
Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!
Sire, the *tottle's* enormous—you ought to be King

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling
Such a vast sum away upon any such thing !'

At this second rebuff The Archbishop look'd gruff,
And his eye glanc'd on Humez as if he'd say 'Stuff !'
But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,
He chang'd his demeanour, and grew smooth enough ;
Then taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,
As a help to reflection, gave vent to a 'Hum !'
'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
That expression which says, 'Come, I've got it at last !'

'There's one plan,' he resumed, 'which with all due respect to
Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to—
—Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to
Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two?—

Of all cookeries, most The Saints love a roast !
And a Jew's of all others the best dish to toast ;
And then for a Cook We have not far to look—
Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,
Luckily now at your Court is a visitor ;
Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier
Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his *métier*.

Besides Alguazils Who still follow his heels,
He has always Familiars enough at his beck at home,
To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb !
And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific !'

Says the King, 'That'll do ! Pooh ! pooh !—burn a Jew ?
Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two—

Your Grace, it's a match ! Burn all you can catch,
Men, women, and children—Pooh ! pooh !—great and small—
Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh !—burn them all !

For once we'll be gay, A Grand *Auto-da-fê*
Is much better fun than a ball or a play !'
So the warrant was made out without more delay,
Drawn, seal'd, and delivered, and

(Signed) YO EL RE !

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

CANTO II.

THERE is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself and to humbug its neighbours—
'Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,'

Said Louis Quatorze, 'As this Paris of ours!'
—Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, 'By the Pow'rs,
Ould Ireland's on all hands admitted to be
The first flow'r of the earth, and first *Gim* of the sea!'
—Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles, 'Daddy,'—

Did not scruple to 'say To Freedom one day,'
That if ever he chang'd his aquatics for dry land,
His home should be Mr. B.'s 'Tight little Island.'—

He adds, too, that he, The said Mr. B.,
Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three;
That, with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—
—In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter;

There each Lazzarone Will cry to his crony,
'See Naples, then die! and the sooner the better!'
The Portuguese say, as a well understood thing,
'Who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a good thing!'
While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,
'QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA!'
'He who ne'er has viewed Seville has ne'er view'd a Wonder!'
And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river, The famed Guadalquivir,
Where many a knight's had cold steel through his liver,
The prospect *is* grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*
Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,
With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score
Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more,
As our Irish friends have it, are there 'to the fore!'

Then the old Alcazar, More ancient by far,
As some say, while some call it one of the palaces
Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,

With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,
Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,
Saracenic and rich ; And more buildings 'the which,'
As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,
Says, 'You'd be bored should I now recapitulate ;' (18)

In brief, then, the view Is so fine and so new,
It would make you exclaim, 'twould so forcibly strike ye,
If a Frenchman, '*Superbe* !'—if an Englishman, 'Crikey !'

Yes ! thou art 'WONDERFUL !'—but oh,
'Tis sad to think, 'mid scenes so bright
As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,
And shrieks of pain and wild affright,
And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,
And blood, and death should mingle there !

Yes ! thou art 'WONDERFUL !'—the flames
That on thy towers reflected shine,
While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,
Descendants of a mighty line,
With cold unalter'd looks are by
To gaze, with an unpitying eye,
On wretches in their agony.

All speak thee 'WONDERFUL'—the phrase
Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,
Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—
The hot blood parch'd in *living* veins,—
The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
Wrung out by that remorseless bell.—
Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—
All Seville,—all too truly tell
Thou *art* a 'MARVEL'—and a Hell !
God !—that the worm whom thou hast made
Should thus his brother worm invade !
Count deeds like these good service done,
And deem THINE eye looks smiling on !!

Yet there at his ease, with his old Court around him,
King Ferdinand sits 'in his GLORY'—confound him!—

Leaning back in his chair, With a satisfied air,
And enjoying the bother, the smoke and the smother,
With one knee cocked carelessly over the other ;

His pouncet-box goes To and fro at his nose,
As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes,
And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,
That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic ;

There, too, fair Ladies From Xeres, and Cadiz,
Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,
In splendid lace veils and becoming mantillas ;
Elviras, Antonias, and Claras and Floras,
And dark-eyed Jacinthas and soft Isidoras,
Are crowding the 'boxes,' and looking on coolly as
Though 'twas but one of their common *tertulias*,
Partaking, as usual, of wafer and ices,

Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
And chocolate,—furnished at coffee-house prices ;

While many a suitor, And gay coadjutor
In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter ;
One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor
From travel in England, is tempting his '*future*'
With a luxury neat as imported, 'The Pewter,'
And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses
With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and *soupçon* of 'Guinness's ;'
While another, from Paris but newly come back,
Hints 'the least taste in life' of the best cogniac.

Such ogling and eyeing, In short, and such sighing,
And such complimenting (one must not say l——g),
Of smart Cavaliers with each other still vying

Mix'd up with the crying, And groans of the dying,
All hissing, and spitting, and broiling, and frying,
Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying
To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,
I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle,
Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.
It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a
More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting domestic and foreign necks all over Christendom ;

Morescoes or Jews, Not a penny to choose,
If a dog of a heretic dare to refuse
A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,
The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,
That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin.

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation,
And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,

Muggletonian or Quaker, Or Jumper or Shaker,
No matter with whom in opinion partaker,
George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,
They'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir ;
If a woman, it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he
Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,

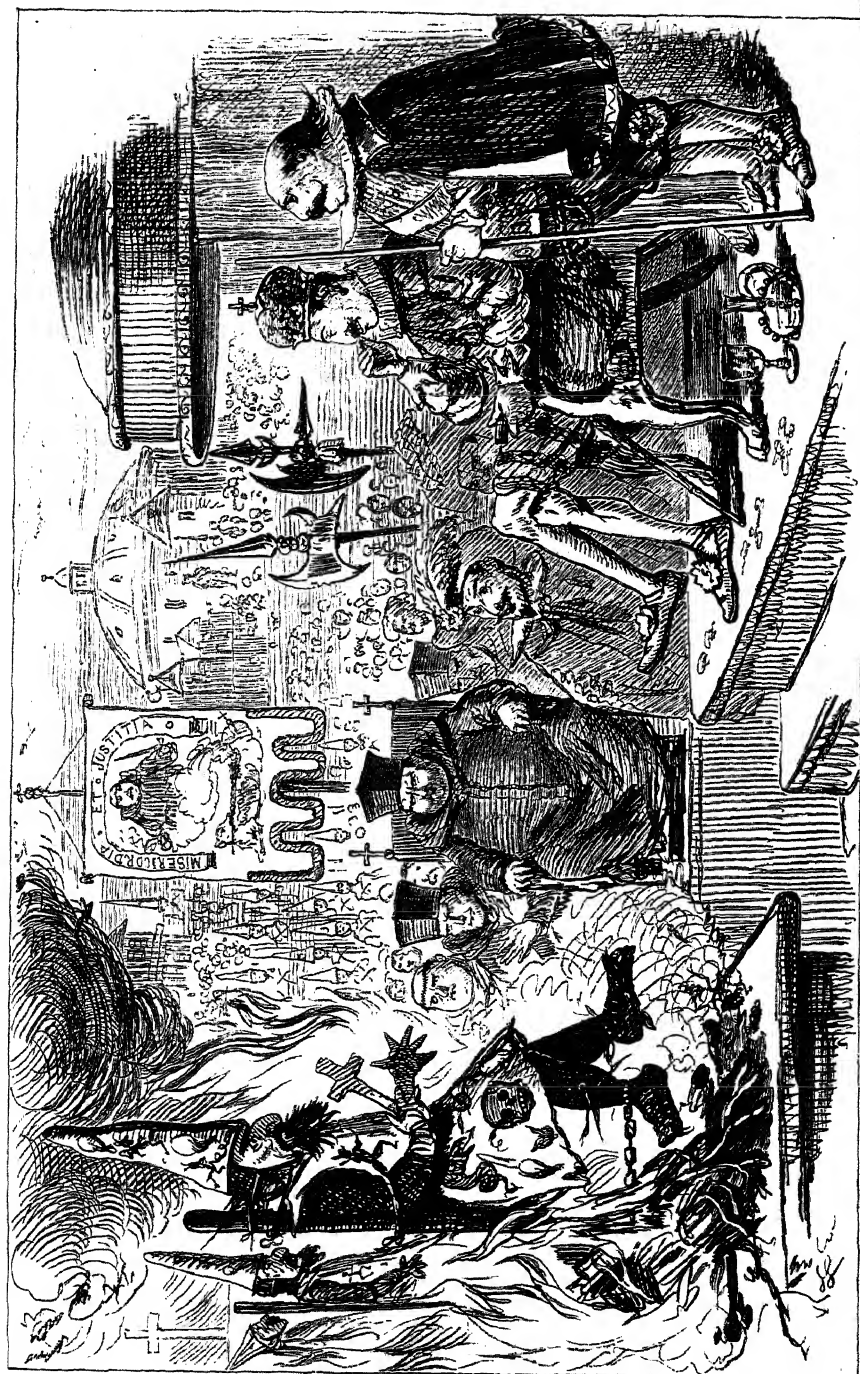
By the Pope, but he'd make her ! From error awake her,
Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her !

No one, in short, ever came half so near, as he
Did, to the full extirpation of heresy ;
And if, in the times of which now I am treating,
There had been such a thing as a 'Manchester Meeting,'
'Pretty pork' he'd have made 'Moderator' and 'Minister,'
Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre :—
Pye Smith, and the rest of them once in his bonfire, hence-
forth you'd have heard little more of the 'CONFERENCE.'

And—there on the opposite side of the ring,
He, too, sits 'in his GLORY,' confronting the King,
With his cast-iron countenance frowning austere-ly
That matched with his *en bon point* body but queerly ;
For, though grim his visage, his person was pury,

Belying the rumour Of fat folks' good-humour.
Above waves his banner of 'Justice and Mercy,'
Below and around stand a terrible band ad-
ding much to the scene,—*Vis.* The 'Holy *Hermandad*,'
That's 'Brotherhood,'—each looking grave as a Grand-dad.

Within the arena Before them is seen a
Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress'd in a garment
Not 'dandified' clearly, as certainly 'varment,'



THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick
With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK ;

And a cap of the same, All devils and flame,
Extinguisher-shaped, much like Salisbury Spire,
Except that the latter's of course somewhat higher ;

A long yellow pin-a-fore Hangs down each chin afore,
On which, ere the wearer had donn'd it, a man drew
The Scotch badge, a *Saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew ;
Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss
To guess why they should choose that particular cross,

Or to make clear to you What the Scotch had to do
At all with the business in hand,—though it's true
That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,
Viz. yellow, in juxta-position with *blue*,
(A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
As to what their tormentors were going to do,
Might make people fancy, who no better knew,
They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's Review ;

Especially too As it's certain that few
Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier
Than to catch hold of *it*, or its *Chef*, Macvey Napier.—
No matter for that—my description to crown,
All the flames and the devils were turn'd upside down
On this habit, facetiously term'd *San Benito*,

Much like the dress suit Of some nondescript brute
From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.

And thrice happy they, Dress'd out in this way
To appear with *éclat* at the *Auto-da-Fé*,
Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to
Of devils tail upward, and '*Fuego revoltó*,'

For, only see there, In the midst of the Square,
Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air,
Sit, chained to the stake, some two, three, or four pair
Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair,
Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,
Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a
Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a *Samarra*,

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

With three times the number of devils upon it,—
A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet,
With this further distinction—of mischief a proof—
That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!

While the pictured flames, spread Over body and head,
Are three times as crooked, and three times as red!
All, too, pointing upwards, as much as to say,
'Here's the real *bonne bouche* of the Auto-da-fé!'

Torquemada, meanwhile, With his cold, cruel smile,
Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,
As his hooded 'Familiars' (their names, as some tell, come
From their being so much more 'familiar' than 'welcome,')

Have, by this time, begun To be 'poking their fun,'
And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies

Of lilies and roses, Up to the noses
Of Lazarus Levi, and Money Ben Moses;
While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans
From Aby Ben Lasco, and Ikey Ben Solomons,
Whose beards,—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—
Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle;
The King, at the same time, his Dons and his visitors,
Sit, sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors,——

Enough!—no more!— Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er!
The tragedy's done! and we now draw a veil
O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail;
The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,
The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket!
The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,
King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,

With a pleasing emotion Produced by the notion
Of having exhibited so much devotion,
All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted
At having seen so many '*Smouches*' ignited:—

All, save Privy-purse Humez, Who scolded in his room is,
And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-backed chair,
Is puzzling to find out how much the 'affair'
(By deep calculations, the which I can't follow,) cost,—
The *tottle*, in short, of the *whole* of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,
That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,
In describing the scene Through which we've just been,
I've not said one syllable as to the Queen ;
Especially, too, as her Majesty's 'Whereabouts,'
All things considered, might well be thought thereabouts ;
The fact was, however, although little known
Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,
And suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone,
Might fail in securing this 'Heir to the throne,'

Had made up her mind, Although well inclined
Towards *gulas* and shows of no matter what kind,

For once to retire, And bribe the Saints higher
Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—
A sight, after all, she did not much admire ;

So she locked herself up, Without platter or cup,
In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,
Not so much as her matin-draught (our 'early purll'),
Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,
Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,
But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,
And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,
And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,
Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,
Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's, and Handel's.

And many a *Pater*, and *Ave*, and *Credo*
Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,
(The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo),
Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning ;

Shut up, as they were, With nobody there
To at all interfere with so pious a pair ;
And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,
If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.
Nay, it's not quite clear to me but their very ability

Might, Spain throughout, Have been brought into doubt,
Had the Royal bed still remain'd cursed with sterility ;
St. Jago, however, who always is jealous

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,
And who, if he saw Anything like a flaw
In Spain's welfare, would soon sing 'Old Rose, burn the bellows !'
Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows :

By his interference, Three-fourths of a year hence,
'There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing,
Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a ringing,

In both the Castilles, Triple-bob-major peals,
Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,
Seguidillas, Fandangos, While ev'ry gun bang goes ;
And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,
Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,
(Save Moore's 'Blakes and O'Donnells,' who stick to the whisky:)

All the day long The dance and the song
Continue the general joy to prolong ;
And even long after the close of the day
You can hear little else but 'Hip ! hip ! hurray !'
The Escorial, however, is not quite so gay,
For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard
The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—
Or whether his head, from his not being used
To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—
Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,
Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,

I am sure I can't say ; All I know is, that day
There must have been *some* mistake !—that, I'm afraid, is

Only too clear, Inasmuch as the dear
Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little LADIES !

MORAL.

Reader !—Not knowing what your 'persuasion' may be,
Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee,
Take a little advice which may serve for all three !

First—'When you're at *Rome*, do as *Rome* does !' and note all her
Ways—drink what She drinks ! and don't turn Tee-totaller !

In Spain, *raison de plus*, You must do as they do,
Inasmuch as they're all there 'at sixes and sevens,'

Just, as you know, They were some years ago,
In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans ;
Don't be nice then—but take what they've got in their shops,
Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops !

Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers !—their colours and shapes
Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes !

For myself, I confess I've but small taste in dress,
My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less—
But some friends I've consulted,—much given to watch one's

Apparel—do say It's by far the best way,
And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch ones !

I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
But copy my betters, and never begin
Until, like Sir Robert, 'I'm duly CALLED IN !'



NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood ;
'Then,' said he, 'you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good !'

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
'Oh ! how kind of Uncle John !'

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
'See what comes of being good !'

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play ;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt !

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb :
—She exclaimed, with fond affection,
' Gracious Goodness ! look at *him* !'—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
—'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
' Oh ! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess ?'—

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony hearted—
' Little rascal ! *sarve* him right !'

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember ; thus they said—
' Little Boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed !'



THE CYNOTAPH. (19)

Poor Tray charmant !
 Poor Tray de mon Ami !
 Dog-bury and Vergers.

OH! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,
 Now his fleeting breath has passed away?—
 Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
 Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,
 Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
 As though every one of his months was May,
 And the whole of his life one long holiday—
 Now he 's a lifeless lump of clay,
 Oh! where shall I bury my faithful Tray?
 I am almost tempted to think it hard

THE CYNOTAPH.

That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,
Where the green willows wave O'er the peaceful grave,
Which holds all that once was honest and brave,
Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true;
Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.
But it may not be—yon sacred ground
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallow'd bound
Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,
Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane
Throws on the pavement a crimson stain;
Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing
O'er the pinnaced tomb of the Warrior King,
With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.

No!—come what may, My gentle Tray
Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,
Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder

Whom you see on their backs, In stone or in wax,
Though the Sacristans now are 'forbidden to ax'
For what Mr. Hume calls 'a scandalous tax';
While the Chartists insist they've a right to go snacks.—
No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.

Besides, in the place, They say there 's not space
To bury what wet-nurses call 'a Babby.'
Even 'Rare Ben Jonson,' that famous wight,
I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,
In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

The epitaph, too, Would scarcely do:
For what could it say, but, 'Here lies Tray,
A very good kind of a dog in his day?'
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it
Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No! no!—The Abbey may do very well
For a feudal 'Nob,' or poetical 'Swell,'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

'Crusaders,' or 'Poets,' or 'Knights of St. John,'
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
To the **Castle of Good Lord Eglintonne.**

Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
'Sir Craven,' 'Sir Gael,' and 'Sir Campbell of Saddell,'
(Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
'Was somehow knock'd out of his family-seat :')
The Esquires of the body To my Lord Tomnoddy ;
'Sir Fairlie,' 'Sir Lamb,'
And the 'Knight of the Ram,'
The 'Knight of the Rose,' and the 'Knight of the Dragon,'
Who, save at the flagon, And prog in the wagon,
The newspapers tell us did little 'to brag on ;'
And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,
'Sir Hopkins,' 'Sir Popkins,' 'Sir Gage,' and 'Sir Jerningham.'
All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—
—(Pray 'be so good, for the sake of my song,
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long ;
Or some hyper-c-ic will certainly cry,
'The word "Chivalry" is but a "rhyme to the eye."')

And I own it is clear A fastidious ear
Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you in-
sert any rhyme that 's not perfectly genuine.

As to pleasing the 'eye,' 'Tisn't worth while to try,
Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit 'Spinach'
Is perfectly antiphonetic to 'Greenwich.'—
But stay!—I say! Let me pause while I may—
This digression is leading me sadly astray
From my object—A grave for my poor dog Tray!

I would not place him beneath thy walls,
And proud o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's !
Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,
As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;
And, talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his,
'*Circumspecte, si Monumentum requiris ;*'

THE CYNOTAPH.

Which an erudite Verger translated to me,
'If you ask for his monument, *Sir-come-spy-see!*'—



No!—I should not know where To place him there ;
I would not have him by surly Johnson be ;—
Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby ;—
Or those ugly minxes The sister Sphynxes,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Mix'd creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,
(Denon says,) the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo* ;
On one of the backs of which singular jumble,
Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,
With a thump which alone were enough to dispatch him,
If the Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No! I'd not have him there,—nor nearer the door,
Where the man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore, ^(so)
And are quietly letting him down through the floor,
By Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,

Alone from the row ;— Neither he, nor Lord Howe
Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.
No, Tray, we must yield, And go further a-field ;
To lay you by Nelson were downright effront'ry ;—
—We'll be off from the City, and look at the country.

It shall not be there, In that sepulchred square,
Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air,
(Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse
To Tray what they grant to Thuggs, and Hindoos,
Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and Jews,)

Where the tombstones are placed In the very *best taste*,
At the feet and the head Of the elegant Dead,
And no one's received who's not 'buried in lead :'
For, there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,
Whom the widow's tears, and the orphan's groans,
Affected as much as they do the stones
His executors laid on the Deputy's bones ;

Little rest, poor knave! Would Tray have in his grave ;
Since Spirits, 'tis plain, Are sent back again,
To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in pain,—
Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack-chain ;
Whenever they met, alarm'd by its groans, his
Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid By that cross Old Maid,
Miss Penelope Bird,—of whom it is said
All the dogs in the parish were ever afraid.

THE CYNOTAPH.

He must not be placed By one so strait-laced
In her temper, her taste, her morals, and waist.
For, 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and St. Peter,
Who happened to meet her, Came forward to greet her,
She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,
And bade him 'Get out for a horrid Male Creature!'



So, the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,
Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,
And not being willing,—or able,—to beat her,
Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,
With an epithet which I decline to repeat here.

No,—if Tray were interr'd By Penelope Bird,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

No dog would be e'er so be-'whelp''d and be-'cur' r'd—
All the night long her cantankerous Sprite
Would be running about in the pale moon-light,
Chasing him round, and attempting to lick
The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

Stay!—let me see!— Ay—here it shall be
At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,
Where Tray and I Would often lie,
And watch the bright clouds as they floated by
In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,
When the sun was bidding the world good-bye ;
And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,
Pour'd forth her mournful melody ;
While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry
Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,
'How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!'

Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view
Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.

Simple and few, Tender and true
The lines o'er his grave.—They have, some of them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.

EPITAPH.

Affliction sore
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain!—
Grown blind, alas! he'd
Some Prussic Acid,
And that put him out of his pain.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousquetaire,
The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair;
He'd a mien so *distingué*, and so *débonnaire*,
And shrugg'd with a grace so *recherché* and rare,
And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,
—His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—
And, in short, show'd so much of the true *savoir faire*,
All the ladies in Paris were wont to declare,
That could any one draw Them from Dian's strict law,
Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a 'Fox Paw,'
It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say, At that time of day,
The Court of Versailles was a little too gay;
The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,
To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,
Lafitte, Chateau Margaux, And Sillery (a cargo
On which John Bull sensibly (!) lays an embargo),
While Louis Quatorze Kept about him, in scores,
What the Noblesse, in courtesy, term'd his 'Jane Shores,'
—They were called by a much coarser name out of doors.—
This, we all must admit, in A King's not befitting!
For such courses, when followed by persons of quality,
Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,
Dress'd, drank, and fought, and *chassée'd* with the best of them;
Took his *œil de perdrix* Till he scarcely could see,
He would then sally out in the streets for a 'spree';
His rapier he'd draw, Pink a *Bourgeois*,
(A word which the English translate 'Johnny Raw,')
For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,

Thinks it prime fun to astonish a citizen ;
And perhaps it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,
In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,
Defines 'an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,'
Should be merely considered as 'Little Escapes,'

But I'm sorry to add, Things are almost as bad
A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks
Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,
Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

Be this as it will, In the general, still,
Though blame him we must, It is really but just
To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,
To say, that howe'er Well known his faults were,
At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,
And, when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square,
So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he
Lost large sums at faro (a game like 'Blind Hookey'),

And continued to lose, And to give I. O. U.'s,
Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews ;
And, a parallel if I may venture to draw
Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,
And his namesake, a still more distinguished François,

Who wrote to his '*sœur*'⁽²¹⁾ From Pavia, '*Mon Cœur*,
I have lost all I had in the world *for* *l'honneur*,'

So St. Foix might have wrote No dissimilar note,
'*Vive la bagatelle !—toujours gai—idem semper—*
I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper !'

From the very beginning, Indeed, of his sinning,
His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,
That once he prevailed—or his friends coin the tale for him—
On the bailiff who 'nabbed' him, himself to 'go bail' for him.

Well—we know in these cases Your 'Crabs' and 'Deuce Aces'
Are wont to promote frequent changes of places ;
Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare
That there's nothing so good as the pure 'country air,'
Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in
An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing ;

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,
François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done? It's clear as the sun,
That, though nothing's more easy than say 'Cut and run!'—
Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—

E'en I or you, If we'd nothing to do,
Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies What's so plain to all eyes,
It won't, I am sure, create any surprise
That reflections like these half reduced to despair
François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

Patience par force! He considered, of course,
But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—
Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? They would each of them do,
There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he
Could hope to get on *sans l'argent*—i. e. money.
Love?—no;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.
Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to 'the Pewter.'—

Then Law?—'tis the same; It's a very fine game,
But the fees and delays of 'the Courts' are a shame,
As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,
Though the TIMES made it clear he was perfectly lost in his
Classic attempt at translating Demosthenes,

And don't know his 'particles.'— Who wrote the articles,
Shewing his Greek up so, is not known very well;
Many thought Barnes, others Mitchell—some Merivale;

But it's scarce worth debate, Because from the date
Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,
Viz. 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix!

Loo?—no;—that he had tried; 'Twas, in fact, his weak side,
But required more than any a purse well supplied.

'Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No! 'tis all the same story.
Stay! I have it—*Ma foi!* (that's 'Odd's Bobs!') there is GLORY!

Away with dull care! *Vive le Roi! Vive la Guerre!*
Peste! I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire!

When a man is like me, *Sans six sous, sans souci,*
A bankrupt in purse, And in character worse,
With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at Zero,

What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero?

What a famous thought this is! I'll go as Ulysses
Of old did—like him I'll see manners and know countries;⁽²²⁾
Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low Countries.'

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs,
And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then That Field-Marshal Turenne
Was a good deal in want of 'some active young men,'

To fill up the gaps Which through sundry mishaps,
Had been made in his ranks by a certain 'Great Condé,'
A General unrivall'd—at least in his own day—

Whose valour was such, That he did not care much
If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or Dutch,—
A fact which has stamped him a rather 'Cool hand,'
Being nearly related to *Louis le Grand*.

It had been all the same had that King been his brother;
He fought sometimes with one, and sometimes with another;

For war, so exciting, He took such delight in,
He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting.
And, as I've just said, had amused himself then
By tickling the tail of Field-Marshal Turenne;
Since which, the Field-Marshal's most pressing concern
Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is!—not one of those
Which one saw at the late Mr. Andrew Ducrow's,
Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,
Would a dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,

Taking great care their blows Did not injure their foes,
And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes,
Which were varied, to give more effect to '*Tableaux*,'

While Stickney the Great Flung the gauntlet to Fate,
And made us all tremble, so gallantly did he come
On to encounter bold General Widdicombe—
But a real, good fight, like Pultowa, or Lützen,
(Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in,)
Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,
Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,

Where 'the sun was low,' The ground all over snow,
And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—
Till its colour was altered by General Moreau :
While the big drum was heard in the dead of the night,
Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,
And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.

'Twas in just such another one, (Names only bother one—
Dutch ones indeed are sufficient to smother one—)
In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—

Suffice it that there *La Fortune de guerre*
Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.
One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,
After making some scores of his foes 'bite the dust,'
Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust ;
And though, as the Bard says, 'No law is more just
Than for *Necis artifices*,'—so they call'd fiery
Soldados at Rome,—'*arte sua perire*,'

Yet Fate did not draw This poetical law
To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.
His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,
And diverted the shot From some deadlier spot
To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's
Call'd by Professional men the '*os femoris* ;'
And the ball being one of those named from its shape,
And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,
St. Foix went down, With a groan and a frown,
And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—
—Stagger'd a bit By this 'palpable hit,'
He turn'd on his face, and went off in a fit !

Yes ! a Battle's a very fine thing while you're fighting,
These same Ups-and-Downs are so very exciting.

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field
To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,
Where those, who scorned to fly or yield,
In one promiscuous carnage lie ;
When the cannon's roar Is heard no more,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away,
And the victor comes for a last survey
Of the well-fought field of yesterday!

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—
No proud exulting look is there,—
His eagle glance is humbled now,
As, earth-ward bent, in anxious care
It seeks the form whose stalwart pride
But yester-morn was by his side!

And there it lies!—on yonder bank
Of corses, which themselves had breath
But yester-morn—now cold and dank,
With other dews than those of death!
Powerless as it had ne'er been born
The hand that clasp'd his—yester-morn!

And there are widows wand'ring there,
That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,
And listen in their dumb despair
For sounds they ne'er may hear again!
One word, however faint and low,—
Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now!

And this is Glory!—Fame!—But, pshaw;
Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental;
Besides, such things *we* never saw;
In fact, they're merely Continental.
And then your Ladyship forgets
Some widows came for epaulettes.

So go back to your canter; for one, I declare,
Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,
A beetle-brow'd hag, With a knife and a bag,
And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses
The ginger complexion, and one of those noses
Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,
Such as nervous folks still, when they come in their way, shun,
Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

You remember, I trust, François Xavier Auguste
Had uncommon fine limbs, and a very fine bust.
Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—
About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,
Above all when laid up with a wound in the knee,
Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,
With emotions in which many feelings combine,
Very easy to fancy, though hard to define;

Ugly or pretty, Stupid or witty,
Young or old, they experience, in country or city,
What's clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity—
And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays
The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,

Arm'd with a blade, So oft used in her trade,
The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,
Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying!
For these 'nimble Conveyances,' after such battles,
Regarding as *treasure trove* all goods and chattels,
Think nought, in 'perusing and settling' the titles,
So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of That feeling I spoke of;
For, as sure as you're born, that same feeling,—whate'er
It may be,—saves the life of the young Mousquetaire!—
The knife, that was levell'd erewhile at his throat,
Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat,
And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte*;

And his pockets, no doubt, Being turned inside out,
That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put 'up the spout,'
(For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do
Fails to ferret out even a single *écu*.)

As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,
The virago at last lifts the soldier himself,
And, like a She-Samson, at length lays him down
In a hospital form'd in the neighbouring town!

I am not very sure, But I think 'twas Namur;
And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

CANTO II.

I ABOMINATE physic—I care not who knows
 That there's nothing on earth I detest like 'a dose'—
 That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue
 I consider extremely unpleasant to view,
 With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near
 On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear ;

Χλωρον δεος, I mean, A nasty pale green,
 Though for want of some word that may better avail,
 I presume, our translators have rendered it 'pale ;'
 For consider the cheeks Of those 'well-booted Greeks,'
 Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks ;
 Their complexion, of course, like a half-decayed leek's ;
 And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,
 A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic ; but then,
 If folks *will* go campaigning about with such men
 As the Great Prince de Condé, and Marshal Turenne,
 They may fairly expect To be now and then check'd
 By a bullet, or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is
 Found, I admit, in green potions and boluses ;

So, of course, I don't blame St. Foix, wounded and lame,
 If he swallowed a decent *quant. suff.* of the same ;
 Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan
 To pour in their drastics as fast as they can,
 The practice of many an English *Savan*,

But to let off a man With a little *ptisanne*,
 And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

'Oh, woman !' Sir Walter observes, 'when the brow
 's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou !'
 Thou'rt a 'minist'ring Angel' in no less degree,
 I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee :

And medical friction Is, past contradiction,
 Much better performed by a She than a He.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,
For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,

And, therefore, can quote A surgeon of note,
Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote
On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his
Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises
Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs,
And rubbed out their complaints in a couple of cracks.—

Now, they say, To this day, When sick people can't pay
On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses
Attend, without any demand on their purses ;
And these females, some old, others still in their teens,
Some call 'Sisters of Charity,' others 'Beguines.'
They don't take the vows ; but, half-Nun and half-Lay,
Attend you ; and when you've got better, they say,
'You're exceedingly welcome ! There's nothing to pay.

Our task is now done ; You are able to run.
We never take money ; we cure you for fun !'
Then they drop you a court'sy, and wish you good day,
And go off to cure somebody else the same way.
—A great many of these, at the date of my tale,
In Namur walk'd the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

Among them was one, A most sweet Demi-nun.
Her cheek pensive and pale ; tresses bright as the-Sun,—
Not caroty—no ; though you'd fancy you saw burn
Such locks as the Greeks lov'd, which moderns call auburn.
These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all ;
Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral ;
Her eye-lashes silken ; her eyes, fine large blue ones,
Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones ;
But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning
To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning).—
Then, for figure ? In faith it was downright barbarity

To muffle a form Might an anchorite warm
In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité* ;
And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw
One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,
Than hers who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Chafing there, With such care, And so dove-like an air,
His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd
With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and goulard;
—Their Dutch appellations are really too hard
To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.—

Now you'll see, And agree, I am certain, with me,
When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee;
And a Lady sits there, On a rush-bottom'd chair,
To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,
And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square;
Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,
And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,
It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,
And may lead on to mischief before they're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his
'*Penchant for liaisons*,' and graver men 'follies,'
(For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows,
And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,
Is not to be classed among mere peccadillos),
His '*faults*,' I should say—I don't think François Xavier
Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour
Tow'rds his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant
While superintending his draughts and his liniment:

But, as he grew stout, And was getting about,
Thoughts came into his head that had better been out;
While Cupid's an urchin We know deserves birching,
He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.
'Twas doubtless his doing That absolute ruin
Was the end of all poor dear Therèse's shampooing.—
'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on; but such
Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

'When Woman,' as Goldsmith declares, 'stoops to folly,
And finds out too late that false man can betray,'
She is apt to look dismal, and grow 'melan-choly,'
And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

He goes on to remark that 'to punish her lover,
Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,
There is but one method' which he can discover
That's likely to answer—that one is 'to die!'

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek;
The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart;
The dim yet tearless eyes, that speak
The misery of the breaking heart;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone
That whispering mocks the pitying ear;
Th' imploring glances heaven-ward thrown
As heedless, helpless, hopeless here;

These wring the false one's heart enough,
If 'made of penetrable stuff.'

And poor Therèse Thus pines and decays,
Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post chaise
With, for 'wheelers,' two bays, And, for 'leaders,' two greys,
And soon reaches France, by the help of relays,
Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,
And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

She, poor sinner, Grows thinner and thinner,
Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,
Till you'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—
One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—
They saw she'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—
She breath'd one deep sigh, threw one look up to Heaven,
And all was o'er!— Poor Therèse was no more—
She was gone!—the last breath that she managed to draw
Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas 'St. Foix!'

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em,
Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, '*Cœlum*
Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare!'
It's climate, not mind, that by roaming men vary—
Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is
A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil did his;

It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board.—

Ay, e'en in your dreams. And you can't find, it seems,
Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored!

It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,
—François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.

Indeed, from the time He committed the crime
Which cut off poor sister Therèse in her prime,
He was not the same man that he had been—his plan
Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van;

He'd scarce sleep a wink in A week; but sit thinking,
From company shrinking— He quite gave up drinking.

At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,

Fish, *fricassee*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,

Dindon aux truffes, or *turbot à la crème*,

No!—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,

Still he never complained that the cook was to blame!

'Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare

And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—

What he used to like best he no longer could bear;

But he'd there sit and stare With an air of despair;

Took no care, but would wear Boots that wanted repair;
Such a shirt too! you'd think he'd no linen to spare.

He omitted to shave;—he neglected his hair,

And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing above all, most excited remark:

In the evening he seldom sat long after dark.

Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for 'a lark'

With his friends; but when they, After taking *café*,

Would have broiled bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,

--Which I own I consider a very good way,

If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day—

No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay;

But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head

By way of 'Good evening!' and walk off to bed.

Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,

For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem! and he'd cough;

And they'd hear him all night, Sometimes, sobbing outright,

While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

Declared that 'his master was never asleep !
But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep ;
That about ten o'clock His door he would lock,
And then never would open it, let who would knock !—
He had heard him,' he said, 'Sometimes jump out of bed,
And talk as if speaking to one who was dead !
He'd groan, and he'd moan, In so piteous a tone,
Begging some one or other to let him alone,
That it really would soften the heart of a stone
To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven
Then—The bother began always *just at eleven!*'

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,
I believe, was a popular man in his *corps*,
And his comrades, not one Of whom knew of the Nun,
Now began to consult what was best to be done.

Count Cordon Bleu And the Sieur de la Roue
Confess'd they did *not* know at all what to do :
But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville

Made a fervent appeal To the zeal they must feel
For their friend, so distinguished an officer, 's weal.
'The first thing,' he said, 'was to find out the matter
That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—

Mort de ma vie!' —Here he took some rappee—
'Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!'—
He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days
He worms out the whole story of Sister Therèse,
Now entomb'd, poor dear soul! in some Dutch *Perè la Chaise*.
—'But the worst thing of all,' François Xavier declares,
'Is, whenever I've taken my candle up stairs,
There's Therèse sitting there—upon one of those chairs!

Such a frown, too, she wears, And so frightfully glares,
That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,
While an odour,—the very reverse of perfume,—
More like rhubarb or senna, pervades the whole room !'

Hector Achille Stanislaus Emile,
When he heard him talk so felt an odd sort of feel ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel ;
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw
Him, whom, for fun, They'd, by way of a pun
On his person and principles, nick-named *Sans Foi*,
A man whom they had, you see, Mark'd as a Sadducee,—
In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe !—
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise ;
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,
And he thought with himself that he could not do less
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable ;— So, as you're best able
Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—
How the bold Brigadiers Prick'd up their ears,
And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers ;
How the *Sieur de la Roue* Said to Count Cordon Bleu,
'*Ma foi—c'est bien drôle*—Monseigneur, what say you ?'—
How Count Cordon Bleu Declared he 'thought so too ;'—
How the Colonel affirm'd that 'the case was quite new ;'—
How the Captains and Majors Began to lay wagers
How far the Ghost part of the story was true ;—
How, at last, when asked 'What was the best thing to do ?'
Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew !—
And how, in the end, they said, 'No one could deal
With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal,
As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal
This strange story—viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville !'

I need scarcely relate The plans, little and great,
Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate
To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,
Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose,
From extravagant notions respecting their hue,
Has strangely agreed to denominate 'Blue,'
Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail
Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,
When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

In vain did he try With strong waters to ply
His friend, on the ground that he never could spy
Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye;
St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry;
Besides, what the vulgar call 'sucking the monkey'
Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.
In vain did he strive to detain him at table
Till his 'dark hour' was over—he never was able,

Save once, when at Mess, With that sort of address
Which the British call 'Humbug,' and Frenchmen '*Finesse*,'
(It's 'Blarney' in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)
He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.

He examined the face, And the back of the case.
And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he
'Saw by the likeness was one of the family;'

✓ Cried '*Superbe!—Magnifique!*'

(With his tongue in his cheek)—

Then he open'd the case, just to take a peep in it, and
Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.
With a *demi-congé*, and a shrug, and grin, he
Returns the *bijou* and—'*c'est une affaire finie*—
'I've done him,' thinks he, 'now, I'll wager a guinea!'

It happen'd that day They were all very gay,
'Twas the *Grand Monarque's* birthday—that is, 'twas St. Louis's,
Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as his—

So when Hippolyte saw Him about to withdraw,
He cried, 'Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—
Give us five minutes longer, and drink *Vive le Roi!*'

François Xavier Auguste, Without any mistrust
Of the trick that was play'd, drew his watch from his fob,
Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to 'hob-nob,'

Fill'd a bumper, and rose With '*Messieurs*, I propose—'
He paused—his blanch'd lips fail'd to utter the toast.
'Twas *eleven!*—he thought it half-past ten at most—
Ev'ry limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—

His jaw dropp'd—his eyes Swell'd to twice their own size—
And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

—Then shriek'd, as he fell on the floor like a stone,
'Ah! Sister Therèse! now—do let me alone!'

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—
As water wears stone by the '*Sæpe cadendo*,'
If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, '*Agendo*!'
Was it not Robert Bruce?—I declare I've forgot,
But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—
Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,
'She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her.'

Then another great Rob, Called 'White-headed Bob,'
Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the 'nob'
From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,
That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,
For he lay like a log on his back on the plain,
Till a gentleman present, accustomed to *train*,
Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein
Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,
He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his 'backer' was fain, —For he could not refrain—
(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,
And I think I heard somebody call him 'Squire Hayne,')
To whisper *in words* one should always retain,
—'TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM AGAIN!!!'—
A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random,
Since Teucer's apostrophe—*Nil desperandum!*—
Grandville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say, That no very great way
From Namur was a snug little town called Grandpré,
Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese,
Dwelt a pretty twin-sister of poor dear Therèse,
Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother,
And as like to Therèse as one pea to another;

She liv'd with her Mamma, Having lost her Papa,
Late of contraband *schnaps* an unlicensed distiller,
And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector Could hardly expect her
To feel much regard for her sister's 'protector,'

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her ;

Still, he very well knew In this world there are few
But are ready much Christian forgiveness to show,
For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—
And he'd seen to what acts '*Res angustæ*' compel *beaux*
And *belles*, whose affairs have once got out at elbows,
With the magic effect of a handful of crowns
Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but 'browns ;'

A few *francs* well applied He'd no doubt would decide
Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride
As far as head-quarters, next day, by his side ;
For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,
To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison ;

Then he thought, by the aid Of a veil, and gown made
Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,
They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,
Which he fancied he saw, of that poor injured maid,
Come each night, with her pale face, his guilt to upbraid ;
That if once introduced to his room, thus array'd,
And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,
'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade
Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,
Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade !

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—
Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,
And that, too, among the decided approvers
Of General Sir David Dundas's '*Manœuvres*.'

There's a proverb, however, I've always thought clever,
Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating,
'The proof of the Pudding is found in the eating !'
We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille
Had mix'd up the suet and plums for *his* meal.

The night had set in ;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one :—
Off went St. Foix to his chamber ; a roomy one,

Five stories high, The first floor from the sky,
And lofty enough to afford great facility
For playing a game, with the youthful nobility,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Of 'crack *corps*,' a deal in Request, when they're feeling,
In dull country quarters, *enmi* on them stealing;

A wet wafer's applied To a sixpence's side,
Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling:
Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—
I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.

He'd a table, and bed, And three chairs; and all's said—
A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're
Sure not to find overburthen'd with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door
With just the same caution he'd practised before;

Little he knew That the Count Cordon Bleu,
With Hector Achille, and the Sieur de la Roue,
Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw!

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks
All point to *eleven*!—the bolts and the locks
Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox!—

With step noiseless and light, Though half in a fright,
A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,
In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,
Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a sprite!—

She approaches the bed With the same silent tread,
Just as though she had been at least half a year dead!
Then seating herself on the 'rush-bottom'd chair,'
Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the 'play-going public,' kind reader,
And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,

You've seen Mr. Kean, I mean in that scene
Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,
Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—
When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,
To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place;

You remember his stare At the high-back'd arm-chair,
Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,
And how, after saying 'What man dares I dare!'

He proceeds to declare He should not so much care

THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

If it came in the shape of a 'tiger' or 'bear,'
But he don't like it shaking its long gory hair!
While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,



With a horrible grin, Sits, and cocks up his chin,
Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.
And Lennox and Rosse Seem quite at a loss

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce ;
And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,

And says in a huff It's all 'Proper stuff!'—
All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough ;
So, perhaps 'twill assist you in forming some notion
Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion

If you fancy what troubled Macbeth to be *doubled*,
And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face
Without 'speculation,' suppose he'd a *brace* !

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe
was exceeded in painting the terrible,

Or that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so adroit
in depicting it—*vide* his piece
Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,

Where that prelate is lying, Decidedly dying,
With the King and his *suite*, Standing just at his feet,
And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet ;
While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,
'Busy, meddling,' Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.
But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,
The fact is, I never took lessons in drawing,

Had I done so, instead Of the lines you have read,
I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread ;
François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,

His hands widely spread, His complexion like lead,
Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head,
As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view
Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,
Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,

'*Mon Dieu ! v'là deux !*

BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO!!!'

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.

In flew De la Roue, And Count Cordon Bleu,
Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.
He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew !

And Achilles cried 'Odzooks ! I fear by his looks,
Our friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks !'

THE 'MONSTRE' BALLOON.

'Twas too true! *Malheureux!!*
It was done!—he had ended his earthly career,—
He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear;
—The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer!!

L'ENVOYE.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope
Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope :—
If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay
And pious Maid,—as, possibly, it may,—
From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene
Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green;
O'er some pale marble when they join their heads
To kiss the falling tears each other sheds;
Oh! may they pause!—and think, in silent awe,
He, that he reads the words, '*Ci gît St. Foix!*'
She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys
Bears this sad line,—"*Hic jacet Sœur Thérèse!*"—
Then shall they sigh, and weep, and murmuring say,
'Oh! may we never play such tricks as they!'—
And if at such a time some Bard there be,
Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea
And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby—
If such there be—who sings and sips so well,
Let him this sad, this tender story tell!
Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,
'I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!'—'and I the Ghost!!'



THE 'MONSTRE' BALLOON.

OH! the balloon, the great balloon,
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after folks changed their tune :

'The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon ;—
It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—
They ought to have put off their journey till June ;
Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon
Would go up in November in any balloon !'

Then they talk'd about Green—' Oh ! where's Mister Green ?
And where's Mr. Hollond who hired the machine ?
And where is Monck Mason, the man that has been
Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—
And who writes such nice letters describing the scene ?
And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen ?
The press'd beef, with the fat cut off—nothing but lean,
And the portable soup in the patent tureen ?
Have they got to Grand Cairo, or reached Aberdeen ?
Or Jerusalem—Hamburg—or Ballyporeen ?
No ! they have not been seen ! Oh ! they haven't been seen !'

Stay ! here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye—
'At Paris,' says he, 'I've been up very high,
A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,
A cockstride the Tuilleries' pantiles, to spy,
With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
But I could see nothing at all but the sky ;
So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
Any longer : and, feeling remarkably dry
From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
I came down again, and—you see—here am I !'

But here's Mr. Hughes !—What says young Mr. Hughes !—
'Why, I'm sorry to say we've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
Which gave the mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
Over Dover ; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
At Squiers's bazaar, the same evening, in crews—
Politicians, news-mongers, town-council, and blues,

THE 'MONSTRE' BALLOON.

Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers, and Jews,
Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews :
But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
And my father and I are in terrible stews,
For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose !—

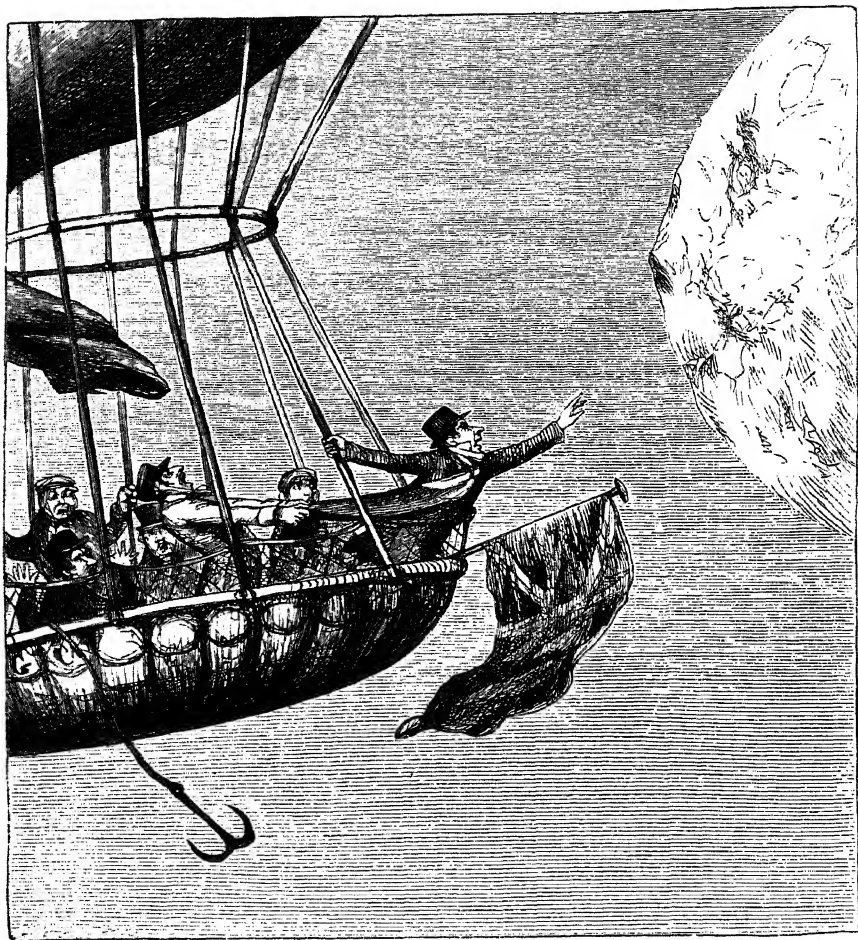
Here's news come at last !—Here's news come at last !—
A vessel's come in, which has sail'd very fast ;
And a gentleman serving before the mast,—
Mister Nokes—has declared that ' the party has past
Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast,
As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast !'
Oh ! fie ! Mr. Nokes,—for shame, Mr. Nokes !
To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks ;
Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
And we know very well your whole story's a hoax !—

' Oh ! what shall we do ?—Oh ! where will it end ?—
Can nobody go ?—Can nobody send
To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend ?
Can't you go there yourself ?—Can't you write to a friend,
For news upon which we may safely depend ?—

Huzza ! huzza ! one and eight-pence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
They descended at Weilburg, about break of day ;
And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay !
And the Landgraves, and Margraves, and Counts beg and pray
That they won't think, as yet, about going away ;
Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
But pack up the balloon in a waggon, or dray,
And pop themselves into a German '*po-shay*,'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay ;
Where they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay
If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
Such a sum as must force them at once to say 'Nay,'



They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs-Elysées,
And be back again here the beginning of May.—
Dear me ! what a treat for a juvenile *fête* !
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet !

THE 'MONSTRE' BALLOON.

There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat :
Since, they'll unfold, what we want to be told,
How they cough'd,—how they sneez'd,—how they shiver'd with
cold,—

How they tiptoed the 'cordial' as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold :
How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold ;
And how Mr. Green was beginning to scold
Because Mr. Mason would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd !

And there they'll be seen—they'll be all to be seen !
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen !
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,
If the weather should only prove fair and serene,
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,
Mr. Hollond on one side, who hired the machine,
Mr. Mason on t'other, describing the scene ;
And Fame, on one leg, in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean ;
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazin,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin !
Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon ;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsmen, and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the 'Monstre' Balloon.



A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.⁽²³⁾

' Non multo post, Gengulphus, in domo sua dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore sua adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum, in fereto, in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt.'

* * * * *

' Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancilla sua, scilicet dominum suum, quam martyrem sanctum, miracula facere, irridens illa, et subsurrans, ait, "Ita Gengulphus miracula faciat ut pulvinarium meum cantat,"' &c. &c. WOLFII MEMORAB.

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon;
Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet his lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day hath he been away,
Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea,
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk
Had called on his Lady, and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,
Stay'd with that Lady, her revels to crown;
They laugh'd, and they ate and they drank of the best,
And they turn'd the old castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,
With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,
Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,
To get rid of what French people call *Ennui*.

Now the festive board with viands is stored,
Savoury dishes be there, I ween,
Rich puddings and big, a barbecued pig,
And ox-tail soup in a China tureen.

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail—
When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,
While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,
Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land!

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

'You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,'
Says the proverb : that is, 'take the Fair unawares ;'
A maid o'er the banisters chancing to peep,
Whispers, 'Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs.

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,
With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,
And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,
As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh ! what rapture, what joy was exprest,
When 'poor dear Gengulphus' at last appear'd !
She kiss'd and she press'd 'the dear man' to her breast,
In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing ! 'twas almost displeasing,
A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye ;
She was so very glad, that she seem'd half mad,
And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid, and the table-cloth's laid,
And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout ;
On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton-chops,
And she mixes a stiff glass of 'Cold Without.'

Then again she began at the 'poor dear' man ;
She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,
And she brought a foot-pan, with hot-water and bran,
To comfort his 'poor dear' travel-worn feet.

'Nor night nor day since he'd been away,
Had she had any rest,' she 'vow'd and declar'd.'
She 'never could eat one morsel of meat,
For thinking how "poor dear" Gengulphus fared.'

She 'really did think she had not slept a wink
Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long,'
He here shook his head,—right little he said,
But he thought she was 'coming it rather too strong.'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,
Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,
His weaken'd body, subdued by the toddy,
Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair ;
He lifts up the legs, and she lifts up the head,
And, between them, this most reprehensible pair
Undress poor Gengulphus and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,
And his night-cap into his mouth they cram ;
And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,
Till the 'poor dear soul' goes off like a lamb.

And now they tried the deed to hide ;
For a little bird whisper'd, 'Perchance you may swing ;
Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,
And a Medical Crowner's a queer sort of thing !'

So the Clerk and the wife, they each took a knife,
And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea ;
With the edges and points they severed the joints
At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb, they dismember'd him
So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,
With those great sugar-nippers they nipped off his 'flippers,'
As the Clerk, very flippantly, termed his fists.

When they'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread
Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,
They determined to throw it where no one could know it,
Down the well,—and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,
And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,
With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion
That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contriv'd to pack up the trunk in a sack,
Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,
The Clerk bearing arms, legs and all on his back,
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,
And that in a manner the least expected!
Who could surmise a man ever could rise
Who'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's;
I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes
If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,
Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or
A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work
When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,
Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges his
Wish to receive a snug party to dine
Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive,
At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in;
And to every guest his card had express'd
'Half past' as the hour for 'a greasy chin.'

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock;
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said,
In mild accents, 'Do help us out, that's a good girl!'

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head
In her bucket ;—with fright she was ready to drop :—
Conceive, if you can, how she roared and she ran,
With the head rolling after her, bawling out 'Stop !'

She ran and she roar'd, till she came to the board
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns,
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping
Behind,—for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng
While two hands assist, though nipp'd off at the wrist,
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight :
No one utter'd a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,
But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright ;
And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

The Prince Bishop's jester, on punning intent,
As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms



Said, 'They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms.'

But what should they do ?—Oh ! nobody knew
What was best to be done, either stranger or resident ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through
In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop mutter'd a curse, and a prayer
Which his double capacity hit to a nicety ;
His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,
His Episcopal moiety said '*Benedicite* !'

The Coroner sat on the body that night,
And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—
'That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—
Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber.'

They sent out Von Täinsend, Von Bünie, Von Roe,
Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through châteaux and châteaux,
Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,
And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus.

'MURDER !!

'WHEREAS, a dead gentleman, surname unknown,
Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,
Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown,
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket ;

'And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect
That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice
Aforethought, have kill'd, and begun to dissect
The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace ;

'THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE !—Whoever shall seize,
And such person, or persons, to justice surrender,
Shall receive—such REWARD—as his Highness shall please,
On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

'And, in order the matter more clearly to trace
To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,
Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace
To all such as have *not* been concern'd in the murder.

A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—
By command,

(Signed) JOHANN VON RÜSSELL,
N.B.

Deceased rather in years—had a squint when alive;
And smells slightly of gin—linen mark'd with a G.'

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,
Though a different version each managed to dish up;
Some said 'The Prince Bishop had run a man through,'
Others said 'an assassin had kill'd the Prince Bishop.'

The 'Ghent Herald' fell foul of the 'Bruxelles Gazette,'
The 'Bruxelles Gazette,' with much sneering ironical,
Scorn'd to remain in the 'Ghent Herald's' debt,
And the 'Amsterdam Times' quizz'd the 'Nuremberg Chronicle.'

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,
Spite of 'politics,' 'bias,' or 'party collision';
Viz.: to 'give,' when they'd 'further accounts' of the deed,
'Full particulars' soon, in 'a later Edition.'

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,
Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,
Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began
To think it high time to 'astonish the natives.'

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,
And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,
Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,
From one glimpse of his 'squint' than from glasses by Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,
Megrims, headache, and vapours were put to the rout;
And one single touch of his precious Great Toes
Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics,—sciatica,—tic-douloureux!
Apply to his shin-bones—not one of them lingeys;—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew
If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs ;
When applied to the chest they cured scantness of breathing,
Sea-sickness, and cholic ; or, rubb'd on the gums,
Were 'A blessing to Mothers,' for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,
Where the mark remained visible still of the knife,
Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,
Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute and each chronic complaint
Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,
They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,
So they lock'd him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown
As a first-rate physician kept-daily increasing,
Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,
It seem'd as if 'Wonders had never *done ceasing*.'

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,
A sad falling off in their off'rings to find,
His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—
In every sense of the word, was—behind ;

For the German Police were beginning to cease
From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,
When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,
Unravell'd the whole by the help of—his beard !

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,
When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,
Had been stuff'd in the seat of a kind of settee,
Or double-arm'd chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange
Itself in its place when the limbs join'd together ;

P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-colour'd leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,
For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,
What occur'd almost frighten'd her senses away,
Beside scaring her hand-maidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds
Of the new Saint, to whom all the Town said their orisons :
And especially how, as regards invalids,
His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

'The cripples,' said they, 'fling their crutches away,
And people born blind now can easily see us!'—
But she, (we presume, a disciple of Hume,)
Shook her head, and said angrily, '*Credat Judæus!*'

'Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,
To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on.—
He works miracles!—pooh!—I'd believe it of you
Just as soon, you great Geese,—or the Chair that I sit on

The Chair,—at that word,—it seems really absurd,
But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins
Distorted her face!—she sprang up from her place
Just as though she 'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard
Which she utter'd, of what was beneath her forgetful,
Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,
Like a porcupine's quills when the animal 's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierced altogether,
Like tenter-hooks holding when clench'd from within,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And the maids cried 'Good gracious! how very tenacious!'
—They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin!—

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain;
In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—
The cushion stuck fast!—From that hour to her last
She could never get rid of that comfortless 'Bustle!'

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death
Of his King, heard 'the very stones prate of his whereabouts;
So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life
Crying 'Murder!' resound from the cushion,—or thereabouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark
As to what his fate was; but I cannot imagine he
Got off scot-free, though unnotic'd it be
Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine:

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,
And 'History's Muse,' still to prove it her pen holds,
As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,
'*God's Revenge against Murder*,' by one Mr. Reynolds.

MORAL.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,
Like Ulysses of old, (*vide* Homer and Naso,)
Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,
And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so!

And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,
Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum;
Don't visit a house when the master's from home!
Shun drinking,—and study the '*Vita Sanctorum*!'

Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect
In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail;
But remember Gengulphus's wife!—and reflect
On the moral enforced by her terrible tale!

THE EXECUTION.²⁴

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two, He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
'Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?'

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
'Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?'—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
'An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd.'

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
'Run to M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more ;
 But to see a man swing At the end of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !'

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;
 Through street and through square, His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace ;
 She produced some alarm, But did no great harm,
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay Two urchins at play,
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall Near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.
 But eastward afar, Through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;
 Never heeding their squalls, Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey, Where in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
 Cries, 'What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump ?'

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
 The parties are met ; The tables are set ;
 There is 'punch,' 'cold *without*,' 'hot *with*,' 'heavy wet,'
 Ale-glasses and jugs, And rummers and mugs,
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
 Cold fowl and cigars, Pickled onions in jars,
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws !—
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws ;
 And there is M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
 All come to see a man 'die in his shoes !'

THE EXECUTION.

The clock strikes One! Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing 'Jolly companions every one!'
My Lord Tomnoddy Is drinking gin-toddy,



And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—
The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
—'Who so merry, so merry as we?'
Save Captain M'Fuze, Who is taking a snooze,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!— Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more ;
As many await At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five! The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive ;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;
My Lord Tomnoddy Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die !
Alack! that ever so fair a Sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree !

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate ;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
List to that low funereal bell :
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—
And see!—from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more !

THE EXECUTION.

—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By 'dungeon villains' is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
 'Hollo! Hollo! Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
 What's to be done? We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We're all of us done so uncommonly brown!

What *was* to be done!—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again:
What *was* to be done!—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

SAINT MEDARD.

A LEGEND OF AFRIC.

[*Heus tu ! inquit Diabolus, hei mihi ! fessis insuper humeris reponenda est sarcina ; fer opem quæso !*]

Le Diable a des vices ;—c'est là ce qui le perd.—Il est gourmand. Il eut dans cette minute-là l'idée de joindre l'âme de Medard aux autres âmes qu'il allait emporter.—Se rejeter en arrière, saisir de sa main droite son poignard, et en percer l'outre avec une violence, et un rapidité formidable,—c'est ce que fit Medard. Le Diable poussa un grand cri. Les âmes délivrés s'enfuirent par l'issue que le poignard venait de leur ouvrir, laissant dans l'outre leurs noirceurs, leurs crimes, et leurs méchancetés, &c. &c.]

IN good King Dagobert's palmy days,
When Saints were many, and sins were few,
Old Nick, 'tis said, Was sore bested
One evening,—and could not tell what to do.—

He had been East, and he had been West,
And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea ;
For women and men Were wariet then,
And he could not catch one where he'd now catch three.

He had been North, and he had been South,
From Zembla's shores unto far Peru,
Ere he fill'd the sack Which he bore on his back—
Saints were so many, and sins so few !

The way was long, and the day was hot ;
His wings were weary ; his hoofs were sore ;
And scarce could he trail His nerveless tail,
As it furrow'd the sand on the Red Sea shore !

The day had been hot, and the way was long ;
—Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint, was he ;
He lower'd his sack, And the *heat of his back* ;
As he lean'd on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree !

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,
And he gazed, and he grinn'd in pure delight,
As he peep'd inside The buffalo's hide
He had sewn for a sack, and had cramm'd so tight.

For, though he'd 'gone over a good deal of ground,'
 And game had been scarce, he might well report
 That still, he had got A decentish lot,
 And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had pick'd up in France a *Maître de danse*,—
 A *Maitresse en titre*,—two smart *Grisettes*,
 A Courtier at play,— And an English *Roué*—
 Who had bolted from home without paying his debts.—

—He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,
 A Quaker,—a Baker,—a Doctor of Laws,—
 And a Jockey of York— But Paddy from Cork
 'Desaved the ould divil,' and slipp'd through his claws!

In Moscow a Boyar knouting his wife
 —A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—
 And, under the dome Of St. Peter's, at Rome,
 He had snapp'd up a nice little Cardinal's Niece.—

He had bagg'd an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—
 A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score,
 A grave Don, or two, And a Portuguese Jew,
 Whom he nabb'd while clipping a new Moidore.

And he said to himself, as he lick'd his lips,
 'Those nice little Dears!—what a delicate roast!—
 —Then, that fine fat Friar, At a very quick fire,
 Dress'd like a Woodcock, and serv'd on toast!'

—At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice
 Never did mouth water more than Nick's;
 But,—alas! and alack!— He had stuff'd his sack
 So full that he found himself quite 'in a fix.'

For, all he could do, or all he could say,
 When, a little recruited, he rose to go,
 Alas! and alack!— He could *not* get the sack
 Up again on his shoulders 'whether or no!'

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Old Nick look'd East, Old Nick look'd West,
With many a stretch, and with many a strain,
He bent till his back Was ready to crack,
And he pull'd, and he tugg'd,—but he tugg'd in vain.

Old Nick look'd North, Old Nick look'd South ;
—Weary was Nicholas, weak and faint,—
And he was aware Of an old man there,
In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.

Nick eyed the Saint,—then he eyed the Sack—
The greedy old glutton!—and thought, with a grin,
'Dear heart alive! If I could but contrive
To pop that elderly gentleman in!—

'For, were I to choose among all the *ragouts*
The *cuisine* can exhibit—flesh, foul, or fish,—
To myself I can paint That a barbecued Saint
Would be for my palate 'the best side-dish!'

Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,
In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.
(We call it 'Semiramis,' Why not say Pyramis?—
Why should we change the S into a D?)

St. Medard, he was a holy man,
A holy man I ween was he,
And even by day, When he went up to pray,
He would light up a candle, that all might see!

He *salaam'd* to the East,—He *salaam'd* to the West;—
—Of the gravest cut, and the holiest brown
Were his Palmer's weeds,— And he finger'd his beads
With the right side up, and the wrong side down.—

(*Hiatus in MSS. valde deplendus.*)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile;—
He had been living there years fourscore,—
And now, 'taking the air, And saying a pray'r,'
He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

THE LAY OF ST. MEDARD.

Little he deem'd—that Holy man!—

Of Old Nick's wiles, and his fraudulent tricks,—

When he was aware Of a Stranger there,
Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.

Deeply that Stranger groan'd and sigh'd,

That wayfaring Stranger, grisly and grey:—

'I can't raise my sack On my poor old back!—
Oh, lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray!—

'For I have been East, and I have been West,

Foot-sore, weary, and faint am I,

And, unless I get home Ere the Curfew bome,
Here in this desert I well may die!'

'Now Heav'n thee save!—Nick winced at the words,

As ever he winces at words divine—

'Now Heav'n thee save!— What strength I have,—
It's little, I wis,—shall be freely thine!

'For foul befall that Christian man

Who shall fail, in a fix,—woe worth the while!—

His hand to lend To foe, or to friend,
Or to help a lame dog over a stile!'

—St. Medard hath boon'd himself for the task:

To hoist up the sack he doth well begin;

But the fardel feels Like a bag full of eels,
For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.—

St. Medard paused—he began to 'smoke'—

For a Saint,—if he isn't exactly a cat,—

Has a very good nose, As this world goes,
And not worse than his neighbour's for 'smelling a rat.'

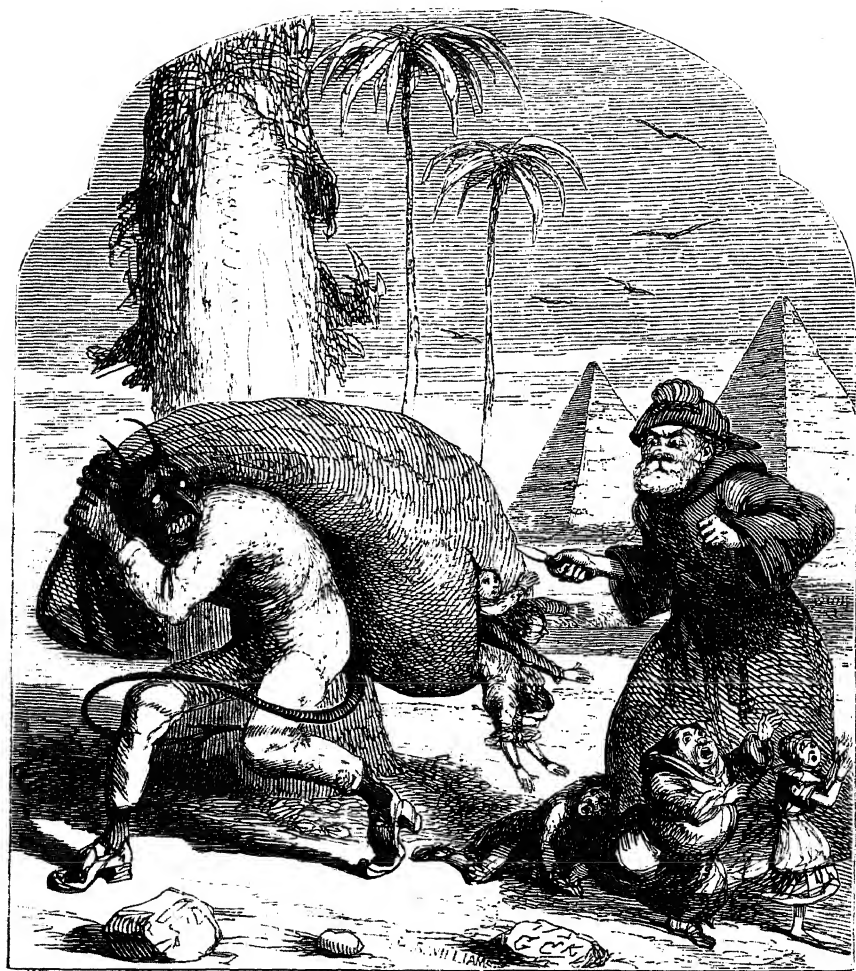
The Saint look'd up, and the Saint look'd down;

He '*smelt* the rat,' and he '*smoked*' the trick;

—When he came to view His comical shoe,
He saw in a moment his friend was Nick!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

He whipp'd out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—
A Brummagem blade which he always bore,
To aid him to eat, By way of a treat,
The 'natives' he found on the Red Sea shore ;—



He whipp'd out his Brummagem blade so keen,
And he made three slits in the Buffalo's hide,
And all its contents, Through the rents, and the vents,
Came tumbling out,—and away they all hied !

THE LAY OF ST. MEDARD.

Away went the Quaker—away went the Baker,
Away went the Friar,—that fine fat Ghost,
Whose marrow Old Nick Had intended to pick,
Dress'd like a Woodcock, and served on toast !

—Away went the nice little Cardinal's Niece,—
And the pretty *Grisettes*,—and the Dons from Spain—
And the Corsair's crew, And the coin-clipping Jew,—
And they scamper'd, like lamplighters, over the plain.—

—Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,
Ay, e'en when he's pleased ; but never before
Had he look'd *so* black As on seeing his sack
Thus cut' into slits on the Red Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage, and his deep despair,
When he saw himself thus befooled by one
Whom, in anger wild, He profanely styled,
'A stupid, old, snuff-colour'd Son of a gun !'

Then his supper—so nice!—that had cost him such pains—
—Such a hard day's work—now 'all on the go !'
—'Twas beyond a joke, And enough to provoke
The mildest and best-temper'd Fiend below !

Nick snatch'd up one of those great, big stones,
Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
And he hurl'd it straight At the Saint's bald pate,
To knock out 'the gruel he call'd his brains.'

Straight at his pate he hurl'd the weight,
The crushing weight of that great, big stone ;—
But St. Medard Was remarkably hard,
And solid, about the parietal bone.

And, though the whole weight of that great, big stone,
Came straight on his pate, with a great, big thump,
It fail'd to graze The skin,—or to raise
On the tough epidermis a lump, or bump !—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—
As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—
As the finger and thumb Of an old woman come
From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot ;—

—Or, as you may see, in the Fleet, or the Bench,—
—Many folks do in the course of their lives,—
The well-struck ball Rebound from the wall,
When the Gentleman jail-birds are playing at ‘fives :’



All these,—and a thousand fine similes more,—
Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read,
Recorded in print, May give you a hint
How the stone bounced off from St. Medard's head !

—And it curl'd, and it twirl'd, and it whirl'd in air,
As this great, big stone at a tangent flew !
—Just missing his crown, It at last came down
Plump upon Nick's Orthopedical shoe !

THE LAY OF ST. MEDARD.

Oh ! what a yell and a screech were there !—
How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar !
—‘ Oh dear ! oh dear !’— You might hear him here,
Though we’re such a way off from the Red Sea shore !

It smash’d his shin, and it smash’d his hoof,
Notwithstanding his stout Orthopedical shoe ;
And this is the way That, from that same day,
Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux* !

Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,
And Cardinal’s Nieces,—wherever ye be,
St. Medard bless ; You can scarcely do less
If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.—

And, mind and take care, yourselves,—and beware
How you get in Nick’s buffalo bag !—if you do
I very much doubt If you’ll ever get out,
Now sins are so many, and Saints so few !!

MORAL.

Gentle Reader, attend To the voice of a friend !
And if ever you go to Herne Bay or Southend,
Or any gay wat’ring-place outside the Nore,
Don’t walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore !
—Unless you’re too Saintly to care about Nick,
And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick !—

Learn not to be greedy !—and, when you’ve enough,
Don’t be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff—
Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,
And, ‘ A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH !’
Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,
Nor look always like ‘ Oliver asking for more !’

Gourmandise is a vice—a sad failing, at least ;—
So remember, ‘ Enough is as good as a feast !’

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And don't set your heart on 'stew'd,' 'fried,' 'boil'd,' or 'roast,'
Nor on delicate 'Woodcocks served up upon toast!'

Don't give people nicknames!—don't even in fun,
Call any one 'snuff-colour'd son of a gun!'
Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,
That, whenever you please, you can 'give him the sack!'

Last of all, as you'd thrive, and still sleep in old bones,
IF YOU'VE ANY GLASS WINDOWS NEVER THROW STONES!!!



THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

A LEGEND OF BLOIS.

SAINT ALOYS Was the Bishop of Blois,
And a pitiful man was he,
He grieved and he pined For the woes of mankind,
And of brutes in their degree.—
He would rescue the rat From the claws of the cat,
And set the poor captive free;
Though his cassock was swarming With all sorts of vermin,
He'd not take the life of a flea!—
Kind, tender, forgiving To all things living,
From injury still he'd endeavour to screen 'em
Fish, flesh, or fowl,—no difference between 'em—
NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—

A holy man was he!

For Holy Church He'd seek and he'd search

As a Bishop in his degree.

From foe and from friend He'd 'rap and he'd rend,'

To augment her treasure.

Nought would he give, and little he'd lend,

That Holy Church might have more to spend.—

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

‘Count Stephen’⁽²⁵⁾ (of Blois) ‘was a worthy Peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
And so he call’d the Tailor lown!’—
Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,
And he’d overcharged him to half the amount,
He had knock’d that Tailor down!—
Not for himself!— He despised the pelf,
He dress’d in sackcloth, he dined off delf;
And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,
The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.
Alack! that a man so holy as he,
So frank and free in his degree,
And so good and so kind, should mortal be!
Yet so it is—for loud and clear
From St. Nicholas’ tower, on the listening ear,
With solemn swell, The deep-toned bell
Flings to the gale a funeral knell;
And hark!—at its sound, As a cunning old hound,
When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps
Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,
So—the little bells all, No matter how small,
From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,
With bell-metal throat Respond to the note,
And join the lament that a prelate so pious is
Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,
Or, as Blois’ Lord May’r Is heard to declare,
‘Should leave this here world for to go to that there.’

And see, the portals opening wide,
From the Abbey flows the living tide;
Forth from the doors The torrent pours,
Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,
This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,
This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,
Holy Father, and Holy Mother,
Holy Sister, and Holy Brother,
Holy Son, and Holy Daughter,
Holy Wafer, and Holy Water;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Every one drest Like a guest in his best,
In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,
Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair
As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,
Or weave into gloves at three shillings a pair,
And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,—a
Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groined arch, and by cloister'd stone,
With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,
Slowly the throng Come passing along,
With many a chaunt and solemn song,
Adapted for holidays, high-days, and Sundays,—

Dies iræ, and *De profundis*,

Miserere, and *Domine dirige nos*,—

Such as, I hear, to a very slow tune are all
Commonly chaunted by Monks at a funeral,
To secure the defunct's repose,
And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news
Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,
That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,
And not come too near,—since they can, if they choose,
Make him shake in his hoofs—as he does not wear shoes.

Still on they go, A goodly show,
With footsteps sure, though certainly slow,
Two by two in a very long row;
With feathers, and Mutes In mourning suits,
Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots,—
Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,
Borne by a lad about eighteen years old;
Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,
Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.

Eight Franciscans, sturdy and strong,

Bear, in the midst, the good Bishop along;

Eight Franciscans, stout and tall,

Walk at the corners, and hold up the pall;

Eight more hold a canopy high over all,

With eight Trumpeters tooting the Dead March in Saul.—

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his
Monks coming after him, all with posies,
And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,
Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his—
And oh! 'tis a comely sight to see
How Lords and Ladies, of high degree,
Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,
While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,
In their helmets, and hauberks, and cast-iron tights.

Ay, 'tis a comely sight to behold,
As the company march Through the rounded arch
Of that Cathedral old!—

Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,
All of them ranging in due decorum,
Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,
- While, brilliant and bright, An unwonted light
(I forgot to premise this was all done at night)
The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed
On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead,
That rest below, mostly buried in lead,
And above, recumbent in grim repose,

With their mailed hose, And their dogs at their toes,
And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,
Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,
With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,
As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,
To ~~Prate~~ *Prate* for the ~~Sowles~~ *Souls* of themselves and their wives.—
—The effect of the music, too, really was fine,
When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,

And by old and young The '*Requiem*' was sung;
Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,
That is—Latin—I don't think they meddled with Greek—
In short, the whole thing produced—so to speak—
What in Blois they would call a *Coup d'œil magnifique*!

Yet, surely, when the level ray
Of some mild eve's descending sun
Lights on the village pastor, grey
In years ere ours had well begun—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

As there—in simplest vestment clad,
He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,
In solemn tones,—but yet not sad,—
Of what Man is—what Man shall be!

And clustering round the grave, half hid
By that same quiet churchyard yew,
The rustic mourners bend, to bid
The dust they loved a last adieu—

—That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen
Upon each briar-bound hillock green,
So calm, so tranquil, so serene,
Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—
Speaks to the heart with holier breath
Than all this pageantry of Death.—

But *Chacun à son gout*—this is talking at random—
We all know '*De gustibus non disputandum!*'

So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story

The Cathedral of Blois— Where the Sainted Aloys
Is by this time, you'll find, 'left alone in his glory,'
'In the dead of the night,' though with labour opprest,
Some 'mortals' disdain 'the calm blessings of rest,'
Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best
To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;
And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,
To ransack your hen-roost, and steal all your fowls,
Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,
—So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins, and Gouls,
To say nothing at all of those troublesome 'Swells'
Who come from the playhouses, 'flash kens,' and 'hells,'
To pull off people's knockers, and ring people's bells.

Well—'tis now the hour Ill things have power!
And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,
Have long been in bed, and enjoying a snooze,—

Nought is waking 'Save Mischief and 'Faking,'⁽²⁶⁾
And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,

When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,
Who stands in his slippers some six feet two,
(A rather remarkable height for a Jew),
Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,
Into which, during service, he'd managed to slide himself—
While all were intent on the anthem, and hide himself.

From his lurking place, With stealthy pace,
Through the 'long-drawn aisle' he begins to crawl,
As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,
When it's stuck full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall.

—He proceeds to feel For his flint and his steel,
(An invention on which we've improved a great deal
Of late years—the substitute best to rely on
's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogenion*.)

He strikes with dispatch!—his Tinder catches!—
Now where is his candle?—and where are his matches?—

'Tis done!—they are found!— He stands up, and looks round
By the light of a 'dip' of sixteen to the pound!
—What is it now that makes his nerves to quiver?—
His hand to shake—and his limbs to shiver?—
Fear?—Pooh!—it is only a touch of the liver—

All is silent—all is still—

It's 'gammon'—it's 'stuff'—he may do what he will!
Carefully now he approaches the shrine,
In which, as I've mention'd before, about nine,
They had placed in such state the lamented Divine!
But not to worship—No!—No such thing!—
His aim is—to 'PRIG' THE PASTORAL RING!!

Fancy his fright, When, with all his might
Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fastened quite,
Of the marble sarcophagus—'All in white'
The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright
On his hinder end,—and grasped him so tight,
That the clutch of a kite, Or a bull-dog's bite,
When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,
May well be conceived in comparison slight,
And having thus 'tackled' him—blew out his light!!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The fright and the fear!—

No one to hear!—nobody near!

In the dead of the night!—at a bad time of year!—

A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,

And shouting so loud, that the drum of his ear

He thought would have split as these awful words met it—

‘AH, HA! MY GOOD FRIEND!—DON’T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?’—

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! *’Twas* a night of fear!

—I should just like to know, if the boldest man here,

In his situation would not have felt queer?

The wretched man bawls, And he yells, and he squalls,

But there’s nothing responds to his shrieks save the walls,

And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews, and the stalls.

Held firmly at bay, Kick and plunge as he may,

His struggles are fruitless—he can’t get away,

He really can’t tell what to do or to say,

And being a Pagan, don’t know how to pray;

Till through the east window, a few streaks of grey

Announce the approach of the dawn of the day!

Oh, a welcome sight Is the rosy light

Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,

Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night

By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—

Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,

The most disagreeable kind of a man trap!

—Oh! welcome that bell’s *Matin* chime, which tells

To one caught in this worst of all possible snares,

That the hour is arrived to begin *Morning Prayers*,

And the Monks and the Friars are coming down stairs!

Conceive the surprise Of the Choir—how their eyes

Are distended to twice their original size,—

How some begin bless,—some anathematize,—

And all look on the thief as old Nick in disguise.

While the mystified Abbot cries, ‘Well!—I declare!—

—This is really a very mysterious affair!—

Bid the bandy-legg’d Sexton go run for the May’r!’

THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

The May'r and his *suite* Are soon on their
(His worship kept house in the very same street,—)

At once he awakes, 'His compliments' makes,
'He'll be up at the church in a couple of shakes!'

Meanwhile the whole Convent is pulling and hauling,

And bawling and squalling And terribly mauling
The thief whose endeavour to follow his calling

Had thus brought him into a grasp so enthralling.—

Now high, now low, They drag 'to and fro,'—
Now this way, now that way they twist him—but—No!—

The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says 'Poh!

You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go!

Nay, more;—when his Worship at length came to say

He was perfectly ready to take him away,

And fat him to grace the next *Auto da fê*, .

Still closer he prest The poor wretch to his breast,
While a voice—though his jaws still together were jamm'd—

Was heard from his chest, 'If you do, I'll——' here slamm'd

The great door of the church,—with so awful a sound

That the close of the good Bishop's sentence was drown'd!

Out spake *Frère Jehan*, A pitiful man,

Oh! a pitiful man was he!

And he wept and he pined For the sins of mankind,

As a Friar in his degree.

'Remember, good gentlefolks,' so he began,

'Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man!—

That voice from his chest Has clearly exprest

He has pardoned the culprit—and as for the rest,

Before you shall burn him—he'll see you all blest!

The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton, and Clerk

Were exceedingly struck with the Friar's remark,

And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark

Of a Lawyer, and who did not do things in the dark,

But still leaned (having once been himself a gay spark,))

To the merciful side,—like the late Alan Park,—

Agreed that, indeed, The best way to succeed,

And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,

Would be to absolve him, and grant a free pardon,

On a certain condition, and that not a hard one,
 Viz.—‘That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope
 His mind to conviction, and worship the Pope,
 And “ev’ry man Jack” in an amice or cope;
 And that, to do so, He should forthwith go
 To Rome, and salute there his Holiness’ toe;—
 And never again Read Voltaire or Tom Paine,
 Or Percy Bysshe Shelley or Lord Byron’s Cain;—
 His pilgrimage o’er, take St. Francis’s habit;—
 If anything lay about, never to ‘nab’ it;
 Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,
 To be sure and deposit them safe in the Monast’ry!’

The oath he took— As he kiss’d the book,
 Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook!
 The Bishop sank down with a satisfied look,
 And the Thief, releas’d By the Saint deceas’d,
 Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest!

It skills not now To tell you how
 The transmogrified Pagan perform’d his vow;
 How he quitted his home, Travell’d to Rome,
 And went to St. Peter’s and look’d at the Dome,
 And obtain’d from the Pope an assurance of bliss,
 And kiss’d—whatever he gave him to kiss—
 Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss;
 And how Pope Urban Had the man’s turban
 Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way
 Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.—
 Suffice it to tell Which will do quite as well,
 That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw,
 And the Abbot’s report was sufficient to draw
 Ev’ry *bon Catholique* in *la Belle France* to Blois,
 Among others, the Monarch himself, François,
 The Archbishop of Rheims, and his ‘Pious Jackdaw,’
 And there was not a man in Church, Chapel, or Meeting-house,
 Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel, or Eating-house,
 But made an oration, And said, ‘In the nation
 If ever a man deserved canonization,

It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys.'—

So the Pope says—says he, 'Then a Saint he shall be!'—
So he made him a Saint,—and remitted the fee.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say ;

But I think I've been told, When he'd enter'd their fold,
And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,
He got up one fine morning before break of day,
Put the *Pyr* in his pocket—and then ran away.

MORAL.

I think we may coax out a moral or two
From the facts which have lately come under our view.
First—Don't meddle with Saints!—for you'll find if you do
They're what Scotch people call, 'kittle cattle to shoe !'
And when once they have managed to take you in tow,
It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go !

Now to you wicked Pagans!—who wander about,
Up and down Regent Street every night, 'on the scout,'—
Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,
And if once you're suspected, your skirts they will stick to
Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto* !—

Don't the inference draw That because he of Blois
Suffer'd *one* to bilk 'Old father Antic the Law,'
That *our* May'rs and *our* Aldermen—and we've a City full—
Show themselves, at *our* Guildhall, quite so pitiful !

Lastly, as to the Pagan who play'd such a trick,
First assuming the tonsure, then cutting his stick,
There is but one thing which occurs to me—that
Is,—Don't give too much credit to people who 'rat !'

—Never forget Early habit's a net
Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh ;
And 'What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh !'
We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel, as
Old Juvenal tells us, *Natura expellas*

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Tamen usque recurret! There's no use making Her rat!
So that all that I have on this head to advance
Is,—whatever they think of these matters in France,
There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,
'YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR!'



THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

COUNT RAYMOND rules in Languedoc,
O'er the champaign fair and wide,
With town and stronghold many a one,
Wash'd by the wave of the blue Garonne,
And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,
And away to Narbonne, And the mouths of the Rhone;
And his Lyonnois silks, and his Narbonne honey,
Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,
Attend Count Raymond's call;
And Knights and Nobles, of high degree,
From Guienne, Provence, and Burgundy,
Before Count Raymond bend the knee,
And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Arragon
He weds, the Pride of Spain,
You might not find so rich a prize,
A Dame so 'healthy, wealthy, and wise';
So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes—
So exactly the Venus de' Medicis' size—
In all that wide domain.

Then his cellar is stored As well as his board,
With the choicest of all *La Belle France* can afford;
Chambertin, Château Margaux, La Rose, and Lafitte,
With Moët's Champagné, 'of the Comet year,' 'neat

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

As imported,'—'fine sparkling,'—and not over sweet ;
While his Chaplain, good man, when call'd in to say grace,
Would groan, and put on an elongated face
At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory, and plaice :
Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison,
Worthy old soul ! on such *very* fat venison,
Sighing to think Such victuals and drink
Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own,
And grieving o'er scores Of huge barbecued Boars,
Which he, thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors,
Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em
As '*Animal propter convivium natum.*'

He was right, I must say, For at this time of day,
When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,
With respect to our food, as in time so *passé*,
We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,
After dinner, at least, very much in the way,
(We spell the word now with an E, not an A ;)
And as honest *Père Jacques* was inclined to spare diet, he
Gave this advice to all grades of society,
Think less of pudding—and think more of piety.'

As to his clothes, Oh ! nobody knows
What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets, and hose
Pantoufles, with bows Each as big as a rose,
And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats and those
Indescribable garments it is not thought right
To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still in spite of his power, and in spite of his riches,
In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his—which is
The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife,
The Count led a rather hum-drum sort of life.
He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking,
Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking

At nursery maids As they walked the Parades,
The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades,
And the other gay places, which young ladies use
As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting,
 Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting;
 Of popping at pheasants, Quails, woodcocks, and—peasants:
 Of smoking, and joking, And soaking, provoking
 Such headaches next day As his fine St. Peray,
 Though the best of all Rhone wines can never repay,
 Till weary of war, women, roast-goose, and glory,
 With no great desire to be 'famous in story,'
 All the day long, This was his song,
 'Oh, dear! what will become of us?
 Oh, dear! what shall we do?
 We shall die of blue devils if some of us
 Can't hit on something that's new!'

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,
 Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschew'd,
 With all fermented liquors and high-seasoned food,
 Devilled kidneys, and sweet-breads, and ducks and green peas,
 Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,
 Hash'd calf's-head included, no longer could please,
 A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,
 So was ale, or a glass of port-wine after cheese,
 Indeed, anything strong, As to tipple, was wrong;
 She stuck to 'fine Hyson,' 'Bohea,' and 'Souchong,'
 And similar imports direct from Hong-Kong.
 In vain does the family Doctor exhort her
 To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter;
 No!—she alleges She's taken the pledges!
 Determined to aid In a gen'ral Crusade
 Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,
 And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,
Eau sucrée, and drinkables mild and home made;
 So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all hers
 Solely to found 'The Thoulousian Teetotallers.'
 Large sums she employs In dressing small boys
 In long duffle jackets, and short corderoys,
 And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise;
 In short, she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful,
 Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

Now just at the time when our story commences,

It seems that a case Past the common took place,
To entail on her ladyship further expenses,
In greeting with honour befitting his station
The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,
Dispatched by Pope Urban, who seized this occasion
To aid in diluting that part of the nation,

An excellent man, One who stuck to his can
Of cold water 'without'—and he'd take such a lot of it;

None of your sips That just moistens the lips;
At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it,—

No such bad thing By the way, if they bring
It you iced as at Verey's, or fresh from the spring,
When the Dog Star compels folks in town to take wing,
Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it,
Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure,
And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure,
Let's go back to Raymond, still bored without measure,

And harping away, On the same dismal lay,

'Oh dear! what will become of us?

Oh dear! what can we do?

We shall die of blue devils if some of us

Can't find out something that's new!'

At length in despair of obtaining his ends
By his own mother wit, he takes courage and sends,
Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,
Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,
But only a few of his 'backstairs' advisers;

'Come hither,' says he, 'My gallants so free,
My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree,
And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me!
You three can't but see I'm half dead with *ennui*.

What's to be done? I *must* have some fun,
And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun.
So find me out 'something new under the sun,'
Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one!

You three Agree!

Come, what shall it be?

Resolve me—propound in three skips of a flea!

Rigmarole gave a 'Ha!' Rigmaree gave a 'Hem;'
They look'd at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,
As much as to say, 'Have you *nihil ad rem*?'

At length Baron Proser Responded, 'You know, sir,
That question's some time been a regular poser;

Dear me!—let me see,— In the way of a "spree"
Something new?—Eh!—No!—Yes!—*No!*—'tis really no go, sir!

Says the Count, 'Rigmarole, You're as jolly a soul,
On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl;
Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll.'—
In vain—Rigmarole, with a look most profound,
With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground,
Shakes his head as if nothing was there to be found.

'I can only remark, That as touching a "lark"
I'm as much as your Highness can be, in the dark;
I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life,
Unless, peradventure, you'd "tea" with your wife!

Quoth Raymond, 'Enough!

Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!

Rigmarole, you're an ass,—you're a regular Muff!
Drink tea with her ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it!
Call you that fun?—faith, I can't see the wit of it;

Mort de ma vie! My dear Rigmaree,

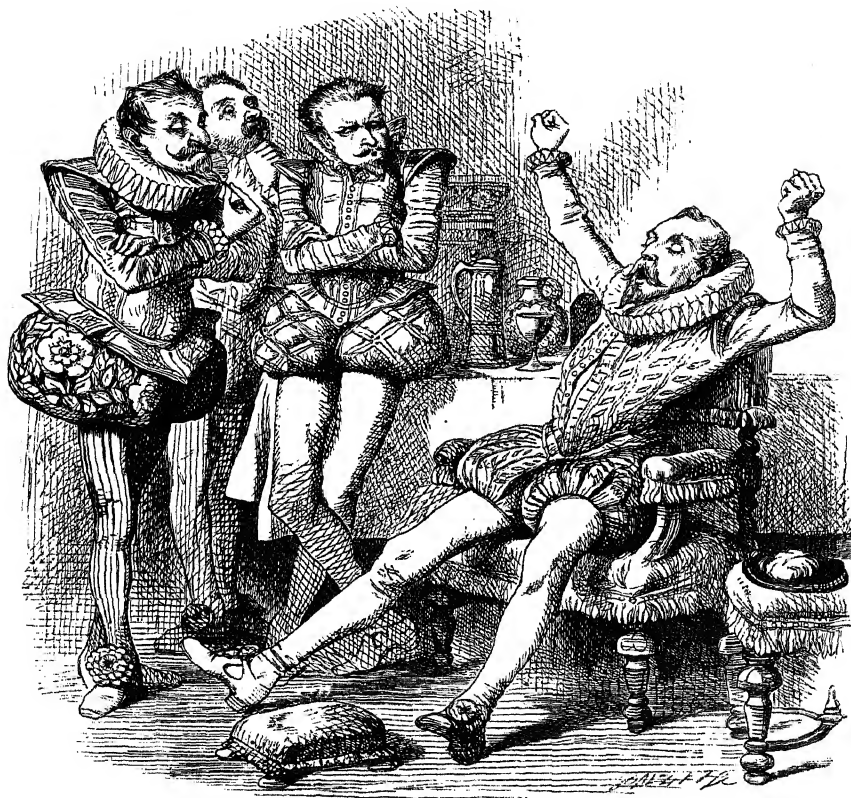
You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,
If you will but be bright, from the simple degree
Of a knight I'll create you at once a *Mar-quis*!
Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,
If you can't beat that stupid old "Sumph" with his "tea!"

'That's the thing! that will do! Ay, marry, that's new!
Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, 'that will please—
My "*Conjuring cap*"—it's the thing;—it's "the cheese!"
It was only this morning I pick'd up the news;
Please your Highness, a *Conjuror's* come to Thoulouse;

I defy you to name us A man half so famous
For devildoms,—Sir, it's the great Nostradamus!

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

Cornelius Agrippa, 'tis said, went to school to him,
Gyngell's an ass, and old Faustus a fool to him.
Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee!—pooh! 'all six
He'd soon put in a pretty particular fix ;
Why he'd beat at digesting a sword, or "Gun tricks."
The great Northern Wizard himself all to sticks!



I should like to see you Try to *sauter le coup*
With this chap at short whist, or unlimited loo,
By the Pope you'd soon find it a regular "Do :"
Why he does as he likes with the cards,—when he's got 'em,
There's always an Ace or a King at the bottom ;
Then for casting Nativities!—only you look

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

At the volume he's publish'd,—that wonderful book !
In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is
Like, by long chalks, his "Prophetical Centuries"—
Don't you remember how, early last summer, he
Warn'd the late King 'gainst the Tournament mummary ?
Didn't his Majesty call it all flummery,

Scorning The warning,

And get the next morning

His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery ?

Why he'll tell you, before You're well inside his door,
All your Highness may wish to be up to, and more !'

'Bravo !—capital !—come, let's disguise ourselves—quick !
—Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick ;
We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick ;
Let's start off at once—Rigmaree, you're a Brick !'

The moon in gentle radiance shone

O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,

O'er holy pile and armed tower,

And danced upon the blue Garonne :

Through all that silver'd city fair,

No sound disturb'd the calm, cool air,

Save the lover's sigh alone !

Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose

Proclaim'd the depth of his repose,

Provoking from connubial toes

A hint—or elbow bone ;

It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,

That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,

And her 'oldest inhabitant' buried in lead.

But hark ! a sound invades the ear,

Of horses' hoofs advancing near !

They gain the bridge—they pass—they're here !

Side by side Two strangers ride,

For the streets in Thoulouse are sufficiently wide,

That is I'm assured they are—not having tried.

—See, now they stop Near an odd-looking shop,

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

And they knock, and they ring, and they won't be denied.
At length the command Of some unseen hand
Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,
And the thick-ribb'd oaken door, old and grey,
In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,
Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,
And they enter the house, that resolute pair,
With a blundering step, but a dare-devil air.
And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair ;
While, arm'd with a lamp that just helps you to see
How uncommonly dark a place can be,
The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,
Says, 'Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins !
Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins !
Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—
Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—
Now turn once again, and directly before ye
's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory.'

A word ! a blow ! And in they go !
No time to prepare, or to get up a show,
Yet everything there they find quite *comme il faut* :—
Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,
Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurors stow
In the rooms they inhabit, huge bellows to blow
The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow ;
From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,
With a tail such as that, which, we all of us know,
Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow ;
Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins
Like those of Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's,
All articles found, you're aware without telling,
In every respectable conjuror's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise, Without turning his eyes,
Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise,
In the midst sits the doctor—his hair is white,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And his cheek is wan—but his glance is bright,
And his long black roquelaure, not over tight,
Is marked with strange characters much, if not quite,
Like those on the bottles of green and blue light
Which you see in a chymist's shop-window at night.
His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about
Ribs,—and no wonder—such folks never care about
Eating or drinking, While reading and thinking
Don't fatten—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage,
From some manuscript work of a bygone age,
The seer very composedly turns down the page,
Then shading his sight, With his hand from the light,
Says, 'Well, Sirs, what would you at this time of night?
What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread,
When all sober folks are at home and abed?'

'Trav'lers we, In our degree,
All strange sights we fain would see,
And hither we come in company;
We have far to go, and we come from far,
Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre;
We have heard of your name, And your fame, and our aim,
Great Sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart
From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cock-crow we start—
Your skill—we would fain crave a touch of your art!'

'Now naye, now naye—no trav'lers ye!
Nobles ye be Of high degree!
With half an eye that one may easily see,—
Count Raymond, your servant!—Yours, Lord Rigmaree!
I must call you so now since you're made a *Mar-quis*;
Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me!
No matter for that! I see what you'd be at—
Well—pray no delay, For it's late, and ere day
I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way;
So tell me at once what you want with me—say!

Shall I call up the dead From their mouldering bed?—
Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead?—

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

Shall I summon old Harry himself to this spot ?'

—'Ten thousand thanks, No ! we had much rather not.

We really can't say That we're curious that way ;
But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving,
We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living !

Rigmaree, what say you, in This case, as to viewing
Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing ?'

'Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a *sous* in
The matter—but don't let old Nick and his crew in !'

—'Agreed !—pray proceed then, most sage Nostradamus,
And show us our *wives*—I dare swear they won't shame us !'

A change comes o'er the wizard's face,
And his solemn look by degrees gives place
To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.

'For good or for ill, I work your will !

Yours be the risk and mine the skill ;

Blame not my art if unpleasant the pill !'

He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head,
A square sort of cap, black, and turn'd up with red,
And desires not a syllable more may be said ;

He goes on to mutter, And stutter, and sputter
Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

'Dies mies !—Hocus pocus—

Adsis Demon ! non est jokus !

Hi Cocolorum—don't provoke us !—

Adesto ! Presto !

Put forth your best toe !'

And many more words, to repeat which would choke us,—
Such a sniff then of brimstone !—it did not last long,
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near, So large and so clear,
If you priced such a one in a drawing-room here,
And was ask'd fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear ;
But a mist gather'd round at the words of the seer,
Till at length as the gloom Was subsiding, a room
On its broad polish'd surface began to appear,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em
The room Lady Isabel called her '*Sanctorum*.'

They start, well they might, With surprise at the sight,
Methinks I hear some lady say, 'Serve 'em right !'

For on one side the fire Is seated the Prior,

At the opposite corner a fat little Friar ;

By the side of each gentleman, easy and free,

Sits a lady, as close as close well may be,

She might almost as well have been perch'd on his knee.

Dear me ! dear me ! Why one's Isabel—she

On the opposite side's *La Marquise Rigmaree* !

To judge from the spread On the board, you'd have said

That the *partie quarrée* had like aldermen fed,

And now from long flasks with necks cover'd with lead,

They were helping themselves to champagne white and red.

Hobbing and nobbing, And nodding and bobbing,

With many a sip Both from cup and from lip,

And with many a toast followed up by a 'Hip !—

Hip !—hip !—huzzay !' —The Count, by the way,

Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they say,

Notwithstanding both he And *Mar-quis Rigmaree*

Are so vex'd and excited at what they can see,

That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

That word once spoke, The silence broke,

In an instant the vision is cover'd with smoke !

But enough has been seen. 'Horse ! horse ! and away !'

They have, neither, the least inclination to stay,

E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—

They rush down the stair, How, they know not, nor care,

The next moment the Count is astride on his bay,

And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome grey ;

They dash through the town, Now up, and now down ;

And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride,

As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside :

Through lane, alley, and street, Over all that they meet ;

The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet,

My Lord Rigmaree close pursuing his beat,

With the page in the rear to protect the retreat.

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep,
Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep,
Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep,
All the town population that was not asleep.



They at length reach the castle, just outside the town,
Where—in peace it was usual with Knights of renown—
The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down.
They dash by the sentinels—‘*France et Thoulouse!*’

Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cock'd hats and long *queues*,
 Appendages banish'd from modern reviews),
 His arquebus lower'd, and bow'd to his shoes;
 While Count Raymond push'd on to his lady's *boudoir*—he
 Had made up his mind to make one at her *soirée*.

He rush'd to that door, Where ever before,
 He had rapp'd with his knuckles, and 'tirl'd at the pin,
 Till he heard the soft sound of his lady's 'Come in!'
 But now, with a kick from his iron-heel'd boot,
 Which, applied to a brick wall at once had gone through't,

He dash'd open the lock; It gave way at the shock!
 (—Dear ladies, don't think in recording the fact,
 That your bard's for one moment defending the act,
 No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body
 A—could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY!!

Nobody?—No!! Oh, ho!—Oh, ho!
 There was not a table—there was not a chair
 Of all that Count Raymond had ever seen there
 (They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuff'd with horse-hair),

That was out of its place!— There was not a trace
 Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate—
 No sign of a table-cloth—nothing to prate
 Of a supper, *symposium*, or sitting up late;
 There was not a spark of fire left in the grate,
 It had all been poked out, and remain'd in that state.

If there was not a fire, Still less was there Friar,
Marquise, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior,
 And the Count, who rush'd in open-mouth'd, was struck dumb,
 And could only ejaculate, 'Well!—this *is* rum!'

He rang for the maids—had them into the room
 With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom;
 He examined them all very strictly—but no!
 Notwithstanding he cross- and re-question'd them so,
 'Twas in vain—it was clearly a case of 'No Go!'

'Their Lady,' they said, 'Had gone early to bed,
 Having rather complain'd of a cold in her head—
 The stout little Friar, as round as an apple,
 Had pass'd the whole night in a vigil in chapel,

While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,
Had rung in the morning, at half-after one,
For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,
And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.

But,' the servants averr'd, 'From the sounds that were heard
To proceed now and then from the father's *sacellum*,

They thought he was purging His sins with a scourging,
And making good use of his knotted *flagellum*.'

For Madame Rigmaree, They all testified, she
Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea,
And they really supposed that there still she must be,

Which her spouse, the *Mar-quis*, Found at once to agree
With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond! he could not conceive
How the case really stood, or know *what* to believe;
Nor could Rigmaree settle to laugh or to grieve.

There was clearly a hoax, But which of the folks
Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes,
Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes;

That glass of the wizard's Stuck much in their gizzards,
His cap, and his queer cloak all X's and Izzards;
Then they found, when they came to examine again,
Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,
Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.
However, since nothing could make the truth known,
Why,—they thought it was best to let matters alone.

The Count in the garden Begg'd Isabel's pardon
Next morning for waking her up in a fright,
By the racket he'd kick'd up at that time of night:
And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,
Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.
Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,

The Friar was pack'd back to his convent at Arles,

While as for the Prior, At Raymond's desire,
The Pope raised his rev'rence a step or two higher,
And made him a bishop *in partibus*—where
His see was I cannot exactly declare,
Or describe his cathedral, not having been there

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But I dare say you'll all be prepared for the news,
When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse,
Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,
Was enjoind, as a *sine quâ non*, to be resident.

You will fancy with me, That Count Raymond was free,
For the rest of his life, from his former *ennui*;
Still it somehow occur'd that as often as he
Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmaree,
There was something or other—a trifling degree
Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,
And which seem'd to be shared by the noble *Mar-quis*,
While the ladies—the queerest of all things by half in
My tale, never met from that hour without laughing.

MORAL.

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of Hymen,
Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men,
Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men!

Don't go out o' nights To see conjuring sleights,
But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is;
Be wise!—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

If you *chance* to be out, At a 'regular bout,'
And get too much of 'Abbot's Pale Ale' or 'Brown Stout,'
Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse,
Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house!

Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,
To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns!
And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,
A sleek, meek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water!



NETLEY ABBEY.⁽²⁷⁾

A LEGEND OF HAMPSHIRE.

I SAW thee, Netley, as the sun
Across the western wave
Was sinking slow, And a golden glow
To thy roofless towers he gave;
And the ivy sheen, With its mantle of green,
That wrapt thy walls around,
Shone lovelily bright In that glorious light,
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—
The days of thy Monks of old,—
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,
The loud Hosanna roll'd,
And, thy courts and 'long-drawn aisles' among,
Swell'd the full tide of sacred song.

And then a vision pass'd
Across my mental eye;
And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,
And delicate Ladies, in bombazeen gowns,
And long white veils, went by;
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—
—But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad!

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,
And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,
And 'dear little souls,' In clean linen stoles,
Swinging their censers, and making a smell.—
And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,
With front severe, And brow austere,
Now and then pinching a little boy's ear
When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,

Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La's* not quite in tune.

(Then you know, They'd a 'moveable *Do*,
Not a fix'd one as now—and of course never knew

How to set up a musical Hullah-baloo.)

It was, in sooth, a comely sight,

And I welcom'd the vision with pure delight.

But then 'a change came o'er'

My spirit—a change of fear—

That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,

But deep beneath the basement floor

A dungeon dark and drear!

And there was an ugly hole in the wall—

For an oven too big,—for a cellar too small!

And mortar and bricks All ready to fix,

And I said, 'Here's a Nun has been playing some tricks!—

That horrible hole!—it seems to say,

"I'm a grave that gapes for a living prey!"

And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—

And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.

Ah me! ah me!—'tis sad to think

That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,

Should here be compell'd to grow blear, and blink,

Or be closed for aye In this kind of way,

Shut out for ever from wholesome day,

Wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,

No light,—no air,—no victuals,—no drink!—

And that Maiden's lip, Which was made to sip,

Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!

—That wandering glance and furtive kiss,

Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,

Should yet be consider'd so much amiss

As to call for a sentence severe as this!—

And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh,

The poor lone victim's stifled cry,

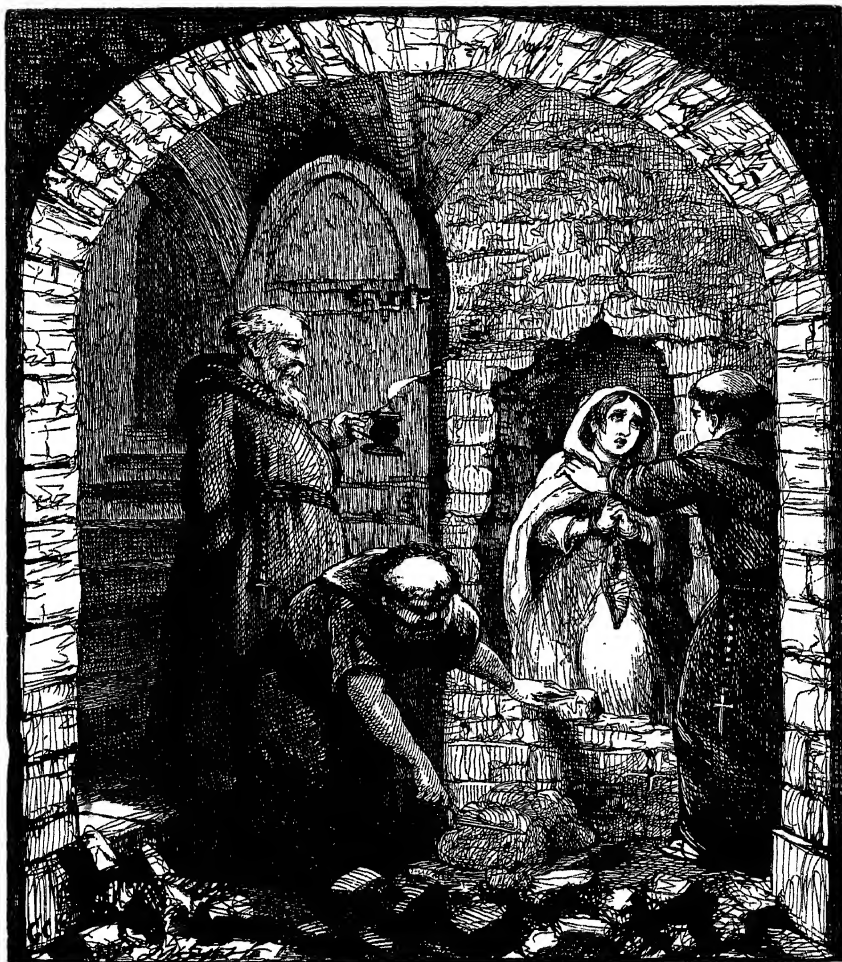
'Well, I can't understand How any man's hand

Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!

Why, a Mussulman Turk Would recoil from the work,

NETLEY ABBEY.

And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he
Stands not on trifles, if madden'd by jealousy,
Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,
In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,



“When all’s said and done, far better it was for us,
Tied back to back, And sewn up in a sack,
To be pitch’d neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!”
—Oh! a saint it would vex To think that the sex

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Should be treated no better than Combe's double X!
Sure some one might run to the Abbess, and tell her
A much better method of stocking her cellar.'

If ever on polluted walls
Heaven's red right arm in vengeance falls,—
If e'er its justice wraps in flame
The black abodes of sin and shame,
That justice, in its own good time,
Shall visit for so foul a crime,
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride!

Lo where it comes!—the tempest lowers,—
It bursts on thy devoted towers;
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm;
I hear the sacrilegious cry,
'Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly!'

Down! down they come—a fearful fall—
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,
Stained pane, and sculptured stone,
There they lie on the greensward strown—
Mouldering walls remain alone!

Shaven crown, Bombazeen gown,
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown!

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,
The glories of thy palmy days
Its very stones recall!—
They 'come like shadows, so depart'—
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin!—grand in woe!
Lone refuge of the owl and bat;
No voice awakes thine echoes now!
No sound—Good Gracious!—what was that:

Was it the moan, The parting groan
Of her who died forlorn and alone,
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?—

Full and clear On my listening ear
It comes—again—near, and more near—
Why 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!

—I rush to the door— I tread the floor,
By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,
In the good old chivalric days of yore.

And what see I there?— In a rush-bottom'd chair
A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,
Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng,
A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,—
And a squeaking fiddle and 'wry-neck'd fife'
Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—
Danced to by 'All the World and his Wife.'
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,
Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—
Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,
Playing at 'pitch and toss,' sport their 'Browns,'
Two or three damsels, frank and free,
Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.
Parties below, and parties above,
Some making tea, and some making love.

Then the 'toot—toot—toot' Of that vile demi-flute,—
The detestable din Of that crack'd violin,
And the odours of 'Stout,' and tobacco, and gin!
'—Dear me!' I exclaim'd, 'what a place to be in!' .
And I said to the person who drove my 'shay,'
(A very intelligent man, by the way,)
'This, all things consider'd, is rather too gay!
It don't suit my humour,—so take me away!
Dancing! and drinking!—cigar and song!
If not profanation, it's "coming it strong,"
And I really consider it all very wrong.—
—Pray, to whom does this property now belong?'—

—He paused, and said, Scratching his head,
'Why I really *do* think he's a little to blame,
But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name!'

‘Well—well!’ quoth I, As I heaved a sigh,
 And a tear-drop fell from my twinkling eye,
 ‘My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt
 That some day or other you’ll find it out,
 Should he come in your way, Or ride in your “shay,”
 (As perhaps he may,) Be so good as to say
 That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day,
 Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,
 Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,
 And thus of their owner to speak began,
 As he order’d you home in haste,
 “NO DOUBT HE’S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,
 But—I *can’t say much for his taste.*”’



RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

‘AND hast thou nerve enough?’ he said,
 That grey Old Man, above whose head
 Unnumber’d years had roll’d,—
 ‘And hast thou nerve to view,’ he cried,
 ‘The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied!—
 —Art thou indeed so bold?’

‘Say, canst Thou, with unshrinking gaze,
 Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
 Of that unearthly eye,
 That blasts where’er it lights,—the breath
 That, like the Simoom, scatters death
 On all that yet *can* die!’

—‘Darest thou confront that fearful form,
 That rides the whirlwind, and the storm,
 In wild unholy revel!—
 The terrors of that blasted brow,
 Archangel’s once,—though ruin’d now—
 —Ay,—dar’st thou face THE DEVIL?’—

RAISING THE DEVIL.

'I dare !' the desperate Youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,



Unblench'd his cheek, and firm his limb
—'No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM !
—THE DEVIL !—I fain would see !—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

‘In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!’ the Lad
Rejoin’d in reckless tone.—
—‘Have then thy wish!’ Agrippa said,
And sigh’d and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle’s bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenc’d around ;
He traced full many a sigil there ;
He mutter’d many a backward pray’r,
That sounded like a curse—
‘He comes!’—he cried with wild grimace,
‘The fellest of Apollyon’s race!’—
—Then in his startled pupil’s face
He dash’d—an EMPTY PURSE!!



THE HOUSE-WARMING!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced with grace,
He’d a very fine form and a very fine face,
And his cloak and his doublet were guarded with lace,
And the rest of his clothes, As you well may suppose,
In taste were by no means inferior to those ;
He’d a yellow-starch’d ruff, And his gloves were of buff,
On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,
And nice little moustaches under his nose ;
Then every one knows How he turn’d out his toes,
And a very great way that accomplishment goes,
In a Court where it’s thought, in a lord or a duke, a
Disgrace to fall short in ‘the Brawls’—(their Cachouca).
So what with his form and what with his face,
And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,

And what with his elegant dancing and grace,
 His dress and address So tickled Queen Bess,
 That her Majesty gave him a very snug place;
 And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her
 Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper
 (Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord Keeper!

I've heard, I confess, with no little surprise,
 English history called a farrago of lies;
 And a certain Divine, A connexion of mine,
 Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
 Is apt to declare, Leaning back in his chair,
 With a sort of smirking, self-satisfied air,
 That 'all that's recorded in Hume and elsewhere,
 Of our early "*Annales*" A trumpery tale is,
 Like the "Bold Captain Smith's," and the "Luckless Miss Bayley's"—
 That old Roger Hovedon, and Ralph de Diceto,
 And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
 ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),
 Though all holy friars, Were very great liars,
 And raised stories faster than Grissel and Peto—
 That Harold escaped with the loss of a "glim"—
 —That the shaft which kill'd Rufus ne'er glanced from a limb
 Of a tree, as they say, but was aimed slap at *him*,—
 That Fair Rosamond never was poison'd or spitted,
 But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied;—
 That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
 Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,
 Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipp'd knife!
 For as she, O'er the sea, Towards fair Galilee,
 Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
 Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruikshanks,
 But, leaving her spindle-legged liege-lord to roam,
 Staid behind, and suck'd something much better at home,—
 That it's quite as absurd To say Edward the Third,
 In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
 For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,
 As 'twould be to say, That at Court t'other day,
 At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,

His Great Representative then stole away
 Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.—
 —That as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail,
 By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
 For cuffing a judge, It's a regular fudge;
 And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
 Was kick'd out the moment he came to the throne.—
 —Then that Richard the Third was a marvellous proper man'—
 Never kill'd, injur'd, or wrong'd of a copper, man!—
 Ne'er wish'd to smother The sons of his brother,—
 Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
 Of being squabash'd, as in Shakspeare we've read,
 Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,
 In the Tower, not far from the room where the Guard is
 (The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).
 —That, in short, all the "facts" in the *Decem Scriptores*,
 Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories.'

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France in,
 Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing,
 Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing,
 Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,

'Twill cause no surprise If we find that his rise
 Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing!
 The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
 As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,
 A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house
 Well descended, but boasting less 'nobles' than *nous*;

Though e'en as to purse He might have done worse,
 For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is
 Clear she had 'good gifts besides possibilities,'

Owches and rings, And such sort of things,
 Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),
 Jewell'd stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,
 Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and—socks—
 (Recondite apparel contained in her box),

—Then the height of her breeding And depth of her reading
 Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading
 Him on to 'propose,' well excuse the proceeding:

Truth to tell, as to 'reading,' the Lady was thought to do
More than she should, and know more than she ought to do;

Her maid, it was said, Declared that she read
(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed;

And that often o' nights, Odd noises and sights
In her mistress's chamber had giv'n her sad frights,
After all in the mansion had put out their lights,
And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites
Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights;—
Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to 'collogue'—I
Don't much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I
've heard call'd by so many names—one of them's 'Bogy'—

Indeed 'twas conceived, And by most folks believed,
—A thing at which all of her well-wishers griev'd—
That should she incline to play such a vagary,
Like sage Lady Branhholm, her contempo-rary
(Excuse the false quantity, reader, I pray),
She could turn a knight into a waggon of hay,
Or two nice little boys into puppies at play,
Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her
Pow'r to turn 'Kit Hatton' into 'Sir Christopher :'
But what 'mighty magic,' or strong 'conjunction,'
Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation

She used, I confess, I'm unable to guess,—

Much less to express By what skill and address
She 'cut and contrived' with such signal success,
As we Londoners say, to 'inwiggle' Queen Bess,

Inasmuch as I lack heart To study the Black Art;
Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done!

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank,
Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank!

An old proverb says, 'Pudding still before praise!'
An adage well known I've no doubt in those days,
And George Colman the Younger, in one of his plays,
Makes one of his characters loudly declare
That 'a Lord without money,'—I quote from his 'Heir-

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

At-Law'—' 's but a poor wishy-washy affair;—
In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea,

For, once in the palace, We find Lady Alice
Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice

In the way that the jocose, in Our days, term 'hocussing;'
The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
But whatever it was, she now doubled the dose!

(So true is the saying, 'We never can stay, in
Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us.')

—She 'doctor'd' the punch, and she 'doctor'd' the negus,
Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,

Till, at every fresh sip, That moisten'd her lip,
The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.

'No end' now he commands. Of money and lands,
And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about houses,
'Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,'
Parks, manors, chases, She 'gives and she grants,
To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts;'
Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,
And all other suitors are 'left in the basket,'

Till Dudley and Rawleigh Began to look squally,
While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,
Himself, 'shook his head,' and grew snappish and surly.

All this was fine sport, As our authors report,
To dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,
Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,
Who 'led the brawls' still with the same grace and vigour,
Though losing a little in slimness and figure;
For eating and drinking all day of the best

Of viands well drest, With 'Burgess's Zest,'
Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest;
And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he
'd always been rather inclined to obesity;
—Few men in those times were found to grow thinner
With beef-steaks for breakfast and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say
How long matters might have gone on in this way,

If it had not unluckily happen'd one day

That Nick,—who, because He'd the gout in his claws
And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was,
And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,)—
All the night long had twisted and grinn'd,
His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
Which always compels him to hobble and limp,
Was strongly advised by his medical Imp
To lie by a little, and give over work,
For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk,
On the Guinea-coast, helping to open a brave trade
In niggers, with Hawkins who founded the slave-trade,
So he call'd for his ledger, the constant resource
Of your mercantile folk, when they're 'not in full force;'
—If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
Or a touch of gout keeps them away from 'the Bourse,'
They look over their books as a matter of course.
Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page or two,
Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
A Bill!—that had now been some days overdue,
From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe—a name
Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same
With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
The signature—much more *prononcée* than pink,
Seem'd written in blood—but it might be red ink—

While the rest of the deed He proceeded to read,
Like ev'ry 'bill, bond, or acquittance' whose date is
Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—'*Sciatis*
(*Diaboli?*) *omnes ad quos hæc pervenient*—'
—But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
And scorn to inflict on you half the 'Law-reading'
I picked up 'umquhile' in three days' special pleading,
Which cost me—a theme I'll not pause to digress on—
Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson—
'As I'm stout, I'll be merciful,' therefore, and sparing
All these technicalities, end by declaring

The deed so correct, As to make one suspect,
(Were it possible any such person could go there)

Old Nick had a Special Attorney below there :
 'Twas so fram'd and express'd no tribunal could shake it,
 And firm as red wax and *black* ferret could make it.

By the roll of his eye As Old Nick put it by,
 It was clear he had made up his mind what to do
 In respect to the course he should have to pursue,
 When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe!!

No, although the Lord Keeper held under the crown, house
 And land in the country—he'd never a Town-house,

And, as we have seen, His course always had been,
 When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen,
 So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,
 He danced off to Court with his 'Humble Petition,'

'Please your Majesty's Grace, I have not a place,
 I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep!
 Your Grace's Lord Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,

So I beg and entreat, At your Majesty's feet,
 That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
 With as little delay As your Majesty may,
 Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord Keeper's to stay—
 —And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray!'

The Queen, when she heard This petition preferr'd,
 Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word;—
 'Odds Bobs, my good Lord!' was her gracious reply,
 'I don't know, not I, Any good reason why
 A Lord Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh
 To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply—
 A House! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
 Us before—Yes!—of course!—Pray, whose house would you like!
 When I *do* things of this kind, I do them genteelly,
 A House?—let me see! there's the Bishop of Ely!
 A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
 Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavie's Inn—
 Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
 Which our Grandmother's Uncle tucked in like a pig,

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
The day,—don't you know?—he cut Hastings' head off—
And mark me, proud Prelate!—I'm speaking to you,
Bishop Heaton!—you need not, my lord, look so blue—
Give it up on the instant! I don't mean to shock you,
Or else by ——!—(The Bishop *was* shock'd!)—I'll unfrock you!!

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
The courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
Skips away with much glee in his best rigadoon!

While poor Bishop Heaton, Who found himself beaten,
In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
Including the strawberry beds 'twas so strong in;
Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
And said, 'There can be, my good lord, in opinion
No difference betwixt yours And mine as to fixtures,
And tables, and chairs— We need no survey'rs—
Take them just as you find them, without reservation,
Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation!'

Well! the object is gain'd! A good town-house obtain'd,
The next thing to be thought of, is now

The 'house-warming' party—the *when* and the *how*,—

The Court ladies call, One and all, great and small,
For an elegant 'Spread,' and more elegant Ball,
So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,
No sooner had finish'd his painting and papering,

Than he sat down and wrote A nice little pink note
To every great Lord whom he knew, and his spouse,
'From our poor place on Holborn-hill (late Ely House),
Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request,
Lord So-and-so's (name, style, or title exprest)

Good company on The next eve of St. John,
Viz: Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,
To partake of pot-luck, And taste a fat buck.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

N.B. Venison on table exactly at 3,
Quadrilles in the afternoon.

R. S. V. P.

For my good Lord of So-and-so these, and his wife ;
Ride ! ride ! for thy life ! for thy life ! for thy life !'
Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses
In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.
The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards
Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,
The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot Guards.

Well, the day for the rout At length came about,
And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,
As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion,
(The mode of conveyance then used by 'the Million,')

All gallant and grand Defiled from the Strand,
Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter) Lane,
Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane ;
Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane ;
Some from Cheapside, and St. Mary-le-Bow,
From Bishopsgate Street, Dowgate Hill, and Budge Row.

They come and they go, Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,
Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewash'd to Snow,)
All eager to see the magnificent show,
And sport what some call 'a fantastical toe ;'

In silk and in satin, To batten and fatten
Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets !—sound again !—

He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a
Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,

And so serv'd out their Grand Armada :
With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,
In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord !—proud Leicester's Earl

Retires awhile from courtly cares,
Who took his wife, poor hapless girl !

And pitch'd her neck and heels down stairs ;

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
If not her 'friend,' at least her 'pitcher.'

A flourish, trumpets! strike the drums!
Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
Renown'd afar for curing men sick,—
Queen's Serjeant Barham with his bums
And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic;
(He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
Life at the famous 'Black Assizes.')

Room! Room! for great Cecil!—place, place, for his Dame!—
Room! Room! for Southampton—for Sidney, whose name
As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame,
'Beats Banagher'—e'en now his praises, we all sing 'em,
Knight, Poet, Gentleman!—Room! for Sage Walsingham!

Room! for Lord Hunsdon!—for Sussex!—for Rawleigh!—
For INGOLDSBY!! Oh! it's enough to appal ye!

Dear me! how they call! How they squall! how they bawl!
This dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—
My lord's got a tumble—my lady a fall!—

Now a Hall! a Hall! A Brawl! a Brawl!
Here's my Lord Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall!
Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball!

Fiddlers! Fiddlers! fiddle away!
Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!

A roundelay! Fiddle away!
Obey! obey!—hear what they all say!
Hip!—Music!—Nosey!—play up there!—play!
Never was anything half so gay
As Sir Christopher Hatton's grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve!—Who cares for the clock?
Who cares for—Hark!—What a loud Single-knock!

Dear me! dear me! Who can it be?—
Why, who can be coming at this time of night,
With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright!—

'Affright?'—yes, *affright*!—there are many who mock
At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
Yet quail at the sound of a vile 'Single knock!'
Hark!—what can the Porter be thinking of?—What!—
If the booby has not let him in I'll be shot!—

Dear me! how hot The room's all at once got!—
And what rings through the roof!— It's the sound of a *hoof*!
It's some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot!
Stay!—the folding-doors open! the leaves are thrown back,
And in dances a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK!!

Gracious me what an *entrechat*! Oh, what a bound!
Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground!

Look there! look there! Now he's up in the air!
Now he's here!—now he's there—now he's no one knows where!—
See! see!—he's kick'd over a table and chair!

There they go!—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet herbs,

Turn'd o'er and o'er, Down on the floor,
Ev'ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs

All the 'Keen's Seedlings,' and 'Wilmot's Superbs!'

There's a *pirouette*!—we're All a great deal too near!
A ring!—give him room or he'll 'shin' you—stand clear!
There's a spring again!—oh! 'tis quite frightful!—oh dear!
His toe's broke the top of the glass chandelier!!

Now he's down again—look at the *congées* and bows
And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,
Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse!

Come, now we shall view A grand *pas de deux*
Perform'd in the very best style by these two.

—But no!—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff!—
He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
Back her own—see!—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws!!

Then she 'scream'd such a scream!' Such another, I deem,
As, long after, Miss Mary Brown⁽²⁸⁾ scream'd in her dream.

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

Well she might ! for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page,
A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,
Who was standing close by When she utter'd her cry,



That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up, and grew dry,
While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got
In his clutches became on the instant RED HOT!!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Now he whirls and he twirls Through the girls in their curls,
And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and pearls;
Now high,—now low,— Now fast, and now slow,
In terrible circumgyration they go;
The flame colour'd Belle and her coffee-faced Beau!
Up they go once! and up they go twice!—
Round the hall!—round the hall!—and now up they go thrice!
Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown!
Now again they go UP!!—and they NEVER COME DOWN!!!

The thunder roars! And the rain it pours!
And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors!
Then more calling, and bawling, And squalling, and falling,
Oh! what a fearful 'stramash' they are all in!
Out they all sally, The whole *corps de ballet*—
Some dash down Holborn-hill into the valley,
Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley,
Some t'other way, with a speed quite amazing,
Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray's Inn.
In every sense of the word, such a *roué* of it,
Never was made in London, or out of it!

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been;
The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
Was all blacken'd and scorch'd, and look'd dirty and mean.
All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen!
While those who look'd up could perceive in the roof,
One very large hole in the shape of a *hoof*!

Of poor Lady Hatton, it's needless to say,
No traces have ever been found to this day,
Or the terrible dancer who whisk'd her away;
But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN HEART!
And sundry large stains Of blood and of brains,
Which had not been wash'd off notwithstanding the rains,
Appear'd on the wood, and the handle and chains,
As if somebody's head with a very hard thump,

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

Had been recently knock'd on the top of the pump.
The pump is no more!—that of which you've just read,—
But they've put a new iron one up in its stead,

And still, it is said, At that 'small hour' so dread,
When all sober people are cozy in bed,
There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
Standing close by the new pump a Lady in White,
Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding-Heart Yard.

MORAL.

Fair Ladies, attend! And if you've a 'friend,
At Court,' don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!
—Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor!—
Don't dabble in 'Magic!' my story has shown
How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

*

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint,
Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print.

All Conjuring's bad! they may get in a scrape,
Before they're aware, and whatever its shape,
They may find it no easy affair to escape.
It's not everybody that comes off so well
From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mr. Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high!


Depend on't the fault's in Your method of waltzing,
If ever you kick out the candles—don't try!

At a ball or a play, Or any *soirée*,
When a *petit souper* constitutes the '*Après*,'
If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
Take care of your HEAD—and take care of your HEART!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

If you want a new house For yourself and your spouse,
Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it!
Don't be so green as to go to Old Nick for it—
—Go to George Robins—he'll find you 'a perch,'
(*Dulce Domum's* his word,) without robbing the Church!

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
Is, 'don't go of a night into Bleeding-Heart Yard,'
It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
With queer people about, and unless you take care,
You may find, when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
That the *iron* one is not the *only* 'PUMP' there!



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

I BELIEVE there are few But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a 'screw'
In money transactions as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives
That 'Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives!'

In proof of this rule, A thoughtless young fool,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
A 'swelling' (Payne Collier would read 'swilling') 'port,'
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,
Had shrunk his 'weak means,' and was 'stump'd' and 'hard up,'
Took occasion to send To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he'd managed to spend.

'Antonio,' said he, 'Now listen to me ;
I've just hit on a scheme which, I think, you'll agree,
All matters consider'd, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

'In the first place, you know, all the money I've got,
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot ;
Now do as boys do when, shooting at sparrows
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,
—Shoot another the same way—I'll watch well its track,
And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them back !—

So list to my plan, And do what you can
To attend to and second it, that's a good man !

'There's a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at
A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong box Seems bursting its locks,
It's stuffed so with shares in "Grand Junctions" and "Docks,"
Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian, Columbian, and Chilian,
In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not "kites," manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of "flimsy," all sign'd by Monteagle.
Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And more speculations I need not detail, ways
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,
Contribute a deal to improving one's income ;

In short, she's a Mint ! —Now I say, deuce is in't
If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,
And her "eye's speechless messages," plainer than print
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony, My trusty old crony,
Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I
Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes,
Of all sorts and sizes, preferring their suits
To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,
Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—
Is not to be snapp'd up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt I shall rout every lout
Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—

Surmount every barrier, Carry her, marry her !
—Then hey ! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,
For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced !'

With a wink of his eye His friend made reply
In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
'Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say "die" !
—Well—I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—
Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,
But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash ;
The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is
Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,
Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I
've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—
Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay ;—

A sixth, by the way, I consigned t'other day
To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,
A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack, And come, some of them, back,
What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,
My account with Jones Loyd, and Co looks rather blue ;
While, as for the "ready," I'm like a Church-mouse,—
I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

But, no matter for that, Let me just get my hat,
And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,
And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—
And try what my credit in Venice can do ;
I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I
Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money.'

They were going to go, When, lo! down below,
In the street, they heard somebody crying, 'Old Clo!'
—'By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew
We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,
—Salarino,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,
And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!'

With a pack, Like a sack Of old clothes at his back,
And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,
Saying, 'Rest you fair, Signior Antonio!—vat, pray,
Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in ma vay?'

—'Why, Shylock, although, As you very well know,
I am what they call "warm,"—pay my way as I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break through a rule to oblige an old friend ;
And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,
And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it, Yea, seal and sign to it—
Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say
As to "doing" a bill at three months from to-day?
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags
Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?'

'—Vell, ma tear,' says the Jew, 'I'll see vat I can do!
But Mishter Antonio, hark you, tish funny
You say to me, "Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!"

Ven you very vell knows How you shpit on ma clothes,
And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch
Dat I put too much int'resht py half in ma pouch,

And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,
 You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.
 —Vell!—no matters, ma tear,— Von vord in your ear!
 I'd be friends mit you bote,—and to make dat appear,
 Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,
 Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill;—

Ma tear, you musht say, If on such and such day
 Such sum or such sums you shall fail to repay,
 I shall cut where I like, as de pargain is proke,
 A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke.'

So novel a clause Caused Bassanio to pause;
 But Antonio, like most of those sage 'Johnny Raws'
 Who care not three straws About Lawyers or Laws,
 And think cheaply of 'Old Father Antic,' because
 They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,
 'Pooh pooh'd' the whole thing.—'Let the Smouch have his way—

Why, what care I, pray, For his penalty?—Nay,
 It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;

And, come what come may, I hardly need say
 My ships will be back a full month ere the day.'

So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
 And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he

Affix'd with all speed His name to a deed,
 Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.
 Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead
 Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,
 With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,

In the morning 'made play,' And without more delay,
 Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.

But scarcely had he From the harbour got free,
 And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
 Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news
 That he'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old, And, if rolling in gold,
 Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,
 For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses
 Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,

Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and some be,
Your *aquila* generate sometimes *Columbæ*,
Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd 'one fair daughter,'
And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her,
A jewel—a gem of the very first water;

A great many sought her, Till one at last caught her,
And, upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,
To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,
That the very same night Bassanio thought right
To give all his old friends that farewell 'invite,'
And while Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,
On 'wings made by a tailor' the damsel took flight.

By these 'wings' I'd express A grey duffle dress,
With brass badge and muffin cap, made, as by rule,
For an upper class boy in the National School.
Jessy ransack'd the house, popp'd her breeks on, and when so
Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,
An 'Unthrift,' who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into the boat, And was fairly afloat
Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,
And threatening how well he'd dust every man's jacket
Who'd help'd her in getting aboard of the packet,
Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,
And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,
Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best
To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;
And, if left to herself, he no doubt had succeeded,
For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did;

But an obstacle lay, Of some weight, in his way,
The defunct Mr. P. who was now turned to clay,
Had been an odd man, and, though all for the best he meant
Left but a queer sort of 'Last will and testament,'

Bequeathing her hand,

With her houses and land,

&c., from motives one don't understand,

As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,
To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Like a good girl, she did Just what she was bid :
In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
And clapp'd a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,
Tried first, but they both fail'd in choosing the right one.
Another from Naples, who shoe'd his own horses ;
A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's ;—
A young English Baron ;—A Scotch Peer his neighbour :—
A dull drunken Saxon, all moustache and sabre ;—
All follow'd, and all had their pains for their labour.
Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole !
Put his conjuring cap on,—consider'd the whole,—
The gold put aside as Mere 'hard food for Midas,'
The silver bade trudge As a 'pale common drudge ;'
Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a goose as to think, I dare say,
Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,

Any more than the dome Of St. Peter's at Rome
Was built in the same space of time ; and, in fact,

Whilst Bassanio was doing His billing and cooing,
Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act ;
Meanwhile that unfortunate bill became due,
Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,

And Antonio grew In a deuce of a stew,
For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do ;
(The bitter old Israelite would not renew,)

What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes, his
Funds were all stopp'd, or gone down in his argosies,
None of the set having come into port,
And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court
For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news Of this step of the Jew's,
And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,
Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of 'the Blues,'
Especially, too, as it came from the pen

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,
When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

‘Dear Friend,’ it continued, ‘all’s up with me—I
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!
And, as death clears all scores, you’re no longer my debtor;
I should take it as kind Could you come—never mind—
If your love don’t persuade you, why,—don’t let this letter!’

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o’er
Ere a post-chaise and four Was brought round to the door,
And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,
Gave his lady one kiss, and then started at score.

But scarce in his flight Had he got out of sight
Ere Portia, addressing a groom, said, ‘My lad, you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua;
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,
And give him this note, Which I’ve hastily wrote,
Take the papers he’ll give you—then push for the ferry
Below, where I’ll meet you, you’ll do’t in a wherry,
If you can’t find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—
—Stay, bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it.’

Giovanni (that’s Jack) Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jump’d on its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.
The Signora soon follow’d, herself, taking, as her
Own escort Nerissa, her maid, and Balthasar.

‘The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!’
As Captain Macheath says,—and when one’s in debt,
The sight’s as unpleasant a one as I know,
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one’s toes or one’s nose;
Yet here, a worse fate, Stands Antonio, of late

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life ;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,

Imperturbable stands, As he waits their commands
With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands :
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,

Though his hopes are but feeble, Does his *possible*
'To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still

He points to the bond He so often has conn'd,
And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, 'I *can* say no more—let the law take its course.'

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe

From the toe to the heel, And grasping the steel,
With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,
When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.

'Stay, Shylock,' says he, 'Here's one thing—you see
This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood !
—The words are "A pound of flesh,"—that's clear as mud—
Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind !—if you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
I'll hang you, like Haman !—by Jingo I will !'

When apprised of this flaw, You never yet saw
Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw
As in Shylock, who cried, 'Flesh ma heart ! ish dat law ?'—
Off went his three hats, And he look'd as the cats
Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

‘—Ish’t the law?’—why the thing won’t admit of a query—

‘No doubt of the fact, Only look at the act ;

Acto quinto, cap : tertio, Dogi Falieri—

Nay, if, rather than cut you’d relinquish the debt,



The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
See Foscaro's "Statutes at large"—"If a Stranger
A Citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
The whole of his property, little or great,

Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,
 And one to the person pursued by his hate;
 And, not to create Any farther debate,
 The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate."
 So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!
 Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*."

What need to declare How pleased they all were
 At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?
 Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,
 His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?—
 How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,
 To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?—
 How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,
 Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring
 Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,
 With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?—

How when he, and the spark Who appeared as his clerk,
 Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty coats,
 There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?—
 How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the cruel,
 Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?—

How they scolded and broke out, Till, having their joke out,
 They kissed, and were friends, and, all blessing and blessed,
 Drove home by the light Of a moonshiny night,
 Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,
 Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid?—

All this, if 'twere meet, I'd go on to repeat,
 But a story spun out so's by no means a treat,
 So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,
 No edition of Shakespeare, I've met with, contains;
 But, if the account which I've heard be a true one,
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then, sold For its full weight in gold,
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm told
 It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain ;
Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
Became known by the name of the 'Flower of Dumblane.'

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
And whose goodness to paint All colours were faint,
Acquired the well-merited prefix of 'Saint,'
And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,
Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
He went over to England, got nat'ralis'd there,
And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
But converted, I think may be possibly true,
But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,
Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,
And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,
I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men
Till some Sage proves the fact 'with his usual *acumen*.'

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard It's uncommonly hard
If an editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear
A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,
'PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUNDRUMS!!'

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,
'You're' "no that far wrong" in assuming the breeches!'

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools
To look well to assets—nor play with edge tools!
Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,
What caution they need when they deal with old-clothesmen!

So bid John and Mary To mind and be wary,
And never let one of them come down the are'!

THE WEDDING-DAY ;
OR, THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE.

A FAMILY LEGEND.

IT has a jocund sound,
That gleeful marriage chime,
As from the old and ivied tower,
It peals, at the early matin hour,
Its merry, merry round ;
And the Spring is in its prime,
And the song-bird, on the spray,
Trills from his throat, in varied note,
An emulative lay—
It has a joyous sound !!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book,
And the Clerk, with his grave, *quasi*-sanctified look,
And there stand the village maids, all with their posies,
Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,

Dight in white, A comely sight,
Fringing the path to the left and the right ;
—From our nursery days we all of us know
Ne'er doth 'Our Ladye's garden grow'
So fair for a 'Grand Horticultural Show'
As when border'd with 'pretty maids all on a row.'
And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule
Of that 'Limbo of Infants,' the National School,
Whooping, and bawling, And squalling, and calling,
And crawling, and creeping, And jumping, and leaping,
Bo-peeping 'midst 'many a mouldering heap in
Whose bosom their own 'rude forefathers' are sleeping ;
—Young rascals !—instead of lamenting and weeping,

Laughing and gay, *A gorge déployée*—
Only now and then pausing—and checking their play,
To 'wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay,'
Ah, well a-day ! Little deem they,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,
Are anything else Than mere parish bells,
Or that each of them, should we go into its history,
Is but a 'Symbol' of some deeper mystery—

That the clappers and ropes Are mere practical tropes
Of 'trumpets' and 'tongues,' and of 'preachers,' and popes,
Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err,
See the '*Rationale*,' of that goosey-gander.

'Gently! gently, Miss Muse! Mind your P's and your Q's!
Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!
Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism,
Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,
And as, on the whole, You're a good-natured soul,
You must never enact such a pitiful rôle.
No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys
In the churchyard, who're making this hubbub and noise—
But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see,—the avenue gates unfold,
And forth they pace, that bridal train,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
They cross the green and grassy lane,
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,
Two by two, and side by side,
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,
And cousins, a great many times removed.
A fairer or a gentler she,
A lovelier maid, in her degree,
Man's eye might never hope to see,
Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,
The flow'r of that goodly company;
While whispering low, with bated voice,
Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,
Walks Fredville's hope, young Valentine Boys.

—But where, oh where,— Is Ingoldsby's heir?
Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh where?
Why he's here,—and he's there, And he's every where—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

He's there, and he's here ; In the front—in the rear,—
Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—
The Puck of the party, the darling 'pet' boy,
Full of mischief, and fun, and good-humour and joy ;
With his laughing blue eye, and his cheek like a rose,
And his long curly locks, and his little snub nose ;
In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes !
Now pinching the bridesman,—now teasing his sister,
And telling the bridesmaids how 'Valentine kiss'd her ;'
The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,
See, he's into the churchyard!—he's over the wall—
Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,
He's the first in the church, be the second who may !

'Tis o'er ;—the holy rite is done,
The rite that 'incorporates two in one,'
—And now for the feasting, and frolic, and fun !
Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,
The shaking of hands, the embracing, and crying,
The 'toot—toot—toot' Of the tabour and flute,
Of the white-wigg'd Vicar's prolong'd salute,
Or of how the blithe 'College *Youths*,—rather old stagers,
Accustom'd, for years, to pull bell ropes for wagers—
Rang, faster than ever, their 'triple-bob-MAJORS ;'
(So loud as to charm ye, At once and alarm ye ;
—'*Symbolic*, of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues
To the 'little old woman that open'd the pews,'
Of the largesse bestow'd on the Sexton and Clerk,
Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park ;
Of the laughing and joking, The quaffing, and smoking,
And chaffing, and broaching—that is to say, poking
A hole in a mighty magnificent tub .
Of what men, in our hemisphere, term 'Humming Bub.'
But which gods,—who, it seems, use a different lingo
From mortals, are wont to denominate 'Stingo.'
Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning ;
The cheese ! the reward of the ugly one winning ;

Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen,—
—The soapy-tail'd sow,—a rich prize when you've caught her,—
Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water ;

The smacks and the whacks, And the jumpers in sacks,
These down on their noses and those on their backs ;—
Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties,
The '*King and the Miller*,' the '*Bold Robin Hood*,'
'*Chevy Chase*,' '*Gilderoy*,' and the '*Babes in the Wood* !'

—You'll say that my taste Is sadly misplaced,
But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,
The '*Auld Robin Grays*,' and the '*Aileen Aroons*,'
The '*Gramachree Mollys*,' and '*Sweet Bonny Doons*'

Are dearer to me, In a tenfold degree,
Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea ;
And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are
As 'best refined loaf,' to the coarsest 'brown sugar ;'
—Alack, for the Bard's want of science ! to which he owes
All this misliking of foreign *capricios* ?—

Not that he'd say One word, by the way,
To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez—
But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-guinea,
Each Saturday night when, devour'd by chagrin, he
Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini*.

But enough of the rustics—let's leave them pursuing
Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in
The inside the hall, and see what *they* are doing ;

And first there's the Squire, The hale, hearty sire
Of the bride,—with his coat-tails subducted and higher,
A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire ;
His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire ;—
—Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue
Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue ;
And bright the shalloon of his little quill'd *queue* ;
—White, white as '*Young England's*,' the dimity vest
Which descends like an *avalanche* o'er his broad breast,
Till its further progression is put in arrest
By the portly projection that springs from his chest,
Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest ;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

—White, white are his locks,—which, had Nature fair play,
Had appear'd a clear brown, slightly sprinkled with grey ;
But they're as white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day,
Or Ben Nevis, his pate is *si bien poudré* !
Bright, bright are the boots that envelope his heels,
—Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals,
And still brighter yet may the gazer descry
The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye
As it lights on the bride— His beloved one—the pride
And delight of his heart,—sever'd now from his side :—
But brighter than all, Arresting its fall,
Is the smile, that rebukes it for spangling at all,
—A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as
Blind Homer for instance, *εν δακρυσι γελας*.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom, withdrawn
To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn,
Ensconc'd on a squab of maroon-colour'd leather,
And talking—and *thinking*, no doubt—of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room ! room for the guests,
In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles, and vests ;
—First, Sir Charles Grandison, Baronet, and his son
Charles,—the mamma does not venture to 'show'—
—Miss Byron, you know, She was call'd long ago—
For that lady, 'twas *said*, had been playing the d—l,
Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,
Which very much shock'd, and chagrin'd, as may well be
Supposed, 'Doctor Bartlett' and 'Good Uncle Selby.'
—Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his gruel, in
Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,
Nor try for, deterr'd by the serious expense, a
Complete separation *a thoro et mensa*,
So he 'kept a calm sough,' and, when asked to a party,
A dance, or a dinner, or tea and *écarté*,
He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,
He'd 'left her at home, as she found herself poorly.'

Two foreigners near, 'Of distinction,' appear ;
A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Count Ferdinand Fathom,—Count Thaddeus of Warsaw,
All cover'd with glitt'ring *bijouterie* and hair—Poles,
Whom Lord Dudley Stuart calls 'Patriot,'—Hook 'Bare Poles ;
Such rings, and such brooches, such studs, and such pins !

'Twere hard to say which Were more gorgeous and rich,
Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins !

Next Sir Roger de Coverley,—Mr. Will Ramble,
With Dame Lismahago, (*née* Tabitha Bramble),—
Mr. Random and Spouse,—Mrs. Pamela Booby,
(Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,
And, 'people *did say*'—but no matter for that, ...
Folks were not then enlighten'd by good Father Mat.)—
—Three friends from 'the Colonies' near them were seen,
The Great Massachusetts man, General Muff Green,—
Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins,—men

'Influential *some*,'—and their 'smart' Uncle Ben ;—

Rev. Abraham Adams (preferr'd to a stall),—

—Mr. Jones and his lady, from Allworthy Hall ;

—Our friend Tom, by the way, Had turn'd out rather gay
For a married man—certainly 'people *did say*'

He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,

And being as sly as his half-brother Blifil.—

(Miss Seagrim, 'tis well known, was now in high feather,

And 'people *did say*,' they'd been seen out together,—

A fact, the 'Boy Jones,' who, in our days, with malice

Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,

Would seem to confirm, as 'tis whisper'd he owns, he's

The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)

Lady Bellaston, (*mem.* she had not been invited !)

Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted,—

All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted !

—It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,

Or enumerate half of the elegant tribe

Who fill'd the back ground, And among whom were found
The *élite* of the old country families round,

Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull, and Norton,

Matthew Robinson, too, with his beard from Monk's Horton.

The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses,

And Fairfax, (who then call'd the castle of Leeds his :)

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Esquires, Knights, and Lords, In bag-wigs and swords;
And the troops, and the groups, Of fine Ladies in hoops;
The *pompoons*, the *toupées*, and the diamonds and feathers,
The flowered-silk *sacques* Which they wore on their backs,—
—How?—*sacques* and *pompoons*, with the Squire's boots and
leathers!—

Stay! stay!—I suspect Here's a trifling neglect
On your part, Madame Muse, though you're uncommonly accurate,
As to costume, as brown Quaker, or black Curate,

For once, I confess, Here you're out as to dress;—
You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress,
For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing,
Sir Roger de Coverley's laced suit to bring
Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng,
And poor dear Sir Francis appear'd in, last spring.—
So, having for once been compell'd to acknowledge, I
've made a small hole in our mutual chronology,
Canter on, Miss, without further apology,—

Only don't make Such another mistake,
Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake;—
Enough!—you are sorry for what you have done,
So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on!

Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,
And how ev'ry person is dress'd—we won't say;
Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay
To our dear 'bonnie Maud,' on her own wedding-day,
To dance at her bridal, and help 'throw the stocking,'
—A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

There's a breakfast, they know— There always is so
On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.
Of course there are 'lots' of beef, potted and hung,
Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,
Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,
Cold pigeon-pie (rook?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,
Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder ices—
Blancmange, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—
Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
Refined barley-sugar, in various devices,
Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes—
And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
—In short, all those gimcracks together were met
Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette*—
(A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)
And see! what a mountainous bridecake!—a thing
By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring!

Now as to the wines!—‘Ay, the wine?’ cries the Squire,
Letting fall both his coat-tails—which nearly take fire,—

Rubbing his hands, He calls out as he stands,
To the serving-men waiting ‘his Honour’s’ commands,
‘The wine!—to be sure—here you, Harry—Bob—Dick—
‘The wine, don’t you hear?—bring us lights—come, be quick!—
And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick—

Say what they may, ‘Fore George we’ll make way
Into old Roger Ingoldsby’s cellar to-day;
And let loose his captives, imprison’d so long,
His flasks, and his casks, that he brick’d up so strong!’—
‘Oh dear! oh dear! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what you do!’
—Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,—she is in *such* a stew!—
‘Oh dear! oh dear! what do I hear?—full oft you’ve heard me tell
Of the curse “Wild Roger” left upon whoe’er should break his
cell!

‘Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went away,
As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day!
And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,
Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball, and play;
Your locks were nut-brown, then, Squire—you grow a little grey!—

“‘Wild Roger,” so we call’d him then, your grandsire’s youngest son,
He was in truth A wayward youth, We fear’d him, every one.
In ev’ry thing he had his will, he would be stay’d by none,

And when he did a naughty thing, he laugh'd and call'd it fun !
 —One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he'd done,
 But he scorn'd reproof: And from this roof Away that night
 he run !

'Seven years were gone and over—"Wild Roger" came again
 He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main ;
 And he had store of gold galore, and silks, and satins fine,
 And flasks, and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon wine !
 Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western wave,
 And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave,
 Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his grave !

'Your Father was a kindly man—he play'd a brother's part,
 He press'd his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart,
 Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to share,
 But Roger was the same man still,—he scorn'd his brother's pray'r !
 He call'd his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign shores
 Got kill'd in some outlandish place—they call it the Eyesores ;

But ere he went, And quitted Kent, —I well recall the day,—
 His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely "stow'd away ;"
 Within the cellar's deepest nook, he safely stow'd them all,
 And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built up
 the wall.

'Oh ! then it was a fearful thing to hear "Wild Roger's" ban !
 Good gracious me ! I never heard the like from mortal man :—
 "Here's that," quoth he, "shall serve me well, when I return at last,
 A batter'd hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past ;
 Accurst be he, whoe'er he be, lays hand on gear of mine,
 Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine !"
 And more he said, which fill'd with dread all those who listen'd there ;
 In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair
 With very fear, to stand and hear "Wild Roger" curse and swear ! !
 He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his game,
 He called me "Mother Bounce-about ;" my Gracious, what a name !
 Nay, more, "an old"—some "boat-woman,"—I may not say for
 shame !—

Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I tell,
 Nor break, on such a day as this, "Wild Roger's" secret cell !'

THE WEDDING-DAY.

‘Pooh! pooh!’ quoth the Squire, As he mov’d from the fire,
And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire;

‘Pooh!—never tell me! Nonsense! fiddle-de-dee!
What?—wait Uncle Roger’s return back from sea?

Why he may, as you say, Have been somewhat too gay,
And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way;
But what’s that to us, now, at this time of day?

What, if some quarrel With Dering or Darrell—
—I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—
Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,
Or what his unfriends choose to call Buccaneering?
It’s twenty years since, as we very well know,
He was knock’d on the head in a skirmish, and so
Why rake up “auld warld” tales of deeds long ago?—
—Foul befall him who would touch the deposit
Of living man, whether in cellar or closet!

But since, as I’ve said, Knock’d on the head,
Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead:

As for his wine, I’m his heir, and it’s mine!
And I’d long ago work’d it well, but that I tarried

For this very day— And I’m sure you’ll all say
I was right—when my own darling Maud should get married!
So lights and a crow-bar!—the only thing lies
On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize,
Is some little compunction anent the Excise.

Come—you, Master Jack, Be the first, and bring back
Whate’er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack.
Head the party, and mind that you’re back in a crack!’

Away go the clan, With cup and with can,
Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van:
Little reck they of the Buccaneer’s ban:
Hope whispers, ‘Perchance we’ll fall in with strong beer too here!
Blest thought! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear!

Through cellar one, through cellars two,
Through cellars three they pass’d!

And their way they took To the farthest nook
Of cellar four—the last!

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Blithe and gay, they batter away,
On this wedding day of Maud's,
With all their might, to bring to light,
‘Wild Roger’s’ ‘Custom-house frauds!’
And though stone and brick Be never so thick,
When stoutly assail’d, they are no bar
To the powerful charm Of a Yeoman’s arm
Whenwielding a decentish crow-bar!

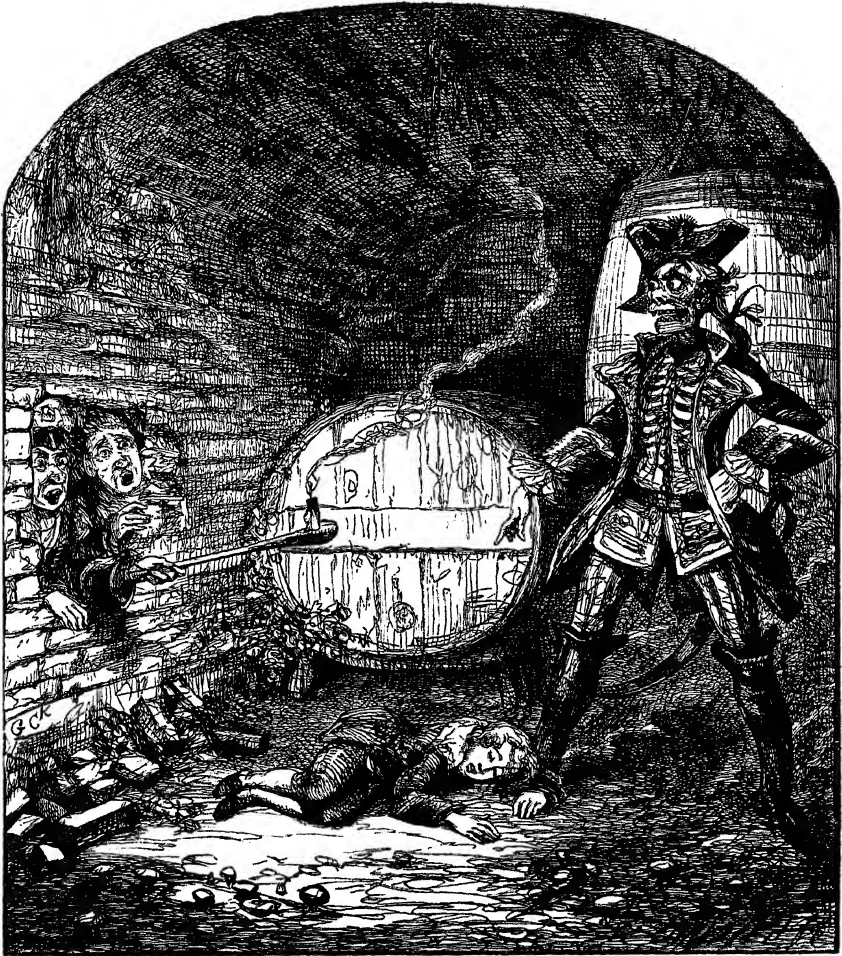


Down comes brick, and down comes stone,
One by one— The job’s half done,—
‘Where is he?—now come—where’s Master John?’
There’s a breach in the wall three feet by two,
And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through!

Hark!—what sound’s that?—a sob?—a sigh?—
The choking gasp of a stifled cry?
‘—What can it be?— Let’s see!—let’s see?
It *can’t* be little Jack Ingoldsby!

THE WEDDING-DAY.

The candle—quick !' Through stone and through brick,
They poke in the light on a long split stick ;
But ere he who holds it can wave it about,
He gasps, and he sneezes—the LIGHT GOES OUT !



Yet were there those, in after days,
Who said that pale light's flickering blaze,
For a moment, gleam'd on a dark Form there
Seem'd as bodied of foul black air !—

—In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced
 By buckle and broad black belt, to its waist,—
 —On a cock'd-hat, laced With gold, and placed
 With a *degagé*, devil-may-care, kind of taste,
 O'er a *balafre* brow by a scar defaced !—
 That Form, they said, so foul and so black,
 Grinn'd as it pointed at poor little Jack.—
 —I know not, I, how the truth may be,
 But the pent-up vapour, at length set free,
 Set them all sneezing, And coughing, and wheezing,
 As, working its way To the regions of day,
 It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in !

Of their senses bereft, To the right and the left,
 Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,
 There they lay kicking and sprawling about,
 Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,
 Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,
 Mr. Taylor, of Lombard Street, sells at half-price ;
 —Nearer the door, some half-dozen, or more !

Scramble away To the *rez de chaussée*,
 (As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor,)
 And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar
 For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more.
 At length, after no little clamour and din,
 The foul air let out and the fresh air let in,
 They drag one and all Up into the hall,
 Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom,
 Who's one of the party, 'bleeds, physicks, and sweats 'em.'

All ?—all—save One— —' But He !—my Son ?—
 Merciful Heaven !—where—WHERE IS JOHN ?

Within that cell, so dark and deep,
 Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,
 A sight to make the sternest weep !—
 —That little heart is pulseless now,
 And cold that fair and open brow,
 And closed that eye that beam'd with joy
 And hope—' Oh, God ! my Boy !—my Boy !'

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Enough!—I may not,—dare not,—show
The wretched Father's frantic woe,
The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!
I may not such a theme essay—
Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
My pen—sad memory will have way!
Enough!—at once I close the lay,
Of fair Maud's fatal Wedding-day!

It has a mournful sound,
That single, solemn Bell!
As to the hills and woods around,
It flings its deep-toned knell!
That measured toll!—alone—apart,
It strikes upon the human heart!
—It has a mournful sound!—

MORAL.

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way,
Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day.
Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay!
And let us part cheerful, at least, if not gay!

First and foremost then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song
Not to lock up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

Though Port should have age, Yet I don't think it sage
To entomb it, as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue;
—I question if keeping it does it much good
After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubb'd younger brother,
When told of his faults by his father and mother,
Runs restive, and goes off to sea in a huff,
Depend on't, my friends, that young man is a Muff!

Next—ill-gotten gains Are not worth the pains!—
They prosper with no one!—so whether cheroots,
Or Havannah cigars,—or French gloves, or French boots,—

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Whatever you want, pay the duty! nor when you
Buy any such articles, cheat the revenue!

And 'now to conclude,'— For it's high time I should,—
When you *do* rejoice, mind,—whatsoever you do,
That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too!—

Don't grudge them their jigs, And their frolics and 'rigs,'
And don't interfere with their soapy-tail'd pigs;
Nor 'because thou art virtuous,' rail, and exhale
An *anathema*, breathing of vengeance and wail,
Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kale!
Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,
With 'Drink *there*!—we'll have henceforth no more cakes and ale!!



BLOUDIE JACKIE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

The Shropshire Bluebeard.

A LEGEND OF 'THE PROUD SALOPIANS.'

[Hisce ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, *Le Sanglant* deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tum demùm in flagrante delicto, vel 'manu rubrà,' ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, deprensus, carnifice vix opprimitur.—RADULPHUS DE DICETO.]

O H! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
BLOUDIE JACKIE?

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—

The Mother's at home, The Maid may not roam,
She never will meet thee to-night!

By the light
Of the moon—it's impossible—quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

It gleams with a fiendish delight—

'Tis done— She is won! Nothing under the sun
Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!

Ho! ho!
It fits so remarkably tight!—

BLOUDIE JACKIE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

The wire is as thin as a thread,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

The wire is as thin as a thread!—

‘Though slight be the chain, Again might and main
Cannot rend it in twain—She is wed !

She is wed !

She is mine, be she living or dead !

Haw ! haw !!’—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

Oh ! laugh not so loud and so clear !

Though sweet is thy smile The heart to beguile,
Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,

O dear !

It makes the blood curdle with fear !

The Maiden is gone by the glen,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

She is gone by the glen and the wood—

It’s a very odd thing She should wear such a ring,
While her tresses are bound with a snood.

By the rood !

It’s a thing that’s not well understood !

The Maiden is stately and tall,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

And stately she walks in her pride ;

But the young Mary-Anne Runs as fast as she can,
To o’ertake her, and walk by her side :

Though she chide—

She deems not her sister a bride !

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

Mary-Anne she is gone by the lea ;

She o’ertakes not her sister, It’s clear she has miss’d her,
And cannot think where she can be !

Dear me !

‘ Ho ! ho !—we shall see ! we shall see !’

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

Mary-Anne she is come to the Tower ;

But it makes her heart quail, For it looks like a jail,
A deal more than a fair Lady's bower,

So sour

Its ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the Barbican's massy and high,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

And the oak-door is heavy and brown,

And with iron it's plated And machecollated,
To pour boiling oil and lead down ;

How you'd frown

Should a ladle-full fall on your crown !

The rock that it stands on is steep,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

To gain it one's forced for to creep ;

The Portcullis is strong, And the Drawbridge is long,
And the water runs all round the Keep ;

At a peep

You can see that the Moat's very deep !

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

And the Portcullis hangs in the air ;

And no Warder is near With his horn and his spear,
To give notice when people come there.—

I declare

Mary-Anne has run into the Square !

The oak-door is heavy and brown,

BLOUDIE JACKIE !

But the oak-door is standing ajar,

And no one is there To say, 'Pray take a' chair,
You seem tired, Miss, with running so far—

So you are—

With grown people you're scarce on a par !'

BLODIE JACKIE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

But the young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,

BLODIE JACKIE !

She roams o'er your Tower by herself ;

She runs through, very soon, Each boudoir and saloon,
And examines each closet and shelf,

Your pelf,

All your plate, and your china—and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,

BLODIE JACKIE !

So rich, all description it mocks ;

And she now and then pauses To gaze at your vases,
Your pictures, and or-molu clocks ;

Every box,

Every cupboard, and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,

BLODIE JACKIE !

That adorn every wall in your house ;

Your *impayable* pieces, Your Paul Veroneses,
Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,

Morland's Cows,

Claude's Landscapes,—and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looked at your Statues so fine,

BLODIE JACKIE !

And mighty great notice she takes

Of your Niobe crying, Your Mirmillo dying,
Your Hercules strangling the snakes,—

How he shakes

The nasty great things as he wakes !

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,

BLODIE JACKIE !

She views with some little dismay ;

A copy of, that I can See in the Vatican,
Unless the Pope's sent it away,

As they say,

In the Globe, he intended last May.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

There's your Belvidere Phœbus, with which,

BLONDIE JACKIE !

Mr. Milman says none other vies.

(His lines on Apollo Beat all the rest hollow,
And gained him the Newdigate prize.)

How the eyes

Seem watching the shaft as it flies!

There's a room full of satins and silks,

BLUDIE JACKE !

There's a room full of velvets and lace,

There are drawers full of rings, And a thousand fine things,
And a splendid gold watch with a case

O'er its face,

Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,

BLONDIE JACKIE!

And every room fit for a Ball,

It's so gorgeous and rich, With so lofty a pitch,
And so long, and so broad, and so tall;

Yes, all,

Save the last one—and that's very small!

It boasts not stool, table, or chair,

BLoudIE JACKe!

But *one* Cabinet, costly and grand,

Which has little gold figures Of little gold Niggers,
With fishing-rods stuck in each hand.—

It's japann'd,

And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.

Its hinges and clasps are of gold,

BLUDIE JACKE!

And of gold are its key-hole and key,

And the drawers within Have each a gold pin,
And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,

You may see

All the figures in gold filigree!

BLODIE JACKIE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

Number 1's full of emeralds green,

BLODIE JACKIE!

Number 2's full of diamond and pearl;

But what does she see In drawer Number 3
That makes all her senses to whirl,

Poor Girl!

And each lock of her hair to uncurl?—

Wedding fingers are sweet pretty things,

BLODIE JACKIE!

To salute them one eagerly strives,

When one kneels to 'propose'— It's another *quelque chose*
When cut off at the knuckles with knives,

From our wives,

They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four!

BLODIE JACKIE!

There lie they, five, six, seven, eight!

And by them, in rows, Lie eight little Great-Toes,
To match in size, colour, and weight!

From their state,

It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,

BLODIE JACKIE!

And the gold is as thin as a thread—

'Ho! ho!—She is mine— This will make up the Nine!'—
Dear me! who those shocking words said?—

—She fled

To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,

BLODIE JACKIE!

And she peeps from the window on high;

Only fancy her fright And the terrible sight
Down below, which at once meets her eye!

'Oh My!!'

She half utter'd,—but stifled her cry.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

For she saw it was You and your Man,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

And she heard your unpleasant 'Haw! haw!!'

While her sister, stone dead, By the hair of her head,
O'er the bridge you were trying to draw, '
As she saw—

A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your man has got hold of her heels,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

BLOUDIE JACKIE! you've got hold of her hair!—

But nor JACKIE nor his Man Can see young Mary-Anne,
She has hid herself under the stair,
And there

Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eye-balls are bloodshot and blear,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

He's a sad ugly cur for a pet;

He seems of the breed Of that 'Billy,' indeed,
Who used to kill rats for a bet;
—I forget

How many one morning he ate.

He has skull, ribs, and vertebræ there,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

And thigh-bones;—and, though it's so dim,

Yet it's plain to be seen He has pick'd them quite clean,—
She expects to be torn limb from limb,
So grim

He looks at her—and she looks at him!

She has given him a bun and a roll,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

She has given him a roll and a bun,

And a Shrewsbury cake, Of PAILIN's own make,
Which she happened to take ere her run
She begun—

She'd been used to a luncheon at One.

BLONDIE JACKIE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

It's 'a pretty particular Fix,'

BLONDIE JACKIE!

—Above,—there's the Maiden that's dead ;

Below—growling at her— There's that Cannibal Cur,
Who at present is munching her bread

Instead

Of her leg,—or her arm,—or her head.



It's 'a pretty particular Fix,'

BLONDIE JACKIE!

She is caught like a mouse in a trap ;—

Stay!—there's something, I think, That has slipp'd through a chink,
And fall'n, by a singular hap,

Slap,

Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap!

It's a very fine little gold ring,

BLONDIE JACKIE!

Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

But it's made a sad stain, Which will always remain
On her frock—for Blood will not wash out;
I doubt
Salts of Lemon won't bring it about!

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

In an instant she stands on the floor,
She makes but one bound O'er the back of the hound,
And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,
And she's o'er
The drawbridge she'd traversed before!

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

For gone is her 'bonnet of blue.'
—Now the Barbican's past!— Her legs 'go it' as fast
As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,
As they do
At Réveille, Parade, or Review!

She has run into Shrewsbury town,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

She has called out the Beadle and May'r,
And the Justice of Peace, And the Rural Police,
Till 'Battle Field' swarms like a Fair,—
And see there!—
E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

In your Tower there's a pretty to-do!
All the people of Shrewsbury Playing old gooseberry
With your choice bits of taste and *vertu*;
Each bijou
Is upset in their search after you!

They are playing the deuce with your things,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
There's your Cupid is broken in two,

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

And so too, between us, is Each of your Venuses,
The 'Antique' ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new
One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE's injured behind,
BLOUDIE JACKE!

The DE MEDICI's injured before!
And the ANADYOMENE 's injured in so many
Places, I think there's a score,
If not more,
Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up stairs and down,
BLOUDIE JACKE!

Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets And all their deposits—
'There's the dust-hole—come lift up the lid!'
So they did—
But they could not find where you were hid!

Ah! Ah!—they will have you at last,
BLOUDIE JACKE!

The chimneys to search they begin;—
They have found you at last!— There you are, sticking fast,
With your knees doubled up to your chin,
Though you're thin!
—Dear me! what a mess you are in!—

What a terrible pickle you're in,
BLOUDIE JACKE!

Why, your face is as black as your hat!
Your fine Holland shirt Is all over dirt
And so is your point-lace cravat!
What a Flat

To seek such an asylum as that!
They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,
BLOUDIE JACKE!

In the midst of their turmoil and strife;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

You're not fit to be seen! —You look like Mr. Kean
In the play where he murders his wife!—

On my life

You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back,

BLUDIE JACKE!

They have pull'd you down flat on your back !

And they smack, and they thwack,

Till your 'funny bones' crack,

As if you were stretched on the rack,

At each thwack !—

Good luck ! what a savage attack !

They call for the Parliament Man,

BLUDIE JACKE!

And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,

And they call for the Judge, But others cry 'Fudge!—

Don't budge Mr. Calcraft, (30) an inch !

Mr. Lynch !

Will do very well at a pinch !'

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,

BLONDIE JACKIE!

It is useless to struggle and bite !

And to kick and to scratch You have met with your match,

And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,

Despite

Your determined attempts 'to show fight.'

They are pulling you all sorts of ways.

BLONDIE TACKE!

They are twisting your right leg Nor-West,

And your left leg due South, And your knee's in your mouth,

And your head is poked down on your breast,

And it's prest,

I protest, almost into your chest !

They have pulled off your arms and your legs,

BLONDIE TACKE!

As the naughty boys serve the blue flies :

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE.

And they've torn from their sockets, And put in their pockets
Your fingers and thumbs for a prize!

And your eyes

A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.⁽³¹⁾



Your trunk, thus dismember'd and torn

BLOUDIE JACKE!

They hew, and they hack, and they chop;

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And, to finish the whole, They stick up a pole
In the place that's still called the 'WYLDE COPPE,'

And they pop
Your grim gory head on the top!

They have buried the fingers and toes,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

Of the victims so lately your prey.

From those fingers and eight toes Sprang early potatoes,
'LADYES' FYNGERS' they're call'd to this day;

—So they say,—

And you usually dig them in May.

What became of the dear little girl?

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

What became of the young Mary-Anne?

Why, I'm sadly afraid That she died an Old Maid,
For she fancied that every Young Man

Had a plan

To trepan her like 'poor Sister Fan!'

So they say she is now leading apes,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

And mends Bachelors' small-clothes below;

The story is old, And has often been told,
But I cannot believe it is so—

No! No!

Depend on't the tale is 'No Go!'

MORAL.

And now for the moral I'd fain,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

That young Ladies should draw from my pen,—

It's—'Don't take these flights Upon moon-shiny nights,
With gay, *harum-scarum* young men,

Down a glen!—

You really can't trust one in ten!'

Let them think of your terrible Tower,

BLOUDIE JACKIE!

And don't let them liberties take,

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Whether Maidens or Spouses, In Bachelors' houses ;
Or, some time or another, they'll make
A Mistake !
And lose—more than a SHREWSBERRIE CAKE !!



THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT ; OR, THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

[Nobilis quidam, cui nomen *Monsr. Lescrop, Chivaler*, cum invitasset convivas, et, hora convivii jam instante et apparatu facto, spe frustratus esset, excusantibus se convivis cur non compararent, prorupit iratus in hæc verba : '*Veniant igitur omnes dæmones, si nullus hominum mecum esse potest !*'

Quod cum fieret, et Dominus, et famuli, et ancillæ, a domo properantes, forte oblitī, infantem in cunis jacentem secum non auferunt. Dæmones incipiunt comessari et vociferari, prospicereque per fenestras formis ursorum, luporum, felium, et monstrare pocula vino repleta. *Ah*, inquit pater, *ubi infans meus ?* Vix cum hæc dixisset, unus ex Dæmonibus ulnis suis infantem ad fenestram gestat, &c.—*Chronicon de Bolton.*]

I T'S in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes One,
And the roast meat's brown and the boil'd meat's done,
And the barbecu'd sucking-pig's crisp'd to a turn,
And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn ;
The fat stubble-goose Swims in gravy and juice,
With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use ;
Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,
Want nothing but eating—they're all ready drest.
But where is the Host, and where is the Guest ?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,
Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),
And the scullions and cooks, With fidgetty looks,
Are grumbling and mutt'ring, and scowling as black
As cooks always do when the dinner's put back ;
For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair
As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,
And the Dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,
And plate of *orfèverie* costly and rare,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,

And Mess John in his place, With his rubicund face,
And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace.
Yet where is the Host?—and his convives—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,

And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,
He watches the large hand, he watches the small,

And he fidgets and looks As cross as the cooks,
And he utters—a word which we'll soften to 'Zooks!'
And he cries, 'What on earth has become of them all?—

What can delay De Vaux and De Saye?

What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay?

What's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye?

Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away?

And De Nokes, and De Styles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey?

And De Roe? And De Doe?—

Poynings, and Vavasour—where be they?

Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,

And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son)?

Their cards said "Dinner precisely at One!"

There's nothing I hate, in The world, like waiting!

It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels

A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals!

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two!

And the scullions and cooks are themselves in 'a stew,'

And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,

For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,

And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,

And the fish is all spoil'd, And the butter's all oil'd,

And the soup's got cold in the silver tureen,

And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen!

While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,

And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,

And still fidgets, and looks More cross than the cooks,

And repeats that bad word, which we've softened to 'Zooks!'

Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,

And the large and the small hands move steadily on,

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Still nobody's there, No De Roos, or De Clare,
To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,
Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,
That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,
Some four years old, and a few months to spare,
With his laughing blue eyes, and his long curly hair,
Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.

Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,
'It's hard upon Three!—it's just on the stroke!
Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!
Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,
Who 'his fun,' as the Yankees say, everywhere 'pokes,'
And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,
Has written a circular note to De Nokes,
And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,
One and all, Great and small,
Who were asked to the Hall
To dine there and sup, and wind up with a ball,
And had told all the party a great bouncing lie, he
Cook'd up, that 'the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,
The dear little curly-wig'd heir of Le Scroope
Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!'

When the clock struck Three, And the Page on his knee
Said 'An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*'
And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear,
With nobody near To partake of his cheer,
He stamp'd, and he storm'd—then his language!—Oh dear!
'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!
And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,
Who had told him so civilly '*On a servi,*'
'Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!
—The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*
And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!!'

In a terrible fume He bounced out of the room,
He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and groom,
Bounced after their master; for scarce had they heard
Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Ere the horn at the gate of the Barbican tower
Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,
And in rush'd a troop Of strange guests!—such a group
As had ne'er before darken'd the door of the Scroope!

'This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—
And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye—
This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—
But stay!—*Where on earth did he get those long nails?*
Why, they're *claws!*—then, Good Gracious!—they've all of them *tails!*
That can't be De Vaux—why his nose is a bill,
Or, I would say a beak!—and he can't keep it still!—
Is that Poynings?—Oh Gemini!—look at his feet!!
Why, they're absolute *hoofs!*—is it gout or his corns
That have crumpled them up so?—by Jingo, he's *horns!*
Run! run!—There's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,
And the Mandevilles, *père et fils* (father and son),
And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on!*

Then their great saucer eyes— It's the Father of lies
And his Imps—run! run! run!—they're all fiends in disguise,
Who've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,
The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions,
And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—
Run! run!—that's the 'muckle-horned Clootie' himself!

And now what a din Without and within!
For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin
To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin!

Cock their tails up together, Like cows in hot weather,
And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,
The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot As together had got!
Master Cabbage, the steward, who'd made a machine
To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween
The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he'd made, By the said machine's aid,
Up, what's now called, the 'tottle' of those he survey'd,
There were just—how he proved it I cannot divine,—
Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine.

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Exclusive of Him, Who, giant in limb,
And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,
With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,
Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there,
Which he hugs with such care, And pokes out in the air,
And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear?
Oh! grief and despair! I vow and declare
It's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wig'd Heir!
Whom the nurse had forgot, and left there in his chair,
Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express The dismay and distress
Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess
His cursing and banning had now got him into?
That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,
Had thus on their speaker recoil'd, and his malison
Placed in the hands of the Devil's own 'pal' his son!—
He sobb'd and he sigh'd, And he scream'd, and he cried,
And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor,—he
Tore his peak'd beard, and he dash'd off his 'Vicary,'⁽³²⁾
Stamped on the jasey As though he were crazy,
And staggering about just as if he were 'hazy,'
Exclaimed, 'Fifty pounds!' (a large sum in those times)
'To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs
To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,
And bring down my curly-wi'——' here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan, And many a groan,
What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,
He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,
Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'twere treason
To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,—
But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight
Enough to have banished his reason outright!—

In that broad banquet-hall The fiends one and all,
Regardless of shriek, and of squeak, and of squall,
From one to another were tossing that small
Pretty, curly-wig'd boy, as if playing at ball:
Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,
And bring down in safety his curly-wig'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day! All he can say
Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away;
Not a man can be tempted to join the *mêlée*,
E'en those words cabalistic, 'I promise to pay
Fifty pounds on demand,' have, for once, lost their sway,
And there the Knight stands, Wringing his hands
In his agony—when on a sudden, one ray
Of hope darts through his midriff!—His Saint!—Oh, it's funny,
And almost absurd, That it never occur'd!—
'Ay! the Scroope's Patron Saint!—he's the man for my money!
Saint—who is it?—really I'm sadly to blame,—
On my word I'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,—
That I've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—
Cut—let me see—Cutbeard?—no!—CUTHBERT!—egad!
St. Cuthbert of Bolton!—I'm right—he's the lad!
Oh, holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—
Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,
And have lashed their bare backs, and—no matter—with twine,
Oh! list to the vow Which I make to you now,
Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row
Which that Imp's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,
And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow!
Bring him back here in safety!—perform but this task,
And I'll give!—Oh!—I'll give you whatever you ask!—
There is not a shrine In the County shall shine
With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,
Or have so many candles, or look half so fine!—
Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity!—
—Conceive his surprise When a strange voice replies,
'It's a bargain!—but, mind, sir, THE BEST SPERMACETI!—
Say, whose that voice?—whose that form by his side,
That old, old, grey man, with his beard long and wide,
In his coarse Palmer's weeds, And his cockle and beads?—
And, how did he come?—did he walk?—did he ride?
Oh! none could determine,—oh! none could decide,—
The fact is, I don't believe any one tried,

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

For while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,
And without a word more, He march'd on before,
Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,
To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,



While the fiendish assembly were making a rare
Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wig'd Heir.—
—I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen
The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,
With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,

And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,
 'Come!—I'll trouble you just to hand over that child!'

The Demoniac crowd In an instant seem'd cowed;
 Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,
 All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye,
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,
 He quailed not before it, but saucily met it,
 And as saucily said, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

My goodness!—the look that the old Palmer gave!
 And his frown!—'twas quite dreadful to witness—'Why, slave!

You rascal!' quoth he, 'This language to ME!!
 —At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,
 And hand me that curly-wig'd boy!—I command it—
 Come!—none of your nonsense!—you know I won't stand it.'

Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,
 And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.

'Well, Cuthbert,' said he, 'If so it must be,
 —For you've had your own way from the first time I knew ye;
 Take your curly-wig'd brat, and much good may he do ye!
 But I'll have in exchange—' —here his eye flash'd with rage—
 'That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!'

'Come, come,' the Saint answer'd, 'you very well know
 The young man's no more his than your own to bestow—
 Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!
 Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle!—be off with you!—go!'

The Devil grew hot— 'If I do I'll be shot!
 An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what;
 He has *asked* us to *dine here*, and go we will not!

Why you Skinflint,—at least You may leave us the feast!
 Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,
 Ten million good leagues, Sir, as ever you strode,
 And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road—
 —"Go!"—"Mizzle!" indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,
 I should like to know?—"Go!"—I'll be hanged if I do!
 He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known
 That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef;—now the mustard!—
What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!’

The Saint made a pause As uncertain, because
He knew Nick is pretty well ‘up’ in the laws,
And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he’d such claws!
On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire
With the curly-wig’d boy he’d pick’d out of the fire,
And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,
And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).

So to Old Nick’s appeal, As he turn’d on his heel,
He replied, ‘Well, I’ll leave you the mutton and veal,
And the soup *à la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*.
As The Scroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel
I can’t well turn you out—’twould be hardly genteel—
But be moderate, pray,—and remember thus much,
Since you’re treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,
And don’t make it late, But mind and go straight
Home to bed when you’ve finished—and don’t steal the plate!
Nor wrench off the knocker—or bell from the gate.
Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,
And don’t “lark” with the watch, or annoy the police!’

Having thus said his say, ‘That Palmer grey
Took up little Le Scroope, and walk’d coolly away,
While the Demons all set up a ‘Hip! hip! hurray!’
Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they
Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor’s day,
All scrambling and scuffling for what was before ‘em,
No care for precedence or common decorum.

Few ate more hearty Than Madame Astarte,
And Hecate,—considered the Belles of the party.
Between them was seated Leviathan, eager
To ‘do the polite,’ and take wine with Belphegor;
Here was *Morbleu* (a French devil), supping soup-meagre,
And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar
(A Welsh one), who’d left the domains of Ap Morgan,
To ‘follow the sea,’—and next him Demogorgon,—
Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

To Mammon and Belial, and half a score dancers,
Who'd joined with Medusa to get up 'the Lancers';
—Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,
While Beëlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.
There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles
Gave him the lie, Said he'd 'blacken his eye,'
And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees;—
Ramping, and roaring, Hiccoughing, snoring,
Never was seen such a riot before in
A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling
At any *soirée*—where they don't let the Devil in.

Hark!—as sure as fate The clock's striking Eight!
(An hour which our ancestors called 'getting late,')
When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,
Rose up and addressed them.

 'Tis full time,' he said,
'For all elderly Devils to be in their bed;
For my own part I mean to be jogging, because
I don't find myself now quite so young as I was;
But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,
I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast
Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST!
—Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may

We also be able, To see at *our* table
Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,
His good company *down stairs* at no distant day!

 You'd I'm sure, think me rude If I did not include
In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wig'd Heir.
He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware
That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care:

 Though I must not say "bless,"— —Why you'll easily guess,—
May our Curly-wig'd Friend's shadow never be less!
Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an air
Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.—

 Of course the *élite* Rose at once on their feet,
And followed their leader, and beat a retreat;
When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,
And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,

THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Said, 'Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup!'—
—It was three in the morning before they broke up!!!

I scarcely need say Sir Guy didn't delay
To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay
For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day
The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.
In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,
All said there was nought to compare with it—nay,



For fear that the Abbey Might think he was shabby,
Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,
He ordained should take charge of a new-founded chantry,
With six marcs apiece, and some claims on the pantry;

In short, the whole County Declared, through his bounty,
The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes
From any displayed since Sir William de Meschines,
And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation
With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

For the rest, it is said, And I know I have read
In some Chronicle—whose, has gone out of my head—
That, what with these candles, and other expenses,
Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,

He reduced, and brought low His property so,
That, at last, he'd not much of it left to bestow ;
And that, many years after that terrible feast,
Sir Guy, in the Abbey, was living a Priest ;
And there, in one thousand and—something,—deceased.

(It's supposed by this trick He bamboozled Old Nick,
And slipped through his fingers remarkably 'slick.')
While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,
Would you know more of him, you must look at 'The Roll,'

Which records the dispute, And the subsequent suit,
Commenced in 'Thirteen sev'nty-five,'—which took root
In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore
That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,
In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,
To wit, '*On a Prussian-blue Field, a Bend Or ;*'—
While the Grosvenor averred that *his* ancestor bore
The same, and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore
Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,
Till some A double S shall the fragments restore.

MORAL.

This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—*e.g.*

1mo. Should any thing tease you, Annoy, or displease you,
Remember what Lilly says, '*Animum rege !*'
And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—
In all good society voted past bearing,—
Eschew it !—and leave it to dustmen and mobs,
Nor commit yourself much beyond 'Zooks !' or 'Odsbobs !'

2do. When asked out to dine by a Person of Quality,
Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality !

For should you come late, And make dinner wait,
And the victuals get cold, you'll incur, sure as fate,
The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate.
And—though both may, perhaps, be too well-bred to swear,—
They'll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *Where*.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

- 3tio. Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them
To see to the children, and not to neglect them!
And if you're a widower, just throw a cursory
Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery.
—Perhaps it's as well to keep children from plums,
And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!
- 4to. To sum up the whole with a 'Saw' of much use,
Be *just* and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse*!—
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your friends,
But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH ENDS!!—
For of this be assured, if you 'go it' too fast,
You'll be 'dish'd' like Sir Guy, And like him, perhaps, die
A poor, old, half-starved, Country Parson at last!



AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynyng bright,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his way.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
‘That I was borne !’
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.
But I laye a thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch’d upon a bier ;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow’d the tear !
As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter’d on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
’Mid the stars she seem’d to rise,
As to her nest ;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
‘Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,’—
’Twas so she seem’d to saye,
‘HERE IS REST !’

N O T E S.

(1) P. 23—*Nor he, nor his heir.* His brother Reginald, it would seem by the pedigree, disregarded this prohibition.

(2) P. 23—*Down to the Nore.* Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid, edifice, *perierunt etiam ruinae.* An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a 'foreigneering Bishop,' does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum.* The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.

(3) P. 34—*Running in Spain.* I-run, is a town said to have been so named from something of this sort.

(4) P. 37—*Sould it away to a trader.* The 'Inglorious Memory' of this ould ancient transaction is still, we understand, kept up in Dublin by an annual proclamation at one of the city gates. The jewel, which has replaced the abstracted ornament, is said to have been presented by King William, and worn by Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

(5) P. 57—*So he pick'd up the lad.*

An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard—
A work some have lauded, and others have pepper'd—
Where a Dutch pirate kidnaps, and tosses Thames Darrel .
Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel,—
On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,
And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole.

[It aint no sich thing!—the hero aint bung'd in no barrel at all.—He's picked up by a captain, just as Norman was arterwards.—PRINT. DEV.]

(6) P. 81—*The Ghost.* It is on my own personal reminiscences that I draw for the story of the Ghost. The scene of its leading event was most familiar to me in early life. If the principal actor in it be yet living, he must have reached a very advanced age. He was often at the Hall, in my infancy, on professional visits. It is, however, only from those who 'prated of his whereabouts' that I learned the history of his adventure.

(7) P. 100—*Merely a jasey.* Nec satis fuit eis sanguine sacerdotis et nece ecclesiam prophanare, nisi, coronâ capitis amputatâ, funestis gladiis jam defuncti ejicerent cerebrum.—MATT. PARIS.

(8) P. 103—*'Recommend you to mercy.'* At a Quarter Sessions held at Sandwich (some six miles from Birehington), on Tuesday, the 8th of April last,

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before W. F. Boteler, Esq. the Recorder, Thomas Jones, mariner, aged seventeen, was tried for stealing a jacket, value ten shillings. The jury, after a patient hearing, found him 'not guilty,' and 'recommended him to mercy.'—See the whole case reported in the 'Kentish Observer,' April 10, 1845.

(9) P. 110—*The Jackdaw of Rheims.*

'Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientie stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio eum tantopere excarnificavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocitaret: pennæ præterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miscrescent.' * * *

'Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit.'—DE ILLUST. ORD. CISTERC.

(10) P. 121—*Charles Storey.* In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City's jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much *naïveté* wished to escort Archbishop M*** on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of 'attending his Grace as far as the gallows.'

(11) P. 132—*Sir Rupert the Fearless.* This legend has for its scene the banks of what our Teutonic friends are wont to call their 'own imperial River!' The incidents which it records afford sufficient proof (and these are days of demonstration), that a propensity to flirtation is not confined to age or country, and that its consequences were not less disastrous to the mail-clad *Ritter* of the dark ages than to the silken courtier of the seventeenth century. The whole narrative bears about it the stamp of truth, and from the papers among which it was discovered I am inclined to think it must have been picked up by Sir Peregrine in the course of one of his valetudinary visits to 'The German Spa.'

(12) P. 144—*Her Pèr.*

My friend, Mr. Hood,
In his comical mood,
Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady—
Him 'Stern-old and Hopkins,' and her 'Tête and Braidy.'

(13) P. 167—*Saracenettes.* This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home, a few years before, by Edward, from the Holy Land.

(14) P. 214—*Wars of the Roses.* 'An antient and most pugnacious family,' says our Bath Friend. One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq. late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct), was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement.—'Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows!' has grown into a proverb.

(15) P. 214—*Wiseman and Dullman.* The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher.—I am not quite sure as to the orthography; it's *idem sonans*, at all events.

(16) P. 228—*The Witches' Frolic.* The When,—the Where,—and the How,—of this narrative of the Witches' Frolic speak for themselves. It may be proper, however, to observe, that the ruins here alluded to, and improperly termed 'the

Abbey,' are not those of Bolsover, previously described, but the remains of a Preceptory once belonging to the Knights Templars, situate near Swynfield, Swinkefield, or, as it is now generally spelt and pronounced, Swingfield, Minnis, a rough tract of common land now undergoing the process of enclosure, and adjoining the woods and arable lands of Tappington, at the distance of some two miles from the Hall, to the south-eastern windows of which the time-worn walls in question, as seen over the intervening coppices, present a picturesque and striking object.

(17) P. 248—*The Auto-da-Fé*. From St. Mark to St. Lawrence—from the Rialto to the Escorial—from one Peninsula to another!—it is but a hop, step, and jump—your toe at Genoa, your heel at Marseilles, and a good hearty spring pops you down at once in the very heart of Old Castille. That Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby, then a young man, was at Madrid soon after the peace of Ryswick, there is extant a long correspondence of his to prove. Various passages in it countenance the supposition that his tour was partly undertaken for political purposes; and this opinion is much strengthened by certain allusions in several of his letters addressed, in after life, to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, then acting in the capacity of Envoy to the Court of Tuscany. Although the Knight spent several months in Spain, and visited many of her principal cities, there is no proof of his having actually 'seen Seville,' beyond the internal evidence incidentally supplied by this legend. The events to which it alludes were, of course, of a much earlier date, though the genealogical records of the 'Kings of both the Indies,' have been in vain consulted for the purpose of fixing their precise date, and even Mr. Simpkinson's research has failed to determine which of the royal stock rejoicing in the name of Ferdinand is the hero of the legend. The conglomeration of Christian names usual in the families of the *haute noblesse* of Spain adds to the difficulty; not that this inconvenient accumulation of prefixes is peculiar to the country in question, witness my excellent friend Field-Marshal Count Herman Karl Heinrich Socrates von der Nodgerrie zu Pfefferkorn, whose appellations puzzled the recording clerk of one of our Courts lately,—and that not a little.

That a splendid specimen of the *genus Homo, species Monk*, flourished in the earlier moiety of the 15th century, under the appellation of Torquemada, is notorious,—and this fact might seem to establish the era of the story; but then *his* name was John—not Dominic—though he was a *Dominican*, and hence the mistake, if any, may perhaps have originated—but then again the Spanish Queen to whom he was Confessor was called Isabella, and not Blanche—it is a puzzling affair altogether.

From his own silence on the subject, it may well be doubted whether the worthy transcriber knew himself the date of the transactions he has recorded; the authenticity of the details, however, cannot be well called in question.

(18) P. 258—*Should I now recapitulate.*

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.—*Propria quæ maribus.*

(19) P. 268—*The Cynotaph*. Confound not, I beseech thee, reader, the subject of this monody with the hapless hero of the tea-urn, Cupid, of 'Yow-Yow'-ing memory. Tray was an attached favourite of many years' standing. Most people worth loving have had a friend of this kind; Lord Byron says he 'never had but one, and here he (the dog, not the nobleman) lies!'

(20) P. 272—*Sir John Moore*. In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of this gallant officer might have been the production of Lord Byron's Muse, the late Mr. Sydney Taylor,

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somewhat indignantly, claimed them for their rightful owner, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third claimant started up in the person of a *soi-disant* 'Doctor Marshall,' who turned out to be a Durham blacksmith and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a certain 'Doctor Peppercorn' put forth *his* pretensions, to what he averred was the only 'true and original' version, viz. :—

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.
We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.
All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.
'The Doctor's as drunk as the d—,' we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that
his head
Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.—

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman 'One o'clock!' bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone
And we left him alone in his glory.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.—VIRGIL.

I wrote the lines— ** owned them—he told stories !—THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

(21) P. 276—*Who wrote to his 'saur.'* Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake; that the lady to whom this memorable *billet* was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhyme?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that 'it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder!' for which enormity,—as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cookmaid,—'I humbly beg pardon of Heaven, and Mrs. Ingoldsby!'

(22) P. 278—*See manners and know countries.*

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Who viewed men's manners, Londons, Yorks, and Derbys.

(23) P. 300—*A Lay of St. Gengulphus.* Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country 'Jingo,' was perhaps more in the mouths of the 'general' than any other Saint, on occasions of adjuration. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath had kindly transmitted me a portion of a primitive ballad, which has escaped the researches of Ritson and Ellis, but is yet replete with beauties of no common order. I am happy to say that, since these Legends first appeared, I have recovered the whole of it.—*Vide infra.*

A Franklyn's dogge leped ower a stile,
And hys name was litle Byngo;
B with a B—B wyth an B,
B wyth a G—G wyth an O,—
Then call'd hym litle Byngo!

Thys Franklyn, Syr, he trewed goode aple,
And he called it Rare goode Stynge!
S, T, B, B, G, O!
He call'd it Rare goode Stynge!

Howe is notte thys a prettie song?
I thynke it is hye Byngo!
I wythe a B—B, G, O—
I swere yt is hye Byngo!

(24) P. 311—*The Execution*. The event here alluded to, probably the *euthanasia* of the late Mr. Greenacre, will scarcely have yet faded from the recollection of an admiring public. Although, with the usual diffidence of a man of fashion, Augustus has 'sunk' the fact of his own presence on that interesting occasion, I have every reason to believe, that, in describing the party at the *auberge* he might have said, with a brother Exquisite, '*Quorum pars magna fui.*'

(25) P. 325—'*Count Stephen.*' *Teste* Messire Iago, a distinguished subaltern in the Venetian service, *circa* A.D. 1580. His Biographer, Mr. William Shakespeare, a contemporary writer of some note, makes him say '*King Stephen,*' inasmuch as the 'worthy peer' subsequently usurped the crown of England. The anachronism is a pardonable one.—MR. SIMPKINSON of Bath.

(26) P. 328—'*Faking.*' 'Nix my dolly, pals, *Fake* away!'—words of deep and mysterious import in the ancient language of Upper Egypt, and recently inscribed on the sacred standard of Mehemet Ali. They are supposed to intimate, to the initiated in the art of Abstraction, the absence of all human observation, and to suggest the propriety of making the best use of their time—and fingers.

(27) P. 349—*Netley Abbey*. Alas, for Ingoldsby Abbey!—Alas that one *should* have to say

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ!
Its very Ruins now are tiny!

There is something in the very sight of an old Abbey—family associations apart—as Ossian says (or MacPherson for him), 'pleasing yet mournful to the soul!' nor could I ever yet gaze on the roofless walls and ivy-clad towers of one of these venerable monuments of the piety of bygone days without something very like an unbidden tear rising to dim the prospect. Something of this, I think, I have already hinted in recording our pic-nic with the Seaforths at Bolsover. Since then I have paid a visit to the beautiful remains of what once was Netley, and never experienced the sensation to which I have alluded in a stronger degree;—if its character was somewhat changed before we parted—it is not my fault. Still, be the drawbacks what they may, I shall ever mark with a white stone the day on which I for the first time beheld the time-worn cloisters of Netley Abbey.

(28) P. 366—*Miss Mary Brown*. *Vide* the celebrated ballad of 'Giles Scroggins.'—CATNACH'S *ed. 7 Dials, Lond. 1841*.

(29) P. 390—*Eyesores*. Azores?—Mrs. Botherby's orthography, like that of her distinguished contemporary, Baron Duberly, was 'a little loose.'

(30) P. 406—*Mr. Calcraft*. Jehan de Ketché acted as Provost Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a grant of the dignity of Hereditary Grand Functionary of England, together with a 'croft or parcel of land,' known by the name of the *Old Bailie*, co. Middx., to be held by him, and the heirs general of his body, in Grand Serjeantry, by the yearly presentation of 'ane hempen cravatte.' After remaining for several generations in the same name, the office passed, by marriage of the heiress, into the ancient family of the Kibbys, and thence again to that of Calcraft (1st Eliz. 1558).—Abhorson Calcraft, Esq., of Saffron Hill, co. Middx. the present representative, of the Ketches, exercised his 'function' on a very recent occasion, and claimed and was allowed the fee of 134*d.* under the ancient grant as *Hangman's Calages*.

ARMS.—1st and 4th, Quarterly, Argent and Sable; in the first quarter a

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Gibbet of the second, noosed proper, *Calcraft*. 2nd, Sable, three Night-caps. Argent, tufted Gules, 2 and 1, *Ketcha*. 3rd, Or, a Nosegay *fleurant*, *Kirby*.

SUPPORTERS.—*Dexter*: A Sheriff in his pride, robed Gules, chained and collared Or.—*Sinister*: An Ordinary display proper, wigged and banded Argent, nosed Gules.

MOTTO.—SIC. ITUR AD ASTRA!

(31) P. 407—*From Guy's*. A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.

(32) P. 414—'Vicary.' A peruke so named from its inventor. Robert de Ros and Eudo Fitz-Vicari were celebrated *perruquiers*, who flourished in the eleventh century. The latter is noticed in the Battle-Abbey roll, and is said to have curled William the Conqueror's hair when dressing for the battle of Hastings.

THE END

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